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ROOSEVELT AND LABOR

IN FAVOR OF UNIONS BUT AGAINST VIOLENCE

FIFTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

No portion of Theodore Roosevelt's public record is clearer or more absolutely unvarying than his position in regard to labor. He was always in favor of labor-unions and always against violence in support of strikes. There was never anything equivocal or doubtful in his utterances on this subject, either in his speeches, or in his messages to Congress, or in his letters. When in the fall of 1902 he brought about the settlement of the anthracite coal strike in Pennsylvania, he accomplished his object without manifesting the slightest symptom of sympathy with or tolerance for the violence which marked the later stages of the strike, but, on the contrary, as I shall show presently, he was fully prepared, should the occasion arise, to use the United States army to suppress all violence and disorder.

It will be remembered that the coal strike began in the spring of 1902 and continued through the summer and into the fall. Its progress was marked with many acts of violence on the part of the strikers against the non-union laborers whom the operators of the mines were seeking to employ. It was estimated that during the rioting twenty persons had been killed and about forty injured. The approach of winter with the appalling prospect of a coal famine had alarmed the whole country, and from the mayors of the large cities and from governors of several States appeals were made to the President to interfere in the interest of the public welfare and safety. He took the ground from the first that the rights and wrongs of the two parties to the strike had nothing to do with the question before him, which was to break the coal famine. He appealed to the mine operators and to the leader of the strikers, the late John Mitchell, to put aside all other questions save that of the public interest, but when he got them together in a conference at Washington, on October 1, he was unable to obtain the consent of the operators to his appointment of a commission of investigation or arbitration. Writing to Robert Bacon a few days later, October 5, 1902, he said:

"The situation is bad, especially because it is possible it may grow infinitely worse. If when the severe weather comes on there is a coal famine I dread to think of the suffering, in parts of our great cities especially, and I fear there will be fuel riots of as bad a type as any bread riots we have ever seen. *Of course once the rioting has begun, once there is a resort to mob violence, the only thing to do is to maintain order.* It is a dreadful thing to be brought face to face with the necessity of taking measures, however unavoidable, which will mean the death of men who have been maddened by want and suffering."

The radical nature of some of the appeals that reached him is shown in a letter to Senator Lodge on October 7, 1902:

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"I am feeling my way step by step trying to get a solution of the coal matter. Most of my correspondents wish me to try something violent or impossible. A minor but very influential part desire that I send troops at once without a shadow of warrant into the coal districts, or that I bring suit against the labor organization. The others demand that I bring suit against the operators, or that under the law of eminent domain, or for the purpose of protecting the public health, I seize their property, or appoint a receiver, or do something else that is wholly impossible. My great concern is, of course, to break the famine; but I must not be drawn into any violent step which would bring reaction and disaster afterward."

In a statement of his position which he wrote to me on October 13, 1902, he left no doubt as to his attitude toward violence: "Most emphatically I shall not compromise with lawlessness. I have been told, on excellent authority, that the disorder has been very great and of very evil kind. On equally good authority, I am told the exact contrary. I shall speedily find out for myself. I stand against socialism; against anarchic disorder."

When his first efforts to induce the mine operators and the representative of the strikers to agree to the formation of a commission failed, he formed a plan of action which has never been made public and which was known at the time only to two members of his Cabinet and a few persons who were to take part in its execution. I give it here with his permission and authority.

He decided, in case the operators persisted in their refusal to accept a commission, to resort to drastic measures, to assume powers which the Constitution did not specifically give him, and appoint an investigating or arbitrating commission without regard to whether or not the operators asked for it or agreed to abide by its decisions. He asked ex-President Cleveland, in case he were to appoint such a commission, if he would accept a place upon it, and on October 12, 1902, Mr. Cleveland replied that he would.

This commission was only part of the President's plan. The investigation which it was to conduct would take time. In order that mining operations might be resumed as speedily as possible, the President consulted with Senator Quay, who was all-powerful in Pennsylvania politics, and was assured by him that whenever the President desired him to do so he would have the governor of the State notify the President that he could not keep order in the coal regions and needed federal interference. The President then informed Major-General John M. Schofield that in case of federal interference he wished to send him to the coal regions with the regular army troops with instructions to act as receiver of the mines, take full charge, put down all violence, and disregard any orders from the operators. He asked the general if, in case the operators went to court and had a writ served on him, would he do as was done under Lincoln, simply send the writ on to the President. After a little thought the general replied that he would. Roosevelt said: "All right, I will send you."

No one except Senator Quay, General Schofield, and two members of Roosevelt's Cabinet had knowledge of this part of the President's plan. He had arranged with Senator Quay, who was in Pennsylvania, to telegraph to him when the moment arrived at which he (Roosevelt) wished the governor to notify him of his need of federal interference; the message was to be: "The time for the request has come." The President had all preparations made for starting the troops within half an hour.

The plan was not executed because at the last moment the operators changed front and consented to the appointment of a commission. Whether or not they got wind of the President's purpose has never been revealed, but some powerful influence was responsible for their sudden reversal. An entertaining account of the way in which the personnel of the commission was determined is furnished in a letter that Roosevelt, whose sense of humor had been immensely tickled by it, wrote to Senator Lodge on October 17, 1902:

"The crisis came at the last moment. Between the hours of 10 P. M. and 1 A. M., I had X. and Y. on here, on behalf of Morgan but really representing the operators. Neither Morgan nor anyone else had been able to do much with those wooden-headed gentry, and Y. and X. were literally almost crazy. Y. in particular had become so excited that I was

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quite concerned over his condition. The operators had limited me down by a full proviso, to five different types of men, including 'an eminent sociologist.' This was a ridiculous proviso because I could have appointed bad men in every case and yet be kept to its letter; and they ought to have given me a free hand. The miners, on the other hand, wanted me to appoint at least two extra members myself, or in some fashion to get Bishop Spalding (whom I myself wanted), and the labor union man on the commission. I regarded their contention as perfectly reasonable, and so informed Y. and X. and the operators. The operators refused point blank to have another man added, and Y. and X. came on nearly wild to say that they had full power to treat on behalf of the operators, but that no extra man should be added. Finally it developed that what they meant was that no extra man should be added if he was a representative of organized labor; and argue as I could, nothing would make them change; although they grew more and more hysterical, and not merely admitted, but insisted, that the failure to agree meant probable violence and possible social war.

"It took me about two hours before I at last grasped the fact that the mighty brains of these captains of industry had formulated the theory that they would rather have anarchy than tweedledum, but if I would use the word tweedledee they would hail it as meaning peace. In other words, that they had not the slightest objection to my appointing a labor man as an 'eminent sociologist,' and adding Bishop Spalding on my own account, but they preferred to see the Red Commune come rather than to have me make Bishop Spalding or anyone else 'the eminent sociologist' and add the labor man. I instantly told them that I had not the slightest objection whatever to doing an absurd thing when it was necessary to meet the objection of an absurd mind on some vital point, and that I would cheerfully appoint my labor man as the 'eminent sociologist.' It was almost impossible for me to appreciate the instant and tremendous relief this gave them. They saw nothing offensive in my language and nothing ridiculous in the proposition, and Pierpont Morgan and Baer, when called up by telephone, eagerly ratified the absurdity; and accordingly, at this utterly unimportant price, we bid fair to come out of as dangerous a situation as I ever dealt with."

Writing to Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley") a few days after agreement was reached, October 20, 1902, the President revealed his thorough enjoyment of the final scene:

"I have not had the heart to write to you until this coal strike was out of the way. Now I feel like throwing up my hands and going to the circus; but as that is not possible I think I shall try a turkey shoot or bear hunt or something of the kind instead. Nothing that you have ever written can begin to approach in screaming comedy the inside of the last few conferences before I appointed the strike commission, and especially the complicated manœuvres by which, weaving in and out among the tender susceptibilities of the operators and the miners, I finally succeeded in reconciling both to the appointment of the president of the labor union as an 'eminent sociologist.' "

In all of his conversations with laboring men and in letters and addresses to them, he constantly warned them against the use of violence and disorder in seeking to better their condition. Speaking on Labor Day, at the New York State Fair, in Syracuse, on September 7, 1903, he said:

"There is no worse enemy of the wage-worker than the man who condones mob violence in any shape or who preaches class hatred; and surely the slightest acquaintance with our industrial history should teach even the most short-sighted that the times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage and gets no return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship, and want, and grim disaster among the poor. If all the existing instrumentalities of wealth could be abolished, the first and severest suffering would come among those of us who are least well off at present. The wage-worker is well off only when the rest of the country is well off; and he can best contribute to this general well-being by showing sanity and a firm purpose to do justice to others."

Organized labor had no better friend

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than he was. He maintained friendly relations with union leaders and had them at dinner in the White House to meet such distinguished guests as John Morley and other foreign visitors, yet he never hesitated to oppose them when he believed them to be in the wrong. Their threats of hostility in case of opposition to their wishes had no terrors for him. A notable instance of this occurred in 1903.

On May 18 of that year William A. Miller, Assistant Foreman of the Government Printing Office, was removed from his position by the Public Printer, the reason given for removal being that Miller had been expelled from a labor-union. Miller filed a complaint with the Civil Service Commission, alleging that his removal was in violation of the civil service law. The commission investigated the case and decided that his removal was a violation of the law and requested his reassignment to his position. President Roosevelt ordered the Public Printer to reinstate Miller, saying in his letter to him: "There is no objection to the employees of the Government Printing Office constituting themselves into a union if they so desire; but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States which it is my sworn duty to enforce."

The Washington Central Labor Bureau took up the case on the side of the union and, with the approval of the American Federation of Labor, sent circulars to more than 500 central labor-unions throughout the United States, claiming a membership of two and a half millions of working men, in which was embodied the following:

"Whereas, the President of the United States has seen fit to reinstate W. A. Miller, who is an expelled member of a trades organization, notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence of his moral turpitude, and has also committed himself to the policy of the open shop, as shown by his letters,

"Resolved that the order of the President cannot be regarded in any but an unfriendly light."

The President, in pursuance of a request by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, granted an interview, on September 29, 1902, to the members of the executive council of that body, during which the Miller case was brought up for consideration. The President made a statement in which he said:

"I thank you and your committee for your courtesy, and I appreciate the opportunity to meet with you. It will always be a pleasure to see you or any representatives of your organizations or of your Federation as a whole.

"As regards the Miller case, I have little to add to what I have already said. In dealing with it I ask you to remember that I am dealing purely with the relation of the Government to its employees. I must govern my action by the laws of the land, which I am sworn to administer, and which differentiate any case in which the Government of the United States is a party from all other cases whatsoever. These laws are enacted for the benefit of the whole people, and can not and must not be construed as permitting discrimination against some of the people. I am President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice as among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him.

"In the communications sent me by various labor organizations protesting against the retention of Miller in the Government Printing Office, the grounds alleged are twofold: 1, that he is a non-union man; 2, that he is not personally fit. The question of his personal fitness is one to be settled in the routine of administrative detail, and can not be allowed to conflict with or to complicate the larger question of governmental discrimination for or against him or any other man because he is or he is not a member of a union. This is the only question now before me for decision; and as to this my decision is final."

Writing to his friend L. Clarke Davis, of Philadelphia, on September 21, 1903, a few days before the interview with the labor-union representatives, he said:

"It is a sheer waste of time for these people, through such resolutions as those

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of the unions you quote, to threaten me with defeat for the Presidency next year. Nothing would hire me even to accept the Presidency if I had to take it on terms which would mean a forfeiting of self-respect. Just as I should refuse to accept it at the cost of abandoning the Northern Securities suit, or of repealing the trust regulatory legislation of last year, or of undoing what I did in the anthracite coal strike, so I should refuse to take it at the cost of undoing what I did in this matter of Miller and the Labor Union. The labor unions and the trust magnates may perhaps unite against me. If so, I shall do my level best to make the fight an open one and beat them—and I think I run a good chance of winning; and if I fail, I shall not regret the policy I have pursued."

In all his messages to Congress, whenever he discussed the problems of labor, he defined his position with clearness and precision. In the annual message of November 10, 1903, he said:

"Organized capital and organized labor alike should remember that in the long run the interest of each must be brought into harmony with the interest of the general public; and the conduct of each must conform to the fundamental rules of obedience to the law, of individual freedom, and of justice and fair dealing toward all."

In his annual message of November 6, 1904, he was especially emphatic in denouncing rioting and mob rule:

"There are in this country some labor unions which have habitually, and other labor unions which have often, been among the most effective agents in working for good citizenship and for uplifting the condition of those whose welfare should be closest to our hearts. But when any labor union seeks improper ends, or seeks to achieve proper ends by improper means, all good citizens and more especially all honorable public servants must oppose the wrongdoing as resolutely as they would oppose the wrongdoing of any great corporation. Of course any violence, brutality, or corruption should not for one moment be tolerated. Wage-workers have an entire right to organize and by all peaceful and honorable means to endeavor to persuade their fellows to join with them in organizations. They have a legal right, which, according to circumstances, may or may not be a moral right, to refuse to work in company with men who decline to join their organizations. They have under no circumstances the right to commit violence upon those, whether capitalists or wage-workers, who refuse to support their organizations, or who side with those with whom they are at odds; for mob rule is intolerable in any form."

Against professional labor agitators he had this strong condemnation in his annual message of December 3, 1906:

"In dealing with both labor and capital, with the questions affecting both corporations and trades unions, there is one matter more important to remember than aught else, and that is the infinite harm done by preachers of mere discontent. These are the men who seek to excite a violent class hatred against all men of wealth. They seek to turn wise and proper movements for the better control of corporations and for doing away with the abuses connected with wealth into a campaign of hysterical excitement and falsehood in which the aim is to inflame to madness the brutal passions of mankind."

That he was quite ready to practise what he preached he demonstrated in the spring of 1905. In April of that year he left Washington to attend a reunion of his Rough Rider Regiment at San Antonio, Texas. On his way back he reached Chicago on May 10, at the moment when a general strike of labor-unions was in progress. A committee of the strikers called upon him to present their case and secure his sympathy. What happened was described by the President later in two letters that he wrote after reaching Washington. The first was to Mr. Root, on May 13, 1905:

"Perhaps the thing that pleased me most was in Chicago when the labor men called upon me. A good many people had been anxious that I should dodge Chicago, which of course I would not have been willing to do under any circumstances. As it turned out the labor people called on me themselves and made a statement most foolish and offensive, so that they justified me completely in saying good-temperedly but with unmistakable emphasis just what my attitude was and would be in regard to mobs and disorder generally."

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The second was to Senator Lodge, who was at the time in London, on May 15, 1905:

"When I came to Chicago I found a very ugly strike, on account of which some of my nervous friends wished me to try to avoid the city. Of course I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so. I get very much puzzled at times on questions of finance and the tariff, but when it comes to such a perfectly simple matter as keeping order, then you strike my long suit. The strikers were foolish enough to come to me on their own initiative and make me an address in which they quoted that fine flower of Massachusetts statesmanship, the lamented Benjamin F. Butler, who had told rioters at one time, as it appeared, that they need have no fear of the United States army, as they had torches and arms. This gave me a good opening, and while perfectly polite, I used language so simple that they could not misunderstand it; and repeated the same with amplifications at the dinner that night. So if the rioting in Chicago gets beyond the control of the State and the City, they now know well that the Regulars will come."

What the President said to the spokesman of the strikers, Mr. Shea, who had presented a letter stating their case, was this:

"I regret that you should in the letter have spoken at all of the use of the Federal army, as you have there spoken. No request has been made to me for action by the Federal Government, but at the same time, Mr. Shea, as you have in this communication brought up that matter, I want to say one thing with all the emphasis in my power. In upholding the law and order, in doing what he is able to do to suppress mob violence in any shape or way, the Mayor of Chicago, Mayor Dunne, has my hearty support. I am glad to be able to say this to you, gentlemen, before I say it to another body.

"Now, let me repeat that I know nothing of the facts of the situation. I know nothing of the right or wrong of the points at issue. What I have to say is based partly upon what I regard as the unfortunate phrasing of a letter presented to the President of the United States.

"I have not been called upon to interfere in any way, but you must not misunderstand my attitude. In every effort of Mayor Dunne to prevent violence by mobs or individuals, to see that the laws are obeyed, and that order is preserved he has the hearty support of the President of the United States, and, in my judgment, he should have that of every good citizen of the United States.

"I am a believer in unions. I am an honorary member of one union. But the union must obey the law just as the corporation must obey the law; just as every man, rich or poor, must obey the law. As yet, no action has been called for by me and most certainly if action is called for I shall try to do justice under the law to every man, so far as I have power. But the first essential is the preservation of law and order, the suppression of violence by mobs or individuals."

At a dinner which the Iroquois Club, a Democratic organization, gave him on the evening of the same day, the President repeated substantially what he had said to the strikers' committee, and turning directly to Mayor Dunne, who was seated near him, said:

"Mr. Mayor, as President of the United States, and therefore as representative of the people of this country I give you, as a matter of course, my hearty support in upholding the law, in keeping order, in putting down violence, whether by a mob or by an individual. There need not be the slightest apprehension in the heart of the most timid that ever the mob spirit will triumph in this country. Those immediately responsible for dealing with the trouble must, as I know you feel, exhaust every effort in so dealing with it before a call is made upon any outside body. But if ever the need arises, back of the city stands the State, and back of the State stands the Nation."

In acknowledging the President's letter, Mr. Root wrote on May 16, 1905:

"I was particularly pleased by the way in which you treated the labor situation in Chicago. I doubt if most people realize what a very important and critical situation was created by the presentation of the labor address. Most men in your position would have taken the paper for further examination and have dismissed the committee with the promise to give it consideration; and there would have been the devil to pay afterwards. Your character was, however, exactly adapted

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for the best possible treatment of the emergency, and I think that your instant reading of the paper and instant response was one of the very best things you have ever done."

Secretary Hay, who was at Bad Nauheim, Germany, for his health, wrote under date of May 21, 1905:

"I need not tell you with what pride and pleasure we all read your speech at Chicago. It has the true ring of conscience and authority combined—the voice of a man 'who would not flatter Neptune for his trident.' It is a comfort to see the most popular man in America telling the truth to our masters, the people. It requires no courage to attack wealth and power, but to remind the masses that they too are subject to the law, is something few public men dare to do."

On the question of the issue of injunctions by the courts to stop disorder and destruction of property in strikes, Roosevelt was equally firm. The power of injunction had been exercised effectively under President Cleveland in the Pullman Car strike in Chicago in 1894, and since that time the labor-unions had been seeking to have it removed from the courts. An especially strong movement had been started by them in 1905 for the passage of a law by Congress depriving the courts of the power. In his annual message of that year the President had expressed his opposition to such action and had suggested that the procedure in injunction cases might be regulated by requiring the judge to give due notice to the adverse parties before granting the writ, such due notice to depend upon the facts in the case. A bill somewhat along those lines was introduced but failed of enactment. It was reintroduced in 1906, and the labor-unions opposed it, demanding the complete removal of the power to grant injunctions. The members of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor sought an interview with the President on March 21, 1906, and stated their views on the subject. In his reply the President told them that if they thought that the impending bill did not go far enough, they would have no earthly difficulty in killing it, for the capitalists were against it. "Personally," he said, "I think the proposed law a most admirable one, and I very sincerely wish it could be put through. As for the right of injunction, it is absolutely necessary to have this power lodged in the courts; though of course any abuse of the power is strongly to be reprobated. During the four and a half years that I have been President I do not remember an instance where the Government has invoked the right of injunction against a combination of laborers. We have invoked it certainly a score of times against combinations of capital; I think possibly oftener. But understand me, gentlemen, if ever I thought it necessary, if I thought a combination of laborers were doing wrong, I would apply an injunction against them just as quick as against so many capitalists."

Roosevelt returned to the subject in his message of January 13, 1908, saying:

"Even though it were possible, I should consider it most unwise to abolish the use of the process of injunction. It is necessary in order that the courts may maintain their own dignity, and in order that they may in effective manner check disorder and violence. The judge who uses it cautiously and conservatively, but who, when the need arises, uses it fearlessly, confers the greatest service upon our people, and his preeminent usefulness as a public servant should be heartily recognized."

Perhaps the most notable instance of Roosevelt's fearlessness in opposing labor-union leaders when they were defending and advocating acts of lawlessness and disorder occurred in 1907. In a letter that he had written in 1906, and which was published for the first time in the spring of 1907, he had spoken of labor leaders like Debs, or Moyer, or Haywood as "undesirable citizens." Moyer and Haywood were at the time under indictment for complicity in the murder of the Governor of Idaho and were subsequently acquitted. Certain labor leaders protested against the expression that Roosevelt had used in regard to them. To a letter from one of these he replied on April 22, 1907:

"I have received your letter of the 19th instant, in which you enclose the draft of the formal letter which is to follow. I have been notified that several delegations, bearing similar requests, are

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on the way hither. In the letter you, on behalf of the Cook County Moyer-Haywood conference, protest against certain language I used in a recent letter which you assert to be designed to influence the course of justice in the case of the trial for murder of Messrs. Moyer and Haywood. I entirely agree with you that it is improper to endeavor to influence the course of justice, whether by threats or in any similar manner. For this reason I have regretted most deeply the action of such organizations as your own in undertaking to accomplish this very result in the very case of which you speak. For instance, your letter is headed 'Cook County Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone Conference,' with the headlines: '*Death*—can not—will not—and shall not claim our brothers!' This shows that you and your associates are not demanding a fair trial, or working for a fair trial, but are announcing in advance that the verdict shall only be one way and that you will not tolerate any other verdict. Such action is flagrant in its impropriety, and I join heartily in condemning it.

"But it is a simple absurdity to suppose that because any man is on trial for a given offence he is therefore to be freed from all criticism upon his general conduct and manner of life. I neither expressed nor indicated any opinion as to whether Messrs. Moyer and Haywood were guilty of the murder of Governor Steunenberg. If they are guilty they certainly ought to be punished. If they are not guilty they certainly ought not to be punished. But no possible outcome either of the trial or the suits can affect my judgment as to the undesirability of the type of citizenship of those whom I mentioned. Messrs. Moyer, Haywood, and Debs stand as representatives of those men who have done as much to discredit the labor movement as the worst speculative financiers or most unscrupulous employers of labor and debauchers of legislatures have done to discredit honest capitalists and fair-dealing business men. They stand as the representatives of those men who by their public utterances and manifestoes, by the utterances of the papers they control or inspire, and by the words and deeds of those associated with or subordinated to them, habitually appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence. If this does not constitute undesirable citizenship, then there can never be any undesirable citizens. The men whom I denounce represent the men who have abandoned that legitimate movement for the uplifting of labor, with which I have the most hearty sympathy; they have adopted practices which cut them off from those who lead this legitimate movement. In every way I shall support the law-abiding and upright representatives of labor; and in no way can I better support them than by drawing the sharpest possible line between them on the one hand, and, on the other hand, those preachers of violence who are themselves the worst foes of the honest laboring man.

"Let me repeat my deep regret that any body of men should so far forget their duty to the country as to endeavor by the formation of societies and in other ways to influence the course of justice in this matter. I have received many such letters as yours. Accompanying them were newspaper clippings announcing demonstrations, parades, and mass-meetings designed to show that the representatives of labor, without regard to the facts, demand the acquittal of Messrs. Haywood and Moyer. Such meetings can, of course, be designed only to coerce court or jury in rendering a verdict, and they therefore deserve all the condemnation which you in your letters say should be awarded to those who endeavor improperly to influence the course of justice.

"You say you ask for a 'square deal' for Messrs. Moyer and Haywood. So do I. When I say 'square deal,' I mean a square deal to every one; it is equally a violation of the policy of the square deal for a capitalist to protest against denunciation of a capitalist who is guilty of wrongdoing and for a labor leader to protest against the denunciation of a labor leader who has been guilty of wrongdoing. I stand for equal justice to both; and so far as in my power lies I shall uphold justice, whether the man accused of guilt has behind him the wealthiest corporations, the greatest aggregations of riches in the country, or whether he has behind him the most influential labor organizations in the country."

[The sixth instalment of Theodore Roosevelt's Own Letters will appear in the February number.]

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ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

I

STREAKS of red ran upward, and in answer the great gray eye of the wilderness lifted its mist-fringed lid. From the green depths came the fluting of a lone wood-thrush. Through them an owl flew on velvety wings for his home in the heart of a primeval poplar. A cougar leaped from the low limb of an oak, missed, and a shuddering deer streaked through a forest aisle, bounded into a little clearing, stopped rigid, sniffed a deadlier enemy, and whirled into the wilderness again. Still deeper in the depths a boy with a bow and arrow and naked, except for scalp-lock and breech-clout, sprang from sleep and again took flight along a buffalo trail. Again, not far behind him, three grunting savages were taking up the print of his moccasined feet.

An hour before a red flare rose within the staked enclosure that was reared in the centre of the little clearing, and above it smoke was soon rising. Before the first glimmer of day the gates yawned a little and three dim shapes appeared and moved leisurely for the woods—each man with a long flint-lock rifle in the hollow of his arm, a hunting-knife in his belt, and a coonskin cap on his head. At either end of the stockade a watch-tower of oak became visible and in each a sleepy sentinel yawned and sniffed the welcome smell of frying venison below him. In the pound at one end of the fort, and close to the eastern side, a horse whinnied, and a few minutes later when a boy slipped through the gates with feed in his arms there was more whinnying and the stamping of impatient feet.

"Gol darn ye!" the boy yelled, "can't ye wait till a feller gits *his* breakfast?"

A voice deep, lazy, and resonant came from the watch-tower above:

"Well, I'm purty hungry myself."

"See any Injuns, Dave?"

"Not more'n a thousand or two, I reckon." The boy laughed.

"Well, I reckon you won't see any while I'm around—they're afeerd o' *me*."

"I don't blame 'em, Bud. I reckon that blunderbuss o' yours would come might' nigh goin' through a pat o' butter at twenty yards." The sentinel rose towering to the full of his stature, stretched his mighty arms with a yawn, and lightly leaped, rifle in hand, into the enclosure. A girl climbing the rude ladder to the tower stopped midway.

"Mornin', Dave!"

"Mornin', Polly!"

"I was comin' to wake you up," she smiled.

"I just waked up," he yawned, humoring the jest.

"You don't seem to have much use for this ladder."

"Not unless I'm goin' up; and I wouldn't then if I could jump as high as I can fall." He went toward her to help her down.

"I wouldn't climb very high," she said, and scorning his hand with a tantalizing little grimace she leaped as lightly as had he to the ground. Two older women who sat about a kettle of steaming clothes watched her.

"Look at Polly Conrad, won't ye? I declare that gal——"

"Lyddy!" cried Polly, "bring Dave's breakfast!"

At the door of each log cabin, as solidly built as a little fort, a hunter was cleaning a long rifle. At the western angle two men were strengthening the pickets of the palisade. About the fire two mothers were suckling babes at naked breasts. A boy was stringing a bow, and another was hurling a small tomahawk at an oaken post, while a third who was carrying wood for the open fire cried hotly:

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"Come on here, you two, an' he'p me with this wood!" And grumbling they came, for that fort harbored no idler, irrespective of age or sex.

At the fire a tall girl rose, pushed a mass of sunburned hair from her heated forehead, and a flush not from the fire fused with her smile.

"I reckon Dave can walk this far—he don't look very puny."

A voice vibrant with sarcasm rose from one of the women about the steaming kettle.

"Honor!" she cried, "Honor Sanders!"

In a doorway near, a third girl was framed—deep-eyed, deep-breasted.

"Honor!" cried the old woman, "stop wastin' yo' time with that weavin' in thar an' come out here an' he'p these two gals to git Dave his breakfast." Dave Yandell laughed loudly.

"Come on, Honor," he called, but the girl turned and the whir of a loom started again like the humming of bees. Lydia Noe handed the hunter a pan of deer-meat and corn bread, and Polly poured him a cup of steaming liquid made from sassafras leaves. Unheeding for a moment the food in his lap, Dave looked up into Polly's black eyes, shifted to Lydia, swerved to the door whence came the whir of the loom.

"You are looking very handsome this morning, Polly," he said gravely, "and Lydia is lovelier even than usual, and Honor is a woodland dream." He shook his head. "No," he said, "I really couldn't."

"Couldn't what?" asked Polly, though she knew some nonsense was coming.

"Be happy even with two, if t'other were far away."

"I reckon you'll have to try some day—with all of us far away," said the gentle Lydia.

"No doubt, no doubt." He fell upon his breakfast.

"Purple, crimson, and gold—daughters of the sun—such are not for the poor hunter—alack, alack!"

"Poor boy!" said Lydia, and Polly looked at her with quickening wonder. Rallying Dave with soft-voiced mockery was a new phase in Lydia. Dave gave his hunting-knife a pathetic flourish.

"And when the Virginia gallants come, where will poor Dave be?"

Polly's answer cut with sarcasm, but not at Dave.

"Dave will be busy cuttin' wood an' killin' food for 'em—an' keepin' 'em from gettin' scalped by Indians."

"I wonder," said Lydia, "if they'll have long hair like Dave?" Dave shook his long locks with mock pride.

"Yes, but it won't be their own an' it'll be *powdered*."

"Lord, I'd like to see the first Indian who takes one of their scalps." Polly laughed, but there was a shudder in Lydia's smile. Dave rose.

"I'm goin' to sleep till dinner—don't let anybody wake me," he said, and at once both the girls were serious and kind.

"We won't, Dave."

Cow-bells began to clang at the edge of the forest.

"There they are," cried Polly. "Come on, Lyddy."

The two girls picked up piggins and squeezed through the opening between the heavy gates. The young hunter entered a door and within threw himself across a rude bed, face down.

"Honor!" cried one of the old women, "you go an' git a bucket o' water." The whir stopped instantly, the girl stepped with a sort of slow majesty from the cabin, and, entering the next, paused on the threshold as her eyes caught the powerful figure stretched on the bed and already in heavy sleep. As she stepped softly for the bucket she could not forbear another shy swift glance; she felt the flush in her face and to conceal it she turned her head angrily when she came out. A few minutes later she was at the spring and ladling water into her pail with a gourd. Near by the other two girls were milking—each with her forehead against the soft flank of a dun-colored cow whose hoofs were stained with the juice of wild strawberries. Honor dipped lazily. When her bucket was full she fell a-dreaming, and when the girls were through with their task they turned to find her with deep, unseeing eyes on the dark wilderness.

"Boo!" cried Polly, startling her, and then teasingly:

"Are you in love with Dave, too, Honor?"

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The girl reddened.

"No," she whipped out, "an' I ain't goin' to be." And then she reddened again angrily as Polly's hearty laugh told her she had given herself away. For a moment the three stood like wood-nymphs about the spring, vigorous, clear-eyed, richly dowered with health and color and body and limb—typical mothers-to-be of a wilderness race. And as Honor turned abruptly for the fort, a shot came from the woods followed by a war-whoop that stopped the blood shuddering in their veins.

"Oh, my God!" each cried, and catching at their wet skirts they fled in terror through the long grass. They heard the quick commotion in the fort, heard sharp commands, cries of warning, frantic calls for them to hurry, saw strained faces at the gates, saw Dave bound through and rush toward them. And from the forest there was nothing but its silence until that was again broken—this time by a loud laugh—the laugh of a white man. Then at the edge of the wilderness appeared—the fool. Behind him followed the other two who had gone out that morning, one with a deer swung about his shoulders, and all could hear the oaths of both as they cursed the fool in front who had given shot and war-whoop to frighten women and make them run. Dave stood still, but his lips, too, were busy with curses, and from the fort came curses—an avalanche of them. The sickly smile passed from the face of the fellow, shame took its place, and when he fronted the terrible eyes of old Jerome Sanders at the gate, that face grew white with fear.

"Thar ain't an Injun in a hundred miles," he stammered, and then he shrank down as though he were almost going to his knees, when suddenly old Jerome slipped his long rifle from his shoulder and fired past the fellow's head with a simultaneous roar of command:

"Git in—ever'body—git in—quick!"

From a watch-tower, too, a rifle had cracked. A naked savage had bounded into a spot of sunlight that quivered on the buffalo trail a hundred yards deep in the forest and leaped lithely aside into the bushes—both rifles had missed. Deeper from the woods came two war-whoops—real ones—and in the silence that followed the gates were swiftly closed and barred, and a keen-eyed rifleman was at every port-hole in the fort. From the tower old Jerome saw reeds begin to shake in a cane-brake to the left of the spring.

"Look thar!" he called, and three rifles, with his own, covered the spot. A small brown arm was thrust above the shaking reeds, with the palm of the hand toward the fort—the peace sign of the Indian—and a moment later a naked boy sprang from the cane-brake and ran toward the blockhouse, with a bow and arrow in his left hand and his right stretched above his head, its pleading palm still outward.

"Don't shoot!—don't nobody shoot!" shouted the old man. No shot came from the fort, but from the woods came yells of rage, and as the boy streaked through the clearing an arrow whistled past his head.

"Let him in!" shouted Jerome, and as Dave opened the gates another arrow hurtled between the boy's upraised arm and his body and stuck quivering in one of its upright bars. The boy slid through and stood panting, shrinking, wild-eyed. The arrow had grazed his skin, and when Dave lifted his arm and looked at the oozing drops of blood he gave a startled oath, for he saw a flash of white under the loosened breech-clout below. The boy understood. Quickly he pushed the clout aside on his thigh that all might see, nodded gravely, and proudly tapped his breast.

"Paleface!" he half grunted, "white man!"

The wilds were quiet. The boy pointed to them and held up three fingers to indicate that there were only three red men there, and shook his head to say there would be no attack from them. Old Jerome studied the little stranger closely, wondering what new trick those red devils were trying now to play. Mother Sanders and Mother Noe, the boys of the fort, the gigantic brothers to Lydia, Adam and Noel, the three girls had gathered about him, as he stood with the innocence of Eden before the fall.

"The fust thing to do," said Mother

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Sanders, "is to git some clothes for the little heathen." Whereat Lydia flushed and Dave made an impatient gesture for silence.

"What's your name?" The boy shook his head and looked eagerly around.

"Français—French?" he asked, and in turn the big woodsman shook his head—nobody there spoke French. However, Dave knew a little Shawnee, a good deal of the sign-language, and the boy seemed to understand a good many words in English; so that the big woodsman pieced out his story with considerable accuracy, and turned to tell it to Jerome. The Indians had crossed the Big River, were as many as the leaves, and meant to attack the whites. For the first time they had allowed the boy to go on a war-party. Some one had treated him badly—he pointed out the bruises of cuffs and kicks on his body. The Indians called him White Arrow, and he knew he was white from the girdle of untanned skin under his breech-clout and because the Indian boys taunted him. Asked why he had come to the fort, he pointed again to his bruises, put both hands against his breast, and stretched them wide as though he would seek shelter in the arms of his own race and take them to his heart; and for the first time a smile came to his face that showed him plainly as a curious product of his race and the savage forces that for years had been moulding him. That smile could have never come to the face of an Indian. No Indian would ever have so lost himself in his own emotions. No white man would have used his gestures and the symbols of nature to which he appealed. Only an Indian could have shown such a cruel, vindictive, merciless fire in his eyes when he told of his wrongs, and when he saw tears in Lydia's eyes, the first burning in his life came to his own, and brushing across them with fierce shame he turned Indian stoic again and stood with his arms folded over his bow and arrows at his breast, looking neither to right nor left, as though he were waiting for judgment at their hands and cared little what his fate might be, as perfect from head to foot as a statue of the ancient little god, who, in him, had forsaken the couches of love for the tents of war.

II

All turned now to the duties of the day—Honor to her loom, Polly to her distaff, and Lydia to her spinning-wheel, for the clothes of the women were home-spun, home-woven, home-made. Old Jerome and Dave and the older men gathered in one corner of the stockade for a council of war. The boy had made it plain that the attacking party was at least two days behind the three Indians from whom he had escaped, so that there was no danger that day, and they could wait until night to send messengers to warn the settlers outside to seek safety within the fort. Meanwhile, Jerome would despatch five men with Dave to scout for the three Indians who might be near by in the woods, and the boy, who saw them slip out the rear gate of the fort, at once knew their purpose, shook his head, and waved his hand to say that his late friends were gone back to hurry on the big war-party to the attack, now that the whites themselves knew their danger. Old Jerome nodded that he understood, and nodded to others his appreciation of the sense and keenness of the lad, but he let the men go just the same. From cabin door to cabin door the boy went in turn—peeking in, but showing no wonder, no surprise, and little interest until Lydia again smiled at him. At her door he paused longest, and even went within and bent his ear to the bee-like hum of the wheel. At the port-holes in the logs he pointed and grunted his understanding and appreciation, as he did when he climbed into a blockhouse and saw how one story overlapped the other and how through an opening in the upper floor the defenders in the tower might pour a destructive fire on attackers breaking in below. When he came down three boys, brothers to the three girls, Bud Sanders, Jack Conrad, and Harry Noe, were again busy with their games. They had been shy with him as he with them, and now he stood to one side while they, pretending to be unconscious of his presence, watched with sidelong glances the effect on him of their prowess. All three threw the tomahawk and shot arrows with great skill, but they did not dent the impassive face of the little stranger.

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"Maybe he thinks he can do better," said Bud; "let's let him try it."

And he held forth the tomahawk and motioned toward the post. The lad took it gravely, gravely reached for the tomahawk of each of the other two, and with slow dignity walked several yards farther away from the mark. Then he wheeled with such ferocity in his face that the boys shrank aside, clutching with some fear to one another's arms, and before they could quite recover, they were gulping down wonder as the three weapons whistled through the air and were quivering close, side by side, in the post.

"Gee!" they said. Again the lad's face turned impassive as he picked up his bow and three arrows and slowly walked toward the wall of the stockade so that he was the full width of the fort away. And then three arrows hurtled past them in incredibly swift succession and thudded into the post, each just above a tomahawk. This time the three onlookers were quite speechless, though their mouths were open wide. Then they ran toward him and had him show just how he held tomahawk and bow and arrow, and all three did much better with the new points he gave them. Wondering then whether they might not teach him something, Jack did a standing broad jump and Bud a running broad jump and Harry a hop, skip, and a jump. The young stranger shook his head but he tried and fell short in each event and was greatly mortified. Again he shook his head when Bud and Jack took backholds and had a wrestling match, but he tried with Jack and was thumped hard to the earth. He sprang to his feet looking angry, but all were laughing, and he laughed too.

"Me big fool," he said; and they showed him how to feint and trip, and once he came near throwing Bud. At rifle-shooting, too, he was no match for the young pioneers, but at last he led them with gestures and unintelligible grunts to the far end of the stockade and indicated a foot-race. The boy ran like one of his own arrows, but he beat Bud only a few feet, and Bud cried:

"I reckon if *I* didn't have no clothes on, he couldn't 'a' done it"; and on the word Mother Sanders appeared and cried to Bud to bring the "Injun" to her cabin. She had been unearthing clothes for the "little heathen," and Bud helped to put them on. In a few minutes the lad reappeared in fringed hunting shirt and trousers, wriggling in them most uncomfortably, for they made him itch, but at the same time wearing them proudly. Mother Sanders approached with a hunting-knife.

"I'm goin' to cut off that topknot so his hair can ketch up," she said, but the boy scowled fearfully, turned, fled, and scaling the stockade as nimbly as a squirrel, halted on top with one leg over the other side.

"He thinks you air goin' to take his scalp," shouted Bud. The three boys jumped up and down in their glee, and even Mother Sanders put her hands on her broad hips and laughed with such loud heartiness that many came to the cabin doors to see what the matter was. It was no use for the boys to point to their own heads and finger their own shocks of hair, for the lad shook his head, and outraged by their laughter kept his place in sullen dignity a long while before he could be persuaded to come down.

On the mighty wilderness the sun sank slowly and old Jerome sat in the western tower to watch alone. The silence out there was oppressive and significant, for it meant that the boy's theory was right; the three Indians had gone back for their fellows, and when darkness came the old man sent runners to the outlying cabins to warn the inmates to take refuge within the fort. There was no settler that was not accustomed to a soft tapping on the wooden windows that startled him wide-awake. Then there was the noiseless awakening of the household, noiseless dressing of the children—the mere whisper of "Indians" was enough to keep them quiet—and the noiseless slipping through the wilderness for the oak-picketed stockade. And the gathering-in was none too soon. The hooting of owls started before dawn. A flaming arrow hissed from the woods, thudded into the roof of one of the cabins, sputtered feebly on a dew-drenched ridge-pole, and went out. Savage war-whoops rent the air, and the battle was on. All day the fight went on. There were feints of attack in front and rushes from the rear, and there

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were rushes from all sides. The women loaded rifles and cooked and cared for the wounded. Thrice an Indian reached the wall of the stockade and set a cabin on fire, but no one of the three got back to the woods alive. The stranger boy sat stoically in the centre of the enclosure watching everything, and making no effort to take part, except twice when he saw a gigantic Indian brandishing his rifle at the edge of the woods, encouraging his companions behind, and each time he grunted and begged for a gun. And Dave made out that the Indian was the one who had treated the boy cruelly and that the lad was after a personal revenge. Late in the afternoon the ammunition began to run low and the muddy discoloration of the river showed that the red men had begun to tunnel under the walls of the fort. And yet a last sally was made just before sunset. A body pushed against Dave in the tower and Dave saw the stranger boy at his side with his bow and arrow. A few minutes later he heard a yell from the lad which rang high over the din, and he saw the feathered tip of an arrow shaking in the breast of the big Indian who staggered and fell behind a bush. Just at that moment there were yells from the woods behind—the yells of white men that were answered by joyful yells within the fort:

"The Virginians! The Virginians!" And as the rescuers dashed into sight on horse and afoot, Dave saw the lad leap the wall of the stockade and disappear behind the fleeing Indians.

"Gone back to 'em," he grunted to himself. The gates were thrown open. Old Jerome and his men rushed out, and besieged and rescuers poured all their fire after the running Indians, some of whom turned bravely to empty their rifles once more.

"Git in! Git in, quick!" yelled old Joel. He knew another volley would come as soon as the Indians reached the cover of thick woods, and come the volley did. Three men fell—one the leader of the Virginians, whose head flopped forward as he entered the gate and was caught in old Joel's arms. Not another sound came from the woods, but again Dave from the tower saw the cane-brush rustle at the edge of a thicket, saw a hand thrust upward with the palm of peace toward the fort, and again the stranger boy emerged—this time with a bloody scalp dangling in his left hand. Dave sprang down and met him at the gate. The boy shook his bow and arrow proudly, pointed to a crisscross scar on the scalp, and Dave made out from his explanation that once before the lad had tried to kill his tormentor and that the scar was the sign. In the centre of the enclosure the wounded Virginian lay, and when old Jerome stripped the shirt from his breast he shook his head gravely. The wounded man opened his eyes just in time to see and he smiled.

"I know it," he said faintly, and then his eyes caught the boy with the scalp, were fixed steadily and began to widen.

"Who is that boy?" he asked sharply.

"Never mind now," said old Joel soothingly, "you must keep still!" The boy's eyes had begun to shift under the scrutiny and he started away.

"Come back here!" commanded the wounded man, and still searching the lad he said sharply again:

"Who is that boy?" Nor would he have his wound dressed or even take the cup of water handed to him until old Joel briefly told the story, when he lay back on the ground and closed his eyes.

Darkness fell. In each tower a watcher kept his eyes strained toward the black, silent woods. The dying man was laid on a rude bed within one cabin, and old Joel lay on the floor of it close to the door. The stranger lad refused to sleep indoors and huddled himself in a blanket on the ground in one corner of the stockade. Men, women, and children fell to a deep and weary sleep. In the centre the fire burned and there was no sound on the air but the crackle of its blazing. An hour later the boy in the corner threw aside his blanket, and when, a moment later, Lydia Noe, feverish and thirsty, rose from her bed to get a drink of water outside her door, she stopped short on the threshold. The lad, stark naked but for his breech-clout and swinging his bloody scalp over his head, was stamping around the fire—dancing the scalp-dance of the savage to a low, fierce, guttural song. The boy saw her, saw her face in the blaze, stricken white with fright and horror, saw

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her too paralyzed to move and he stopped, staring at her a moment with savage rage, and went on again. Old Joel's body filled the next doorway. He called out with a harsh oath, and again the boy stopped. With another oath and a threatening gesture Joel motioned to the corner of the stockade, and with a flare of defiance in his black eyes the lad stalked slowly and proudly away. From behind him the voice of the wounded man called, and old Joel turned. There was a ghastly smile on the Virginian's pallid face.

"I saw it," he said painfully. "That's —that's my son!"

III

From the sun-dial on the edge of the high bank, straight above the brim of the majestic yellow James, a noble path of thick grass as broad as a modern highway ran hundreds of yards between hedges of roses straight to the open door of the great manor-house with its wide verandas and mighty pillars set deep back from the river in a grove of ancient oaks. Behind the house spread a little kingdom, divided into fields of grass, wheat, tobacco, and corn, and dotted with whitewashed cabins filled with slaves. Already the house had been built a hundred years of brick brought from England in the builder's own ships, it was said, and the second son of the reigning generation, one Colonel Dale, sat in the veranda alone. He was a royalist officer, this second son, but his elder brother had the spirit of daring and adventure that should have been his, and he had been sitting there four years before when that elder brother came home from his first pioneering trip into the wilds, to tell that his wife was dead and their only son was a captive among the Indians. Two years later still, word came that the father, too, had met death from the savages, and the little kingdom passed into Colonel Dale's hands.

Indentured servants, as well as blacks from Africa, had labored on that path in front of him; and up it had once stalked a deputation of the great Powhatan's red tribes. Up that path had come the last of the early colonial dames, in huge ruffs, high-heeled shoes, and short skirts, with her husband, who was the "head of a hundred," with gold on his clothes, and at once military commander, civil magistrate, judge, and executive of the community; had come officers in gold lace, who had been rowed up in barges from Jamestown; members of the worshipful House of Burgesses; bluff planters in silk coats, the governor and members of the council; distinguished visitors from England, colonial gentlemen and ladies. At the manor they had got beef, bacon, brown loaves, Indian corn-cakes, strong ales, and strong waters (but no tea or coffee), and "drunk" pipes of tobacco from lily-pots—jars of white earth—lighted with splinters of juniper, or coals of fire plucked from the fireplace with a pair of silver tongs. And all was English still—books, clothes, plates, knives, and forks; the church, the Church of England; the Governor, the representative of the King; his Council, the English House of Lords; the Burgesses, the English Parliament—socially aristocratic, politically republican. For ancient usage held that all "freemen" should have a voice in the elections, have equal right to say who the lawmakers and what the law. The way was open as now. Any man could get two thousand acres by service to the colony, could build, plough, reap, save, buy servants, and roll in his own coach to sit as burgess. There was but one seat of learning—at Williamsburg. What culture they had they brought from England or got from parents or minister. And always they had seemed to prefer sword and stump to the pen. They hated towns. At every wharf a long shaky trestle ran from a warehouse out into the river to load ships with tobacco for England and to get in return all conveniences and luxuries, and that was enough. In towns men jostled and individual freedom was lost, so, Ho! for the great sweeps of land and the sway of a territorial lord! Englishmen they were of Shakespeare's time but living in Virginia, and that is all they were—save that the flower of liberty was growing faster in the new-world soil.

The plantation went back to a patent from the King in 1617, and by the grant the first stout captain was to "enjoy his landes in as large and ample manner to all intentes and purposes as any Lord of any

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manours in England doth hold his grounde." This gentleman was the only man after the "Starving Time" to protest against the abandonment of Jamestown in 1610. When, two years later, he sent two henchmen as burgesses to the first general assembly, that august body would not allow them to sit unless the captain would relinquish certain high privileges in his grant.

"I hold my patent for service done," the captain answered grandiloquently, "which noe newe or late comers can meritt or challenge," and only with the greatest difficulty was he finally persuaded to surrender his high authority. In that day the house was built of wood, protected by a palisade, prescribed by law, and the windows had stout shutters. Everything within it had come from England. The books were ponderous folios, stout duodecimos encased in embossed leather, and among them was a folio containing Master William Shakespeare's dramas, collected by his fellow actors Heminge and Condell. Later by many years a frame house supplanted this primitive, fort-like homestead, and early in the eighteenth century, after several generations had been educated in England, an heir built the noble manor as it still stands—an accomplished gentleman with lace collar, slashed doublet, and sable silvered hair, a combination of scholar, courtier, and soldier. And such had been the master of the little kingdom ever since.

In the earliest days the highest and reddest cedars in the world rose above the underbrush. The wild vines were so full of grape bunches that the very surf overflowed with them. Deer, turkeys, and snow-white cranes were in incredible abundance. The shores were fringed with verdure. The Indians were a "kind, loving people." Englishmen called it the "Good Land," and found it "most plentiful, sweet, wholesome, and fruitful of all others." The east was the ocean; Florida was the south; the north was Nova Francia, and the west unknown. Only the shores touched the interior, which was an untravelled realm of fairer fruits and flowers than in England; green shores, majestic forests, and blue mountains filled with gold and jewels. Bright birds flitted, dusky maids danced and beckoned, rivers ran over golden sand, and toward the South Sea was the Fount of Youth, whose waters made the aged young again. Bermuda Islands were an enchanted den full of furies and devils which all men did shun as hell and perdition. And the feet of all who had made history had trod that broad path to the owner's heart and home.

Down it now came a little girl—the flower of all those dead and gone—and her coming was just as though one of the flowers about her had stepped from its gay company on one or the other side of the path to make through them a dainty, triumphal march as the fairest of them all. At the dial she paused and her impatient blue eyes turned to a bend of the yellow river for the first glimpse of a gay barge that soon must come. At the wharf the song of negroes rose as they unloaded the boat just from Richmond. She would go and see if there was not a package for her mother and perhaps a present for herself, so with another look to the river bend she turned, but she moved no farther. Instead, she gave a little gasp, in which there was no fear, though what she saw was surely startling enough to have made her wheel in flight. Instead, she gazed steadily into a pair of grave black eyes that were fixed on her from under a green branch that overhung the footpath, and steadily she searched the figure standing there, from the coonskin cap down the fringed hunting-shirt and fringed breeches to the moccasined feet. And still the strange figure stood arms folded, motionless and silent. Neither the attitude nor the silence was quite pleasing, and the girl's supple slenderness stiffened, her arms went rigidly to her sides, and a haughty little snap sent her undimpled chin upward.

"What do you want?"

And still he looked, searching her in turn from head to foot, for he was no more strange to her than she was to him.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

It was a new way for a woman to speak to a man; he in turn was not pleased, and a gleam in his eyes showed it.

"I am the son of a King."

She started to laugh, but grew puzzled,

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for she had the blood of Pocahontas herself.

"You are an Indian?"

He shook his head, scorning to explain, dropped his rifle to the hollow of his arm, and, reaching for his belt where she saw the buckhorn handle of a hunting-knife, came toward her, but she did not flinch. Drawing a letter from the belt, he handed it to her. It was so worn and soiled that she took it daintily and saw on it her father's name. The boy waved his hand toward the house far up the path.

"He live here?"

"You wish to see him?"

The boy grunted assent, and with a shock of resentment the little lady started up the path with her head very high indeed. The boy slipped noiselessly after her, his face unmoved, but his eyes were darting right and left to the flowers, trees, and bushes, to every flitting, strange bird, the gray streak of a scampering squirrel, and what he could not see, his ears took in—the clanking chains of work-horses, the whir of a quail, the screech of a peacock, the songs of negroes from far-off fields.

On the porch sat a gentleman in powdered wig and knee-breeches, who, lifting his eyes from a copy of *The Spectator* to give an order to a negro servant, saw the two coming, and the first look of bewilderment on his fine face gave way to a tolerant smile. A stray cat or dog, a crippled chicken, a neighbor's child, or a pickaninny—all these his little daughter had brought in at one time or another for a home, and now she had a strange ward, indeed. He asked no question, for a purpose very decided and definite was plainly bringing the little lady on, and he would not have to question. Swiftly she ran up the steps, her mouth primly set, and handed him a letter.

"The messenger is the son of a King."

"A what?"

"The son of a King," she repeated gravely.

"Ah," said the gentleman, humoring her, "ask his highness to be seated."

His highness was looking from one to the other gravely and keenly. He did not quite understand, but he knew gentle fun was being poked at him, and he dropped sullenly on the edge of the porch and stared in front of him. The little girl saw that his moccasins were much worn and that in one was a hole with the edge blood-stained. And then she began to watch her father's face, which showed that the contents of the letter were astounding him. He rose quickly when he had finished and put out his hand to the stranger.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," he said with great kindness. "Barbara, this is a little kinsman of ours from Kentucky. He was the adopted son of an Indian chief, but by blood he is your own cousin. His name is Erskine Dale."

(To be continued.)

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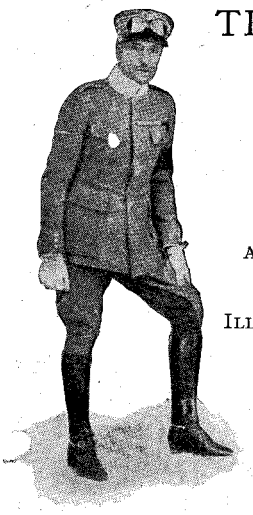
THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

I.—THE BORDERLAND OF SLAV AND LATIN

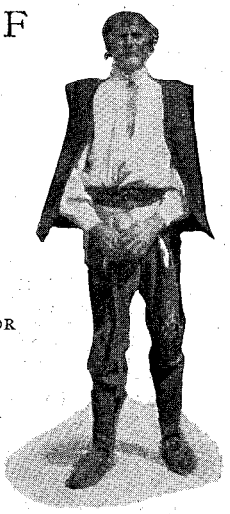
By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Italy at War," "The Army Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Lieutenant-Colonel Gabriele d'Annunzio.



A Slav of the Dalmatian hinterland—the head man of Slap.

IT was the same along the entire line of the Armistice from the Brenner down to Istria. Whenever the officials with whom we talked heard that we were going to Fiume they shook their heads pessimistically. "It's a good place to stay away from just now," said one. "They won't let you enter the city," another warned us. Or, "You mustn't think of taking the *signora* with you." But the representative of an American oil company whom I met in the American consulate in Trieste regarded the excursion from a different view-point altogether.

"Be sure to stop at the Europa," he urged me. "It's right on the water-front, and there isn't a better place in the city to see what's happening. I was there last week when the mob attacked the French Annamite troops. Believe me, friend, that was one hellish business . . . they literally cut those poor little Chinks into pieces. I saw the whole thing from my window. I'm going back to Fiume tomorrow, and if you like I'll tell the manager of the Europa to save you a front room."

His tone was that of a New Yorker telling a friend from up-State that he would reserve him a room in a Fifth Avenue hotel from which to view a parade.

As things turned out, however, we did not have occasion to avail ourselves of this offer, for we found that rooms had been reserved for us at a hotel in Abbazia, just across the bay from Fiume. This arrangement was due to the Italian military governor, General Grazioli, who was perfectly aware that the inhabitants of Fiume were not hanging out any "Welcome to our City" signs for foreigners, particularly for foreigners who were country people of President Wilson.

We had our first view of the Unredeemed City (though it was really not my first view, as I had been there before the war) from a curve in the road where it suddenly emerges from the woods of evergreen laurel above Volosca to drop in steep white zigzags to the sea. It is superbly situated, this ancient city over whose possession Slav and Latin are growling at each other like dogs over a disputed bone. With its snowy buildings spread on the slopes of a shallow amphitheatre between the sapphire waters of the Adriatic and the barren flanks of the Istrian Karst, it suggested a lovely siren, all glistening and white, who had emerged from the sea to lie upon the bare brown breast of a mountain giant.

To correctly visualize Fiume you must imagine a town no larger than Atlantic City crowded upon a narrow shelf between a towering mountain wall and the sea; a town with broad and moderately clean streets, shaded, save in the centre of the city, by double rows of stately trees and paved with large square flagstones which make abominably rough riding; a town with several fine thoroughfares bordered by well-constructed four-story

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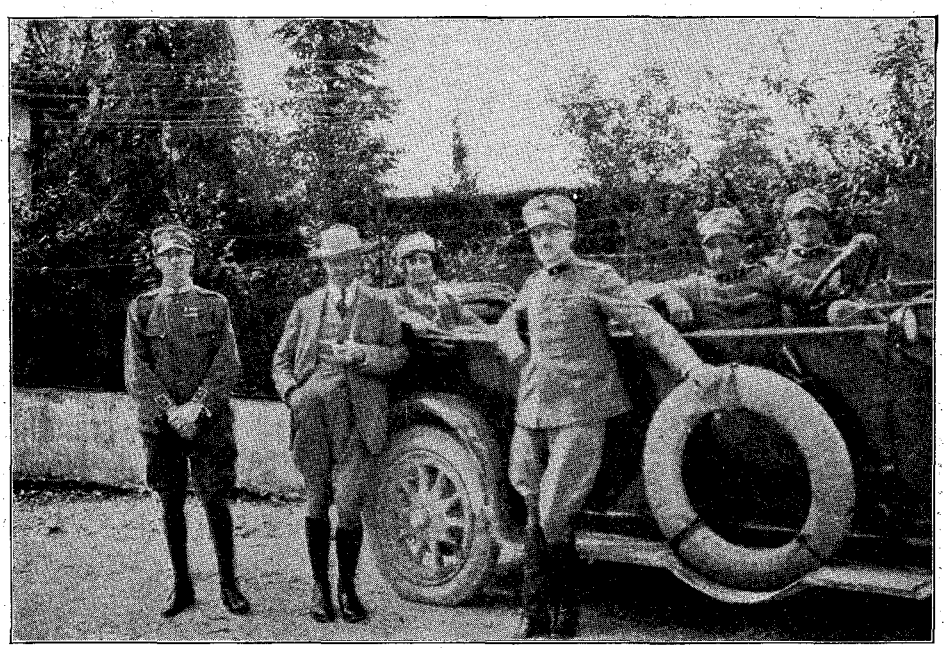
buildings of brick and stone; with numerous surprisingly well-stocked shops; with miles and miles of concrete moles and wharfs, equipped with harbor machinery of the most modern description, and adjacent to them rows of warehouses as commodious as the Bush Terminals in Brooklyn, and rising here and there above the trees and the housetops, like coffee-houses, before which lounge, from midmorning until midnight, a considerable proportion of the Italian population, sipping *café nero*, or tall drinks concocted from sweet, bright-colored syrups, scanning the papers and discussing, with much noise and gesticulation, the political situation and the doings of the peace commissioners in Paris. Save only Barcelona,



At the gates of Fiume.

Major Powell (second from left), Mrs. Powell, Captain Tron of the Italian *Comando Supremo*, and the car in which they travelled 3,000 miles.

fingers pointing to heaven, the graceful campaniles of fine old churches, one of which, the cathedral, was already old when the Great Navigator turned the prows of his caravels westward from Cadiz in quest of this land we live in.

As we sped down the Corsia Deák we passed a large hotel which, as was quite evident, had recently been renamed, for the words "Albergo d'Annunzio" were fresh and staring. But underneath was the former name, which had been so imperfectly obliterated that it could still easily be deciphered. It was "Hotel Wilson."

The public life of the city centres in the Piazza Adamich, a broad square on which front numerous hotels, restaurants, and

Fiume has the most excitable and irritable population of any city that I know. When we were there street disturbances were as frequent as dog-fights used to be in Constantinople before the Turks recognized that the best gloves are made from dogskins. A few days before our arrival a mob had attacked and killed in most barbarous fashion a number of Annamite soldiers who were guarding a French warehouse on the quay. Several prominent Fumani with whom I talked attempted to justify the massacre on the ground that a French sailor had torn a ribbon bearing the motto "*Italia o Morte!*" from the breast of a woman of the town. They did not seem to regret the affair or to realize that it is just such

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occurrences which lead the Peace Conference to question the wisdom of subjecting the city's Slav minority to that sort of rule. As a result of the tense atmosphere which prevailed in the city, the nerves of the population were so on edge that when my car back-fired with a series of violent explosions, the loungers in front of a near-by café jumped as though a bomb had been thrown among them. The patron saint of Fiume is, appropriately enough, St. Vitus.

In discussing the question of Fiume the mistake is almost invariably made of considering it as a single city, whereas it really consists of two distinct communities, Fiume and Sussak, bitterly antagonistic and differing in race, religion, language, politics, customs, and thought. A small river, the Rieka, no wider than the Erie Canal, divides the city into two parts, one Latin, the other Slav, very much as the Rio Grande separates the American city of El Paso from the Mexican town of Ciudad Juarez. On the left or west bank of the river is Fiume, with approximately 40,000 inhabitants, of whom very nearly three-fourths are Italian. Here are the wharfs, the harbor works, the rail-head, the municipal buildings, the hotels, and the business districts. But cross the Rieka by the single wooden bridge which connects Fiume with Sussak and you find yourself in a wholly different atmosphere. In a hundred paces you pass from a city which is three-quarters Italian to a town which is overwhelmingly Slav. There are about 4,500 people in Sussak, of whom only one-eighth are Italian. But let it be perfectly clear that Sussak is not Fiume. In proclaiming its annexation to Italy on the ground of self-determination, the National Council of Fiume did not include Sussak, which is a Croatian village in historically Croatian territory. As for the territory immediately adjacent to Fiume on the north and east, it is as Slav as though it were in the heart of Serbia. To put it briefly, Fiume is an Italian island entirely surrounded by Slavs.

Though the Italian element of the population vociferously asserts its adherence to the slogan "*Italia o Morte!*" I am convinced that many of the more substantial and far-seeing citizens, if they dared freely to express their opinions, would be found to favor the restoration of the city's ancient autonomy under the ægis of the League of Nations. The Italians of Fiume are at bottom, beneath their excitable and mercurial temperaments, a shrewd business people who have the commercial future of their city at heart. And they are intelligent enough to realize that, unless there be established some stable form of government which will propitiate the Slav minority as well as the Italian majority, the Slav nations of the hinterland will almost certainly divert their trade, on which Fiume's commercial importance entirely depends, to some non-Italian port, in which event the city would inevitably retrograde to the obscure fishing village which it was less than half a century ago.

In order that you may have before you a clear and comprehensive picture of this most perplexing and dangerous situation, which is so fraught with peril for the future peace of the world, suppose that I sketch for you, in the fewest word-strokes possible, the arguments of the rival claimants for fair Fiume's hand. Italy's claims may be classified under three heads: sentimental, commercial, and political. Her sentimental claims are based on the ground that the city's population, character, and history are overwhelmingly Italian. I have already stated that the Italians constitute about three-fourths of the total population of Fiume, the latest figures, as quoted in the United States Senate, giving 29,569 inhabitants to the Italians and 14,798 to the Slavs. There is no denying that the city has a distinctively Italian atmosphere, for its architecture is Italian, that Venetian trade-mark, the Lion of St. Mark, being in evidence on several of the older buildings; the mode of outdoor life is such as one meets in Italy; most of its stores and banks are owned by Italians, and Italian is the prevailing tongue. The claim that the city's history is Italian is, however, hardly borne out by history itself, for in the sixteen centuries which have elapsed since the fall of the Roman Empire, Fiume has been under Italian rule—that of the republic of Venice—for just four days.

The commercial reason underlying

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Italy's insistence on obtaining control of Fiume is found in the fact that Italians are convinced that should Fiume pass into either neutral or Jugoslav hands, it would mean the commercial ruin of Trieste, where enormous sums of Italian money have been invested. They assert, and with sound reasoning, that the Slavs of the hinterland, and probably the Germans and Magyars as well, would ship through Fiume, were it under Slav or international control, instead of through Trieste, which is Italian. One does not need to be an economist to realize that if Fiume could secure the trade of Jugoslavia and the other states carved from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the commercial supremacy of Trieste, which depends upon this same hinterland, would quickly disappear. On the other hand, those Italians whose vision has not been distorted by their passions clearly foresee that, should the final disposition of Fiume prove unacceptable to the Jugoslavs, they will almost certainly divert the trade of the interior to some Slav port, leaving Fiume to drowse in idleness beside her moss-grown wharfs and crumbling warehouses, dreaming dreams of her one-time prosperity.

Italy's third reason for insisting on the cession of Fiume is political, and, because it is based on a deep-seated and haunting fear, it is, perhaps, the most compelling reason of all. Italy does not trust the Jugoslavs. She cannot forget that the Austrian and Hungarian fractions of the new Jugoslav people—in other words, the Slovenes and Croats—were the most faithful subjects of the Dual Monarchy, fighting for the Hapsburgs with a ferocity and determination hardly surpassed in the war. Unlike the Poles and Czecho-Slovaks, who threw in their lot with the Allies, the Slovenes and Croats fought, and fought desperately, for the triumph of the Central Empires. Had these two peoples turned against their masters early in the war, the great struggle would have ended months, perhaps years, earlier than it did. Yet, within a few days after the signing of the Armistice, they became Jugoslavs, and announced that they have always been at heart friendly to the Allies. But, so the Italians argue, their conversion has been too sudden: they have changed their flag but not their hearts; their real allegiance is not to Belgrade but to Berlin. The Italian attitude toward these peoples who have so abruptly switched from enemies to allies is that of the American soldier for the Filipino:

> "He may be a brother of William H. Taft,
> But he ain't no brother of mine."

The Italians are convinced that the three peoples who have been so hastily welded into Jugoslavia will, as the result of internal jealousies and dissensions, eventually disintegrate, and that, when the break-up comes, those portions of the new state which formerly belonged to Austria-Hungary will ally themselves with the great Teutonic or, perhaps, Russo-Teutonic, confederation which, most students of European affairs believe, will arise from the ruins of the Central Empires. When that day comes the new power will look with hungering eyes toward the rich markets which fringe the Middle Sea, and what more convenient gateway through which to pour its merchandise—and, perhaps, its fighting men—than Fiume in friendly hands? In order to bar forever this, the sole gateway to the warm water still open to the Hun, the Italians should, they maintain, be made its guardians.

"But," you argue, "suppose Jugoslavia does *not* break up? How can 14,000,000 Slavs seriously menace Italy's 40,000,000?"

Ah! Now you touch the very heart of the whole matter; now you have put your finger on the secret fear which has animated Italy throughout the controversy over Fiume and Dalmatia. For I do not believe that it is a reincarnated Germany which Italy dreads. It is something far more ominous, more terrifying than that, which alarms her. For, looking across the Adriatic, she sees the monstrous vision of a united and aggressive Slavdom, untold millions strong, of which the Jugoslavs are but the skirmish-line, ready to dispute not merely Italy's schemes for the commercial mastery of the Balkans but her overlordship of that sea which she regards as an Italian lake.

Jugoslavia's claims to Fiume are more briefly stated. Firstly, she lays title to it on the ground that geographically

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Fiume belongs to Croatia, and that Croatia is now a part of Jugoslavia, or, to give the new country its correct name, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. This claim is, I think, well founded, and this despite the fact that Italy has attempted to prove, by means of innumerable pamphlets and maps, that Fiume, being within the great semicircular wall formed by the Alps, is physically Italian. The Jugoslavs demand than a third of the total population. By far the strongest title which the Slavs have to the city, and the one which commands for them the greatest sympathy, is their assertion that Fiume is the natural and, indeed, almost the only practicable commercial outlet for Jugoslavia, and that the struggling young state needs it desperately. In reply to this, the Italians point out that there are numerous harbors along the Dalmatian coast which

The inhabitants of Fiume cheering d'Annunzio and his raiders.

"Save only Barcelona, Fiume has the most excitable population of any place that I know."
The patron saint of the city is, appropriately enough, St. Vitus.

Fiume, secondly, because, they assert, if Fiume and Sussak are considered as a single city, that city has more Slavs than Italians, while the population of the hinterland is almost solidly Croatian. With the first half of this claim I cannot agree. As I have already pointed out, Sussak is not, and never has been, a part of Fiume, and its annexation is not demanded by the Italians. Conceding, however, for the sake of argument, that Fiume and Sussak are parts of the same city, the most reliable figures which I have been able to obtain show that, even were the Slav majority in Sussak added to the Slav minority in Fiume, the Slavs would still be able to muster barely more would answer the needs of Jugoslavia as well, or almost as well, as Fiume. Now, I am speaking from first-hand knowledge when I assert that this is not so, for I have seen with my own eyes every harbor, or potential harbor, on the eastern coast of the Adriatic from Istria to Greece. As a matter of fact, the entire coast of Dalmatia would not make up to the Jugoslavs for the loss of Fiume. The map gives no idea of the city's importance as the southernmost point at which a standard-gauge railway reaches the Adriatic, for the railway leading to Ragusa, to which the Italians so repeatedly refer as providing an outlet for Jugoslavia, is not only narrow-gauge but is in part a rack-and-

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pinion mountain line. The situation is best summed up by the commander of the American war-ship on which I dined at Spalato.

"It is not a question of finding a good harbor for the Jugoslavs," he said. "This coast is rich in splendid harbors. It is a question, rather, of finding a practicable route for a standard-gauge railway over or through the mile-high range of the Dinaric Alps, which parallel the entire coast, shutting the coast towns off from the hinterland. Until such a railway is built, the peoples of the interior have no means of getting their products down to the coast save through Fiume. Italy already has the great port of Trieste. Were she also to be awarded Fiume she would have a strangle-hold on the trade of Jugoslavia which would probably mean that country's commercial ruin."

I have now given you, as fairly as I know how, the principal arguments of the rival claimants. The Italians of Fiume, as I have already shown, outnumber the Slavs almost three to one, and it is they who are demanding so violently that the city should be annexed to Italy on the ground of self-determination. But I do not believe that, because there is an undoubted Italian majority in Fiume, the city should be awarded to Italy. If Italy were asking only what was beyond all shadow of question Italian, I should sympathize with her unreservedly. But to place 10,000 Slavs under Italian rule would be as unjust and as provocative of future trouble as to place 30,000 Italians under the rule of Belgrade. Nor is the cession of the city itself the end of Italy's claims, for, in order to place it beyond the range of the enemy's guns (by the "enemy" she means her late allies, the Serbs), in order to maintain control of the railways entering the city, and in order to bring the city actually within her territorial borders, she desires to extend her rule over other thousands of people who are not Italian, who do not speak the Italian tongue, and who do not wish Italian rule. Italy has no stancher friend than I, but neither my profound admiration for what she achieved during the war nor my deep sympathy for the staggering losses she suffered can blind me to the unwisdom, let us call it, of certain of her demands. I am convinced that, when the passions aroused by the controversy have had time to cool, the Italians will themselves question the wisdom of accumulating for themselves future troubles by creating new lost provinces and a new Irredenta by annexing against their will thousands of people of an alien race. Viewing the question from the standpoints of abstract justice, of sound politics, and of common sense, I do not believe that Fiume should be given either to the Italians or to the Jugoslavs, but that the interests of both, as well as the prosperity of the Fumani themselves, should be safeguarded by making it a free city under international control.

I am not alone in believing that, had it not been for the opposition of President Wilson, the Adriatic question would have been settled ere this (December, 1919), either by making Fiume and the territory immediately adjacent into a free state under the League of Nations, or by Italy abandoning her claims to the Dalmatian coast and islands in exchange for Fiume, where the Jugoslavs would be given special privileges while Italy was building for them a commercial outlet of their own at Buccari, a small port, five miles to the south, which could be developed into an excellent harbor. Neither the Jugoslavs nor the Italians would accept such a settlement with any enthusiasm, of course, nor would it meet the demands of abstract justice, but my point is that I believe both sides would accept it in order to end the present perilous situation. In opposing such a compromise the American Government is assuming a terrible responsibility, particularly as we have not the remotest intention, in case of war, of giving Jugoslavia either military or financial support. The truth of the matter is that we are meddling in a matter which does not concern us, and that our meddling, instead of hastening peace, is retarding it.

No account of the extraordinary drama —farce would be a better name were its possibilities not so tragic—which is being staged at Fiume would be complete without some mention of the romantic figure who is playing the part of hero or villain, according to whether your sympathies are with the Italians or the Jugoslavs.

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There is nothing romantic, mind you, in Gabriele d'Annunzio's personal appearance. On the contrary, he is one of the most unimpressive-looking men I have ever seen. He is short of stature—not over five feet five, I should guess—and even his beautifully cut clothes, which fit so faultlessly about the waist and hips as to suggest the use of stays, but partially conceal the corpulency of middle age. His head looks like a new-laid egg which has been highly varnished; his pointed beard is clipped in a fashion which reminded me of the bronze satyrs in the Naples museum; a monocle, worn without a cord, conceals his dead eye, which he lost in battle. His walk is a combination of a mince and a swagger; his movements are those of an actor who knows that the spotlight is upon him.

Though d'Annunzio takes high rank among the modern poets, many of his admirers holding him to be the greatest one alive, he is a far greater orator. His diction is perfect, his wealth of imagery exhaustless; I have seen him sway a vast audience as a wheat-field is swayed by the wind. His life he values not at all; the four rows of ribbons which on the breast of his uniform make a splotch of color were not won by his verses. Though well past the half-century mark, he has participated in a score of aerial combats, occupying the observer's seat in his fighting Sva and operating the machine-gun. But perhaps the most brilliant of his military exploits was a bloodless one, when he flew over Vienna and bombed that city with proclamations, written by himself, pointing out to the Viennese the futility of further resistance. His popularity among all classes is amazing; his word is law to the great organization known as the *Combatenti*, analogous to the American Legion, composed of the 5,000,000 men who fought in the Italian armies. He is a jingo of the jingoes, his plans for Italian expansion reaching far beyond the annexation of Fiume or even all of Dalmatia, for he has said again and again that he dreams of that day when Italy will have extended her rule over all that territory which once was held by Rome.

He is a very picturesque and interesting figure, is Gabriele d'Annunzio—very much in earnest, wholly sincere, but fanatical, egotistical, intolerant of the rights or opinions of others, a visionary, and perhaps a little mad. I imagine that he would rather have his name linked with that of that other soldier-poet, who "flamed away at Missolonghi" nearly a century ago, than with any other character in history save Garibaldi. D'Annunzio, like Byron, was an exile from his native land. Both had a habit of never paying their bills; both had offended against the social codes of their times; both flamed against what they believed to be injustice and tyranny; both had a passionate love for liberty; both possessed a highly developed sense of the dramatic and delighted in playing romantic rôles. I have heard it said that d'Annunzio's raid on Fiume would make his name immortal, but I doubt it. Barely a score of years have passed since the raid on Johannesburg, which was a far more daring and hazardous exploit than d'Annunzio's Fiume performance, yet to-day how many people remember Doctor Jameson? It can be said for this middle-aged poet that he has successfully defied the government of Italy, that he flouted the royal duke who was sent to parley with him, that he seduced the Italian army and navy into committing open mutiny—"a breach of that military discipline," in the words of the Prime Minister, "which is the foundation of the safety of the state"—and that he has done more to shake foreign confidence in the stability of the Italian character and the dependability of the Italian soldier than the Austro-Germans did when they brought about the disaster at Caporetto. I have heard it said that the Nitti government had advance knowledge of the raid on Fiume and that the reason it took no vigorous measures against the filibusters was because it secretly approved of their action. This I do not believe. With President Wilson, the Jugoslavs, d'Annunzio, and the Italian army and navy arrayed against him, I am convinced that Mr. Nitti did everything that could be done without precipitating either a war or a revolution. Much credit is also due to the Jugoslavs for their forbearance and restraint under great provocation. They must have been sorely tempted to give the poet the spanking he so badly needs.

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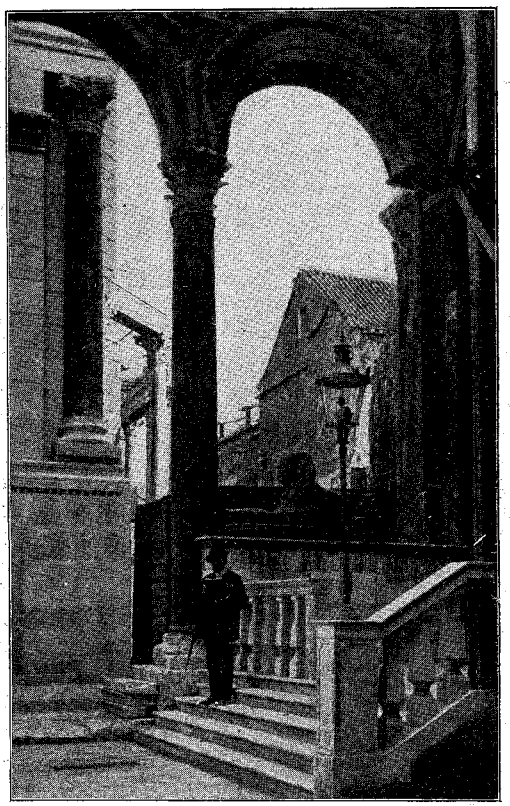
At Fiume we found awaiting us the destroyer *Sirio*, which, thanks to the courtesy of the Italian Government, was as much ours, during the fortnight we were aboard her, as the *Mayflower* is Mr. Wilson's.

"I am under orders to place myself entirely at your disposal," explained her youthful and very stiffly starched skipper, Commander Poggi. "I am to go where you desire and to stop as long as you please. Those are my instructions."

Thus it came about that, shortly after noon on a scorching summer day, we cast off our moorings and, leaving quarrel-torn Fiume abaft, turned the nose of the *Sirio* sou' by sou'west, down the coast of Dalmatia. The sun-kissed waters of the Bay of Quarnero looked for all the world like a vast azure carpet strewn with a million sparkling diamonds; on our starboard quarter stretched the green-clad slopes of Istria, with the white villas of Abbazia peeping coyly out from amid the groves of pine and laurel; to the eastward the bleak brown peaks of the Dinaric Alps rose, savage, mysterious, forbidding, against the cloudless summer sky. Perhaps no stretch of coast in all the world has had so varied and romantic a history or so many masters as this Dalmatian seaboard. Since the days of the tattooed barbarians who called themselves Illyrian, it has been ruled in turn by Phœnicians, Celts, Macedonians, Greeks, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Croats, Serbs, Bulgars, Huns, Avars, Saracens, Normans, Magyars, Genoese, Venetians, Tartars, Bosnians, Turks, French, Russians, Montenegrins, British, Austrians, Italians—and now by Americans, for from Cape Planca southward to Ragusa, a distance of something over a hundred miles, the United States is the governing power and an American admiral holds undisputed sway.



Spalato—The vestibule of Diocletian's palace, which now forms the entrance to the cathedral.

Spalato owes its name to the great palace (*palatium*) of Diocletian, within the precincts of which a great part of the old town is built.

Leaning over the rail as we fled southward I lost myself in dreams of far-off days. In my mind I could see, sweeping past in imaginary review, those other vessels which, all down the ages, had skirted these same shores: the purple sails of Phœnicia, Greek galleys bearing colonists from Cnidus, Roman triremes with the slaves sweating at the oars, high-prowed, low-waisted Norman caravels with the arms of their marauding masters painted on their bellowing canvas, stately Venetian carracks with carved and gilded sterns, swift-sailing Uskok pirate craft, their decks crowded with swarthy men in skirts and turbans, Genoese galleons, laden with the products of the hot lands, French and English frigates with brass cannon peering from their rows of ports, the grim, gray monsters of the Hapsburg navy. And then I suddenly awoke, for, coming up from the southward at full speed, their slanting funnels vomiting

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great clouds of smoke, were four long, low, lean, incredibly swift craft, ostrich-plumes of snowy foam curling from their bows, which sped past us like wolfhounds running with their noses to the ground. As they passed I could see quite plainly, flaunting from each taffrail, a flag of stripes and stars.

The sun was sinking behind Italy when, threading our way amid the maze of islands and islets which border the Dalmatian shore, we saw beyond our bows, silhouetted against the rose-coral of the evening sky, the slender campaniles and the crenellated ramparts of Zara. It was so still and calm and beautiful that I felt as though I were looking at a scene upon a stage and that the curtain would descend at any moment and destroy the illusion.

Though the population of Dalmatia is overwhelmingly Slav, quite two-thirds of the 14,000 inhabitants of Zara, its capital, are Italian. Yet, were it not for the occasional Morlachs in their picturesque costumes seen in the markets or on the wharfs, one would not suspect the presence of any Slav element in the town, for the dim and tortuous streets and the spacious squares bear Italian names—Via del Duomo, Riva Vecchia, Piazza della Colonna; crouching above the city gates is the snarling Lion of St. Mark, and everywhere one hears the liquid accents of the Latin. Zara, like Fiume, is an Italian colony set down on a Slavonian shore, and, like its sister-city to the north, it bears the indelible and unmistakable imprint of Italian civilization.

The long, narrow strip of territory sandwiched between the Adriatic and the Dinaric Alps which comprised the Austrian province of Dalmatia, though upward of 200 miles in length, has an area scarcely greater than that of Connecticut and a population smaller than that of Cleveland. Scarcely more than a tenth of its whole surface is under the plough, the rest, where it is not altogether sterile, consisting of mountain pasture. With the exception of scattered groves on the landward slopes, the country is virtually treeless, the forests for which Dalmatia was once famous having been cut down by the Venetian ship-builders or wantonly burned by the Uskok pirates, while every attempt at replanting has been frustrated by the shallowness of the soil, the frequent droughts, and the multitudes of goats which browse on the young trees. The dreary expanse of the Bukovica, lying between Zara and the Bosnian frontier, is, without exception, the most inhospitable region that I have ever seen. For mile after mile, far as the eye can see, the earth is overlaid by a thick stratum of jagged limestone, so rough that no horse could traverse it, so sharp and flinty that a quarter of an hour's walking across it would cut to pieces the stoutest pair of boots. Under the rays of the summer sun these rocks become as hot as the top of a stove; so hot, indeed, that eggs can be cooked upon them, while metal objects exposed for only a few minutes to the sun will burn the hand. Scattered here and there over this terrible plateau are tiny farmsteads, their houses and the walls shutting in the little patches under cultivation being built from the stones obtained in clearing the soil, a task requiring incredible patience. No wonder that the folk who dwell in them are characterized by expressions as stony and hopeless as the soil from which they wring a wretched existence.

Just as Italy insisted on pushing her new borders up to the Brenner so that she might have a strategic frontier on the north, so she lays claim to the larger of the Dalmatian islands—Lissa, Lésina, Curzola, and certain others—in order to protect her Adriatic shores. A glance at the map will make her reasons amply plain. There stretches Italy's eastern coastline, 600 miles of it, from Venice to Otranto, with half a dozen busy cities and a score of fishing towns, as bare and unprotected as a bald man's hatless head. Not only is there not a single naval base on Italy's Adriatic coast south of Venice, but there is no harbor or inlet that can be transformed into one. Yet across the Adriatic, barely four hours' steam by destroyer away, is a wilderness of islands and deep harbors where an enemy's fleet could lie safely hidden, from which it could emerge to attack Italian commerce or to bombard Italy's unprotected coast towns, and where it could take refuge when the pursuit became too hot. All down the ages the dwellers along Italy's

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eastern seaboard have been terrorized by naval raids from across the Adriatic. And Italy has determined that they shall be terrorized no more. How history repeats itself! Just as Rome, twenty-two centuries ago, could not permit the neighboring island of Sicily to fall into the hands of Carthage, so Italy cannot permit these coastwise islands, which form her only protection against attacks from the east, to pass under the control of the Jugoslavs.

"But," I said to the Italians with whom I discussed the matter, "why do you need any such protection now that the world is to have a League of Nations? Isn't that a sufficient guarantee that the Jugoslavs will never attack you?"

"The League of Nations is in theory a splendid thing," was their answer. "We subscribe to it in principle most heartily. But because there is a policeman on duty in your street, do you leave wide open your front door?"

To be quite candid, I do not think that it is against Jugoslavia, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, against an unaided Jugoslavia, that Italy is taking precautions. I have already said, I believe, that thinking Italians look with grave forebodings to the day when a great Slav confederation shall rise across the Adriatic, but that day, as they know full well, is still far distant. Italy's desperate insistence on retaining possession of the more important Dalmatian islands is dictated by a far more immediate danger than that. She is convinced that her next war will be fought, not with the weak young state of Jugoslavia, but with Jugoslavia *allied with France*. Every Italian with whom I discussed the question—and I might add, without boasting, many highly placed and well-informed Italians have honored me with their confidence—firmly believes that France is jealous of Italy's rapidly increasing power in the Mediterranean, and that she is secretly intriguing with the Jugoslavs and the Greeks to prevent Italy obtaining commercial supremacy in the Balkans. I do not say that this is my opinion, mind you, but I do say that it is the opinion held by most Italians. I found that the resentment against the French for what the Italians term France's "betrayal" of Italy at the Peace Conference was almost universal; everywhere in Italy I found a deep-seated distrust of France's commercial ambitions and political designs. Though the Italians admit that the Jugoslavs will not be able to build a navy for many years to come, they fear, or profess to fear, that the day is not immeasurably far distant when a French battle fleet, co-operating with the armies of Jugoslavia, will threaten Italy's Adriatic seaboard. And they are determined that, should such a day ever come, French ships shall not be afforded the protection, as were the Austrian, of the Dalmatian islands. Italy, with her great modern battle fleet and her 5,000,000 fighting men, regards Jugoslavia with something akin to contempt, but France, turned imperialistic and arrogant by her victory over the Hun, Italy distrusts and fears, believing that, while protesting her friendship, she is secretly

Morlach peasants assembled for a dance at Knin, on the Dalmatia-Bosnia border.

In their snowy blouses and brilliantly embroidered aprons, the women look for all the world like huge, quaint dolls.

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fomenting opposition to legitimate Italian aspirations in the Balkans and in the Middle Sea. You will sneer at this, perhaps, as a phantasm of the imagination, but I assure you, with all the earnestness and emphasis at my command, that this distrust of one great Latin nation for another, whether it is justified or not, forms a deadly menace to the future peace of the world.

Because I did not wish to confine my observations to the coast towns, which are, after all, essentially Italian, I motored across Dalmatia at its widest part, from Zara, through Benkovac, Kistonje, and Knin, to the little hamlet of Kievo, on the Jugoslav frontier. Though the Slav population of the Dalmatian hinterland is, according to the assertions of Belgrade, bitterly hostile to Italian rule, I did not detect a single symptom of animosity toward the Italian officers who were my companions on the part of the peasants whom we passed. They displayed, on the contrary, the utmost courtesy and good feeling, the women, looking like huge and gaudily dressed dolls in their snowy blouses and embroidered aprons, courtesying, while the tall, fine-looking men gravely touched the little round caps which are the national head-gear of Dalmatia.

Kievo is the last town in Dalmatia, being only a few score yards from the Bosnian frontier. Its little garrison was in command of a young Italian captain, a tall, slender fellow with the blond beard of a Viking and the dreamy eyes of a poet. He had been stationed at this lonely outpost for seven months, he told me, and he welcomed us as a man wrecked on a desert island would welcome a rescue party. In order to escape from the heat and filth and insects of the village, he had built in a near-by grove a sort of arbor, with a roof of interlaced branches to keep off the sun. Its furnishings consisted of a home-made table, an army cot, two or three decrepit chairs, and a phonograph. I did not need to inquire where he had obtained the phonograph, for on its cover was stencilled the familiar red triangle of the Y. M. C. A.—the "*Yimka*," as the Italians call it—which operates more than 300 *casas* for the use of the Italian army. While our host was preparing a dubious-looking drink from sweet, bright-colored syrups and lukewarm water, I amused myself by glancing over the little stack of records on the table. They were, of course, nearly all Italian, but I came upon three that I knew well: "*Loch Lomond*," "*Old Folks at Home*," and "*So Long, Letty*." It was like meeting a party of old friends in a strange land. I tried the latter record, and though it was not very clear, for the captain's supply of needles had run out and he had been reduced to using ordinary pins, it was startling to hear Charlotte Greenwood's familiar voice carolling "*So long, so long, Letty*," there on the borders of Bosnia, with a picket of curious Jugoslavs, rifles across their knees, seated on the rocky hillside, barely a stone's throw away. Still, come to think about it, the war produced many contrasts quite as strange, as, for example, when the New York Irish, the old 69th, crossed the Rhine with the regimental band playing "*The Sidewalks of New York*."

We touched at Sebenico, which is forty knots down the coast from Zara, in order to accept an invitation to lunch with Lieutenant-General Montenari, who commands all the Italian troops in Dalmatia. Now before we started down the Adriatic we had been warned that, because of President Wilson's attitude on the Fiume question, the feeling against Americans ran very high, and that from the Italians we must be prepared for coldness, if not for actual insults. Well, this luncheon at Sebenico was an example of the insults we received and the coldness with which we were treated. Because our destroyer was late, half a hundred busy officers delayed their midday meal for two hours in order not to sit down without us. The table was decorated with American flags, and other American flags had been hand-painted on the menus. And, as a final affront, a destroyer had been sent across the Adriatic Sea to obtain lobsters because the general had heard that my wife was particularly fond of them. After that experience don't talk to me about Southern hospitality. Though the Italians bitterly resent President Wilson's interference in an affair which they consider peculiarly their own, their resentment does not ex-

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tend to the President's countrymen. Their attitude is aptly illustrated by an incident which took place at the mess of a famous regiment of Bersaglieri, when the picture of President Wilson, which had hung on the wall of the mess-hall, opposite that of the King, was taken down—and an American flag hung in its place.

The building of outstanding interest in Sebenico is the cathedral, which was begun when America had yet to be discovered. Its chief glory is its exterior, with its superb carved doors, its countless leering, grinning gargoyles—said to represent the evil spirits expelled from the church—and a broad frieze, running entirely around the edifice, composed of sculptured likenesses of the architects, artists, sculptors, masons, and master-builders who participated in its construction. Put collars, neckties, and derby hats on some of them and you would have striking likenesses of certain labor leaders of to-day. The next time a building of note is erected in this country the countenances of the bricklayers, hod-carriers, and walking delegates might be immortalized in some such fashion. I offer the suggestion to the labor-unions for what it is worth. Throughout all the years of Austrian domination the citizens of Sebenico remained loyal to their Italian traditions, as is proved by the medallions ornamenting the façade of the cathedral, each of which bears the image of a saint. One of these sculptured saints, it was pointed out to me, has the unmistakable features of Victor Emanuel I, another those of Garibaldi. Thus did the Italian workmen of their day cunningly express their defiance of Austria's tyranny by ornamenting one of her most splendid cathedrals with the heads of Italian heroes. Imagine carving the heads of Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes on the façade of Tammany Hall!

Next to the cathedral, the most interesting building in Sebenico is the insect-powder factory. It is a large factory and does a thriving business, the need for its product being Balkan-wide. If, for upward of five months, you had fought nightly engagements with the *cimex lectularius*, you would understand how vital is an ample supply of powder. Believe me or not, as you please, but in many parts of Dalmatia and Albania we were compelled to defend our beds against nocturnal raiding-parties by raising veritable ramparts of insect-powder, very much as in Flanders we threw up earthworks against the assaults of the Hun, while in Monastir the only known way of obtaining sleep is to set the legs of one's bed in basins filled with petroleum.

Four hours steaming south from Sebenico brought us to Spalato, the largest city of Dalmatia and one of the most picturesquely situated towns in the Levant. It owes its name to the great palace (*palatium*) of Diocletian, within the precincts of which a great part of the old town is built and around which have sprung up its more modern suburbs. Cosily ensconced between the stately marble columns which formed the palace's façade are fruit, tobacco, barber, shoe, and tailor shops, whose proprietors drive a roaring trade with the sailors from the international armada assembled in the harbor. A great hall, which had probably originally been one of the vestibules of the palace, was occupied by the Knights of Columbus, the place being in charge of a khaki-clad priest, Father Mullane, of Johnstown, Pa., who twice daily dispensed true American hospitality, in the form of hot doughnuts and mugs of steaming coffee, to the bluejackets from the American ships. As there was no coal to be had in the town, he made the doughnuts with the aid of a plumber's blowpipe. In the course of our conversation Father Mullane mentioned that he was living with the Serbian bishop—at least I think he was a bishop—of Spalato.

"I suppose he speaks English or French," I remarked.

"He does not," was the answer.

"Then you must have picked up some Serb or Italian," I hazarded.

"Niver a wurrd of thim vulgar tongues do I know," said he.

"Then how do you and the bishop get along?"

"Shure," said Father Mullane, in the rich brogue which is, I imagine, something of an affectation, "an' what is the use of bein' educated for the church if we were not able to converse with ease an' fluency in iligant an' refined Latin?"

From the massive walls of the palace,

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I looked down upon a panorama of power such as Diocletian had never pictured in his wildest dreams, for, moored in a long and impressive row, their stern-lines made fast to the *Molo*, was a line of war-ships flying the flags of England, France, Italy, and the United States. On the right of the line, as befitted the fact that its commander was the senior naval officer and in charge of all this portion of the coast, was Admiral Andrews's flag-ship, the *képis*, while others looked strangely familiar in khaki uniforms furnished them by the United States. It being warm weather, most of the men wore their coats unbuttoned, thereby displaying a considerable expanse of hairy chest or violent colored underwear and producing a somewhat negligée effect. Because of the presence in the town of the Jugoslav soldiery, the crews of the Italian war-ships were not permitted to go ashore with the

Curzola, the Canale di Sabbioncello, and in the distance the mountains of the Herzegovina.
It is so picturesque that you feel as though it were not real, but a setting on a stage, and that the curtain would go up presently and destroy the illusion.

Olympia, but little changed, at least to the casual glance, since that day, more than twoscore years ago, when she blazed her way into Manila Bay and won for us a colonial empire. On her bridge, outlined in brass tacks, I was shown Admiral Dewey's footprints, just as he stood at the beginning of the battle when he gave the order "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

Of the 18,000 inhabitants of Spalato, less than a tenth are Italian, the general character of the town and the sympathies of its inhabitants being strongly pro-Slav. In fact, its streets were filled with Jugoslav soldiers, many of them still wearing the uniforms of the Austrian regiments in which they had served but with Serbian sailors of the other nations, as Admiral Andrews feared that their presence might provoke unpleasant incidents. Hence their "shore leave" had, for nearly six months, been confined to the narrow concrete *Molo*, where they were permitted to stroll in the evenings and where the Italian girls of the town came to see them. For a Jugoslav girl to have been seen in company with an Italian sailor would have meant her social ostracism, if nothing worse.

Though Italy will unquestionably insist on the cession of certain of the Dalmatian islands, in order, as I have already pointed out, to assure herself a defensible eastern frontier, and though she will ask for Zara and possibly for Sebenico on the

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ground of their preponderantly Italian character, I believe that she is prepared to abandon her original claims to Dalmatia, which is, when all is said and done, almost purely Slavonian, Jugoslavia thus obtaining nearly 550 miles of coast. Now I will be quite frank and say that when I went to Dalmatia I was strongly opposed to the extension of Italian rule over that region. And I still believe that it would be a political mistake. But, after seeing the country from end to end and talking with the Italian officials who have been temporarily charged with its administration, I have become convinced that they have the best interests of the people genuinely at heart and that the Dalmatians might do worse, so far as justice and progress are concerned, than to intrust their future to the guidance of such men.

It had been our original intention to steam straight south from Spalato to the Bocche di Cattaro and Montenegro, but, being foot-loose and free and having plenty of coal in the *Sirio's* bunkers, we decided to make a détour in order to visit the Curzolane Islands. In case you cannot recall its precise situation, I might remind you that the Curzolane Archipelago, consisting of several good-sized islands—Brazza, Lésina, Lissa, Méleda, and Curzola—and a great number of smaller ones, lies off the Dalmatian coast, almost opposite Ragusa. From Spalato we laid our course due south, past Solta, famed for its honey produced from rosemary and the cistus-rose; skirted the wooded shores of Brazza, the largest island of the group, rounded Capo Pellegrino, and entered the lovely harbor of Lésina. We did not anchor but, slowing to half-speed, made the circuit of the little port, running close enough to the shore to obtain pictures of the famous Loggia built by Sanmacheli, the Fondazo, the ancient Venetian arsenal, and the crumbling Spanish fort, perched high on a crag above the town. Then south by west again, past Lissa, the westernmost island of the group, where an Italian fleet under Persano was defeated and destroyed by an Austrian squadron under Tegetthof in 1866. A marble lion in the local cemetery commemorated the victory and marked the resting-places of the Austrian dead, but when the Italians took possession of the island after the Armistice they changed the inscription on the monument so that it now commemorates their final victory over Austria. It was not, I think, a very sportsmanlike proceeding.

Leaving Lissa to starboard, we steamed through the Canale di Sabbioncello, with exquisite panoramas unrolling on either hand, and dropped anchor off the quay of Curzola, where the governor of the islands, Admiral Piazza, awaited us with his staff. In spite of the bleakness of the surrounding mountains, Curzola is one of the most exquisitely beautiful little towns that I have ever seen. The next time you are in the Adriatic you should not fail to go there. Time and the hand of man—for the people are a color-loving race—have given many tints, soft and bright, to its roofs, towers, and ramparts. It is a town of dim, narrow, winding streets, of steep flights of worn stone steps, of moss-covered archways, and of some of the most splendid specimens of the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages that exist outside of the Street of the Crusaders in Rhodes. The sole modern touches are the costumes of the islanders, and they are sufficiently picturesque not to spoil the picture. How the place has escaped the motion-picture people I fail to understand. (As a matter of fact, it hasn't, for I took with me an operator and a camera—the first the islanders had ever seen.) Besides the Cathedral of San Marco, with its splendid doors, its exquisitely carved choir-stalls, black with age and use, its choir balustrade and pulpit of translucent alabaster, and its dim old altar-piece by Tintoretto, the town boasts the Loggia or council chambers, the palace of the Venetian governors, the noble mansion of the Arnieri, and, brooding over all, a towering campanile, five centuries old. The Lion of St. Mark, which appears on several of the public buildings, holds beneath its paw a closed instead of an open book—symbolizing, so I was told, the islanders' dissatisfaction with certain laws of the Venetians.

But the phase of my visit which I enjoyed the most was when Admiral Piazza took us across the bay, on a Detroit-built submarine-chaser, to a Franciscan monastery dating from the fifteenth cen-

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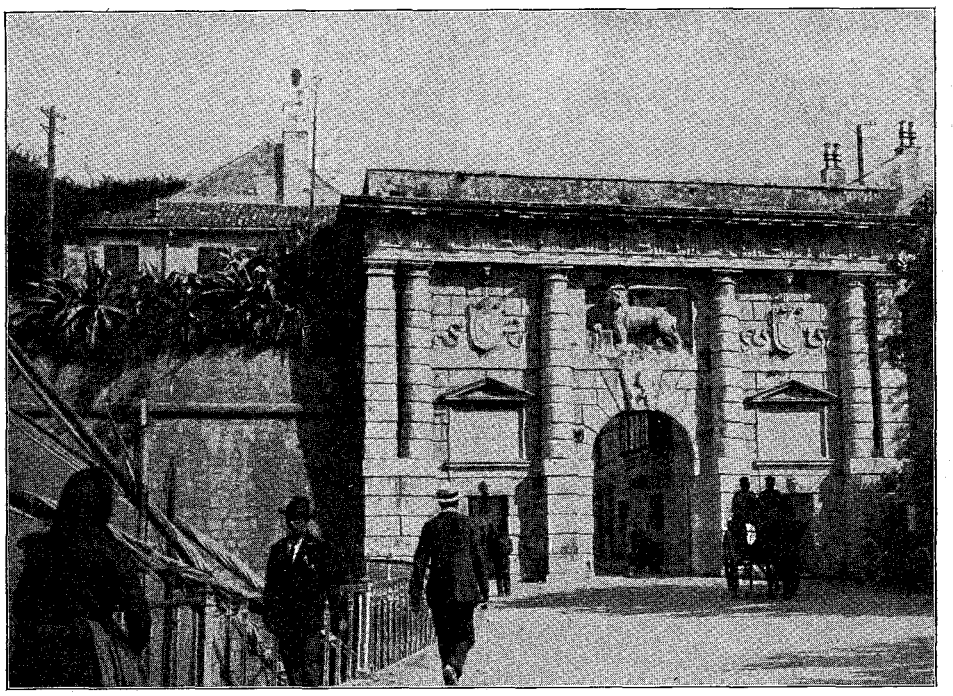
tury. We were met by the abbot at the water-stairs, and, after being shown the beautiful Venetian Gothic cloisters, with alabaster columns whose carving was almost lacelike in its delicate tracery, we were led along a wooded path beside the sea, over a carpet of pine-needles, to a cloistered rose-garden, in which stood, amid a bower of blossoms, a blue-and-white statue of the Virgin. The fragrance of the flowers in the little enclosure was like the incense in a church, above our heads the great pines formed a canopy of green, and the music was furnished by the birds and the murmuring sea. Here we seemed a world away from the waiting armies and the great gray battleships, from the quarrels of Latin and Slav. It was the first real peace that I had known after five years of war, and I should have liked to remain there longer. But Montenegro, Albania, Macedonia, all the unhappy, war-torn lands of the Near East lay before me, and I turned reluctantly away. But my thoughts keep harking back to the little town beside the turquoise bay, to the restfulness of its old, old buildings, to the perfume of its flowers, and the whispering voice of its turquoise sea. So some day, when the world is really at peace and there are no more wars to write about, I think that I shall go back to where

"Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills."

[The second of Mr. Powell's articles, "The Cemetery of Four Empires," will appear in the February number.]



The land entrance to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia.
Over the Porta de Terraferma, erected by Sanmicheli in 1543, is Venice's familiar trade-mark—the Lion of St. Mark.

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"Mr. Micawber with more shirt collar than usual.—Page 34.

THE ROMAN BATH

By John T. Wheelwright

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

RALPH TUCKERMAN had landed that day in Liverpool after a stormy winter voyage, his first across the Atlantic. The ship had slowly come up the Mersey in a fog, and the special boat train had dashed through the same dense atmosphere to the home of fogs and soot, London, and in the whole journey to his hotel the young American had seen nothing of the mother country but telegraph-poles scudding through opacity on the railway journey, and in London the loom of buildings and lights dimly red through the fog.

Although he had no acquaintances among the millions of dwellers in the city, he did not feel lonely in the comfortable coffee room of his hotel, where a cannel-coal fire flickered. The air of the room was surcharged with pungent fumes of the

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coal smoke which had blackened the walls and ceilings, and had converted the once brilliant red of a Turkey carpet into a dingy brown, but the young American would not have had the air less laden with the characteristic odor of London, or the carpet and walls less dingy if he had had a magician's wand.

The concept of a hotel in his native city of Chicago was a steel structure of many stories, brilliantly lighted and decorated, supplied with a lightning elevator service running through the polished marble halls which swooned in a tropical atmosphere of steam heat emanating from silvered radiators. So it was no wonder that the young man felt more at home in this inn in old London than he had ever felt in an American caravansary.

The shabby waiter who had served him at dinner appeared to him to be a true representation of the serving-man who had eaten most of David Copperfield's chops, and drained the little boy's half pint of port when he went up to school. It may be that Tuckerman's age protected him from any such invasion of his viands, but in justice to the serving-man it seems probable that he would have cut off his right hand rather than been disrespectful to a guest at dinner.

After the cloth was removed, Tuckerman ordered a half-pint decanter of port out of regard for the memory of Dickens, and, sipping it, looked about with admiration at the room with its dark old panels. Comfortable as he felt, after his dinner, he could not help regretting that he had not had with him his old friends Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and Traddles to share his enjoyment—the guests whom Copperfield entertained when "Mr. Micawber with more shirt collar than usual and a new ribbon to his eyeglass, Mrs. Micawber with a cap in a whitey-brown paper parcel, Traddles carrying the parcel and supporting Mrs. Micawber on his arm" arrived at David's lodgings and were so delightfully entertained. He wished that he could see "Micawber's face shining through a thin cloud of delicate fumes of punch," so that at the end of the evening Mr. and Mrs. Micawber would feel that they could not "have enjoyed a feast more if they had sold a bed to pay for it."

These cheery spirits seemed to come back to him from the charming paradise where they live to delight the world for all time, and it seemed to him that he could distinctly hear Mr. Micawber saying: "We twa have rin about the brae, And pu'd the gowans fine," observing as he quoted: "I am not exactly aware what gowans may be, but I have no doubt that Copperfield and myself would frequently have taken a pull at them if it had been possible."

His modest modicum of port would have seemed a poor substitute to the congenial Micawber for the punch.

Finally he went up to bed, delighted to be given a bedroom candle in a brass candlestick, and to find on his arrival there that the plumber had never entered its sacred precincts, for a hat tub on a rubber cloth awaited the can of hot water, which would be lugged up to him in the morning; the four-post bedstead with its heavy damask hangings, the cushioned grandfather's chair by the open fireplace, the huge mahogany wardrobe and the heavy furniture—all were of the period of 1830. Back to such a room Mr. Pickwick had tried to find his way on the memorable night when he so disturbed the old lady whose chamber he had unwittingly invaded.

So impressed was the young American with his transference to the past that his stem-winding watch seemed an anachronism when he came to attend to it for the night.

He settled down into the big armchair by the fire, having taken from his valise three books which he had selected for his travelling companions: "Baedeker's London Guide," "The Pickwick Papers," and "David Copperfield." The latter was in a cheap American edition which he had bought with his schoolboy's savings; a tattered volume which he knew almost by heart; which, when he took it up, opened at that part of David's "Personal History and Experience" where his aunt tells him of her financial losses, and where he dreamed his dreams of poverty in all sorts of shapes, and, as he read, this paragraph flew out at his eye:

"There was an old Roman bath in those days at the bottom of one of the streets out of the Strand—it may be

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there still—in which I have had many a cold plunge. Dressing myself as quickly as I could, and leaving Peggotty to look after my Aunt, I tumbled head foremost into it, and then went for a walk to Hampstead. I had a hope that this brisk treatment might freshen my wits a little."

Ralph's sleep in the old bed was unquiet. He was transported back into the England of the old coaching days, and found himself seated on the box-seat of the Ipswich coach, next a stout, red-faced, elderly coachman, his throat and chest muffled by capacious shawls, who said to him:

"If ever you are attacked with the gout, sir, just you marry a widder as has got a good loud woice with a decent notion of using it, and you will never have the gout agin!" Then suddenly the film of the smart coach, with passengers inside and out, faded away, and Ralph found himself drinking hot brandy and water with Mr. Pickwick, in a room of a very homely description, apparently under the special patronage of Mr. Weller and other stage coachmen, for there sat the former smoking with great vehemence. The vision flashed out into darkness.

"We twa have rin about the brae, And pu'd the gowans fine."—Page 34.

Then came deep, early morning sleep from which a sharp knock at his door aroused him, and a valet entered with a hot-water can and a cup of tea, saying: "Beg pardon, sir, eight o'clock, sir, thank you, sir."

Ralph's first inclination was to say "*Thank you,*" but he restrained himself from this in time to save upsetting the foundations of British social life, and instead he asked:

"What kind of a morning is it?"

"Oh, sir, thank you, sir, if I should say

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that it is a nasty morning, sir, I should be telling the truth indeed, foggy and raining, sir, thank you, sir."

All the time he was quietly taking up Ralph's clothes, which were scattered in convulsions around the room.

"Shall I not unpack your box, sir?" asked the valet.

Ralph stopped from sipping his tea to nod assent, and the man proceeded with the unpacking with a hand which practice had made perfect.

"This is my first morning in London," observed Ralph. The valet pretended not to hear him, being unwilling to engage in any line of conversation which by any chance could take him out of the station in life to which he had been called.

"What is your name?" finally asked the American.

"Postlethwaite, sir, but I answer to the name of 'Enery."

"Well, 'Enery, did you ever hear of a Roman bath in a little street off the Strand?"

"A Roman bath, sir, in a little street off the Strand, sir? No sir, thank you, sir, my word, sir, the Italians never take baths, sir."

"They used to take them, 'Enery, and my guide-book says that there is one of theirs to this day in Strand Lane."

The valet was silent as he continued his unpacking and arranging of Tuckerman's clothes, and the latter felt a little uncomfortable as this proceeding went on, for he was conscious of the inadequacy of his outfit, not only in the eyes of an English servant, but in his own, for he had purposely travelled "light," intending to replenish his wardrobe in London; but the well-trained servant treated the worn-out suits and frayed shirts with the utmost outward respect as he folded them up and put them away in the clothes-press.

An hour later, on the top of a 'bus, Ralph sat watching the complicated movement of traffic in the London streets, directed by the helmeted policemen. It was before the days of the motor-car, an endless stream of omnibuses, drays, hansoms, and four-wheelers, even at that early hour in the morning was pouring through the great artery of the heart of the world. This first ride on a London 'bus and the sights of the street traffic were inspiring, but familiar to the mind's eye of the young American. The Thames, alive with barges and steamers, the smoke-stained buildings, the processions of clerks, the crossing and sweepers, the smart policemen, the cab-drivers, the draymen, he knew from Leech's drawings, and he was on his way, marvellous to relate, to the oldest work of man in the city, in which the water flowed as it had been flowing ever since London was Londineum.

He got off the 'bus at Strand Lane and found a little way down the street the building he was looking for. It was a commonplace brick structure, the exterior giving no hint of its contents. A notice was posted on the black entrance door, stating the hours at which the bath was open to visitors. Ralph found out that he had fifteen minutes to wait before he could plunge head foremost into the pool. He walked somewhat impatiently up and down the street, finding the waiting unpleasant, for although it was not raining hard, the mist was cold and disagreeable. After a few turns, he came up to the door again and there found a young gentleman, dressed in a long surtout, reading the notice; the stranger turned about as Ralph approached; his face was smooth-shaven, his eyes large and melancholy, his whimsical, sensitive mouth was upcurved at the corners, his waving chestnut hair was longer than was then the fashion, the soft felt hat was pulled down over his forehead as if to ward off the fog. He swung to and fro with his right hand a Malacca joint with a chiselled gold head.

He bowed politely to Ralph, remarking:

"So you, too, are waiting for a plunge into the waters of the Holywell?"

"You are right, sir; I guess that we shall find the Roman bath cold this morning."

"You are an American, are you not?"

"I am, and therefore, sir, I am a seeker after the curious and ancient things of this city; it is my first morning in London."

"May I ask how you found out about this ancient bath? It is but little known, even to old Londoners. I often come here for a plunge, but I seldom find any other bathers here."

"Well, sir, I came across an allusion to

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"If ever you are attacked with the gout, sir, just you marry a widder as has got a good loud woice."—Page 35.

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"Postlethwaite, sir, but I answer to the name of 'Enery."—Page 36.

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it in 'David Copperfield,' just before I retired last night, and I looked up the locality in my guide-book."

"'David Copperfield'!" exclaimed the young man with a low whistle, and he started off upon a walking up and down as if to keep himself warm while waiting.

A moment later the heavy black door of the bathhouse was opened, and the bath attendant stepped out on the threshold, looking out into the rain; a dark-haired, heavily built man, with coarse features, a tight, cruel mouth; if he had not been dressed in rough, modern working clothes, he might well have been a holdover from the days of the Roman occupation.

"The admission is two shillings," announced the attendant as he showed the American into a dressing-room and as the latter was paying his fee he saw the other visitor glide into a dressing-room adjoining his.

The bath was small, dark, and disappointing in appearance to the man from overseas, to whom the term "Roman bath" had conveyed an impression of vast, vaulted rooms, and marble-lined swimming-pools. The bath itself was long enough for a plunge, but too small for a swim, and a hasty diver would be in danger of bumping his head on the bottom. The bricks at the side were laid edgewise, and the floor of the bath was of brick covered with cement. At the point where the water from the Holywell Spring flowed in, Ralph could see the old Roman pavement. The water in the bath was clear, but it was dark and cold looking.

As Ralph stood at the edge, reluctant to spring in, he saw the young Englishman dart from his dressing-room like a graceful sprite and make a beautiful dive into the pool. His slender body made no splash, but entered the water like a beam of light, refracting as he swam a stroke under water.

In a trice his face appeared above the surface, with no ripple or disturbance of the water.

"I feel better already," he called out. "I passed such a terrible night, almost as bad as poor Clarence's. How miserable I was last night when I lay down! I need not go into details. A loss of property; a sudden misfortune had upset my hopes of a career and of happiness.

"It was difficult to believe that night, so long to me, could be short for any one else. This consideration set me thinking, and thinking of an imaginary party where people were dancing the hours away until that became a dream too, and I heard the music incessantly playing one tune, and saw Dora incessantly dancing one dance without taking the least notice of me."

"I too dreamed the night through," thought Ralph. "And am I dreaming now?"

"I dreamed of poverty in all sorts of shapes. I seemed to dream without the previous ceremony of going to sleep. Now I was ragged, now I ran out of my office in a night-gown and boots, now I was hungrily picking up the crumbs of a poor man's scanty bread, and, still more or less conscious of my own room, I was always tossing about like a distressed ship in a sea of bedclothes. But come, my friend, plunge in, for if you passed any such night as mine, the clear cold water of Holywell Spring has marvellous healing properties, and it will freshen your wits for whatever the day may bring for them to puzzle over."

As he spoke he drew himself up on the opposite side of the bath from Ralph, and watched the latter as he took a clumsy header, his body striking the water flat, and sending great splashes over the room. When Ralph, recovering from his rude entrance into the water, looked for the other bather, he was gone. The cold water did not invite a protracted immersion, so that Ralph scrambled hastily out of it, and after a rub with a harsh towel, put on his clothes; then he noticed that the door of the stranger's cubicle was open; he looked into it to say good-by to his chance acquaintance, but it was empty, and in the corner he saw the Malacca cane with the gold head. He picked it up and carefully examined it; the head was of gold in the form of a face, eyes wide open, spectacles turned up on the forehead.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" exclaimed Ralph, "Old Marley!"

The attendant just then appearing,

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"So you, too, are waiting for a plunge into the waters of the Holywell?"—Page 36.

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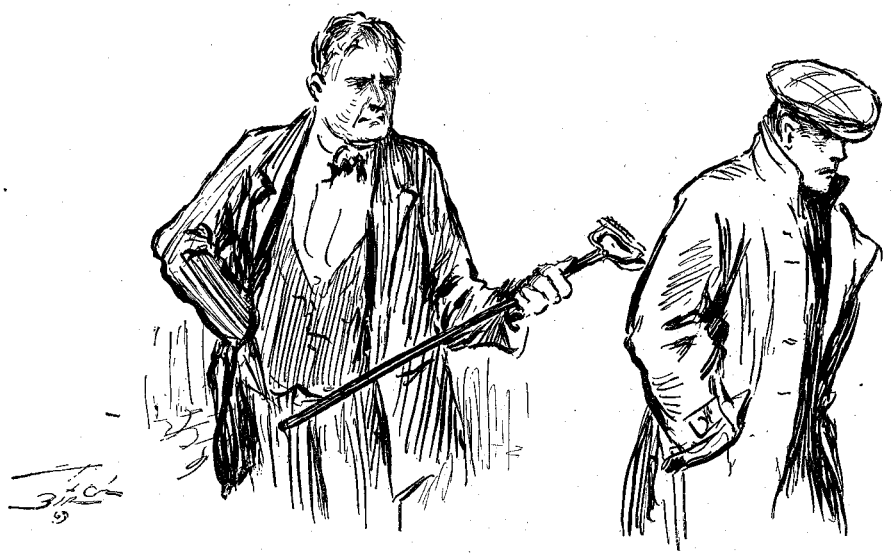
Ralph handed him the cane, saying: "I found this cane in the other gentleman's dressing-room." The attendant stared at him and said gruffly:

"None of your larks, sir; there wasn't no other gentleman, and that's no cane; its my cleaning mop that I get under the seats with."



THE CENTENARY OF A QUESTION

By Brander Matthews

IT is exactly a hundred years ago this month since Sydney Smith asked, "Who reads an American book?" This struck most Americans of 1820 as a most insulting question. It immediately aroused a riot of angry answers from all sorts and conditions of men, and it has unceasingly reverberated through the columns of our literary periodicals in every year of all the hundred since it was originally uttered.

But after a century, "the tumult and the shouting dies," and it ought to be possible for an American of 1920 to consider this famous query with disinterestedness, if not with detachment. It may even be profitable, now that there have been more than five score years of peace between us and our kin across the sea, to consider Sydney Smith's question calmly to discover all the circumstances of its asking, and even to inquire honestly whether there may not have been at least a little justification for it.

Sydney Smith edited the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802; he had proposed this periodical as an organ for the group of young men who were keenly dissatisfied with the complacent Toryism which defended a heterogeny of old abuses; and he continued to be a constant contributor to its liberalizing pages for a quarter of a century, in spite of his exile to a remote Yorkshire parish. So vigorous were the assaults of the *Edinburgh* on these abuses that the *Quarterly Review* was soon founded by the stern and unbending Tories in order that "the Whig dogs should not have the best of it"—to borrow Doctor Johnson's characteristic phrase. From its beginning the *Quarterly* took a most offensive attitude toward

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America, and often exploded in violent vituperation; and from its beginning the *Edinburgh* had been far more friendly toward us, as might have been expected from a review started by young and ardent reformers who could not fail to recognize that many of the political improvements they were advocating in Great Britain had already been obtained in the United States.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1820, there is a criticism of Adam Seybert's "Statistical Annals of the United States," published in Philadelphia in 1818. It was unsigned, like all the other articles, in accord with the custom that contributions to periodicals should be anonymous; but we now know that it was written by Sydney Smith. It extends to only eleven pages; ten of which are devoted to an abstract of the mass of facts and figures in Seybert's quarto. The tone of the reviewer was benevolent, and it was with kindly appreciation that he transcribed the record of American expansion and prosperity. It was with brotherly sympathy that he warned us that the inevitable consequences of a nation's fondness for martial glory are "taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth."

It is not too much to say that the friendliness of the first ten pages of this criticism is really remarkable when we recall that it was written less than five years after the termination of what we call the "War of 1812" and after the defeat of the British in the Battle of New Orleans. Only on the eleventh and last page of Sydney Smith's paper could the most thin-skinned of perfervid patriots find anything in any way offensive to our national susceptibility. The sting was in the tail of it—in the concluding paragraphs wherein Americans were warned not to allow themselves to be persuaded by orators or newspapers into the belief that we were "the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people on earth"; and we were told that the effect of this journalistic boasting upon a European was "unspeakably ludicrous," for although "the Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people," they had hitherto "given no indications of genius."

This general statement was almost immediately supported by the specific allegation that during our forty years of independence we had "done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesman-like studies of politics or political economy." Then Sydney Smith called the bederoll of the orators, scientists, theologians, scholars, poets, actors, and artists who had illumined the same two score years in Great Britain; and he wanted to know where were the American parallels to these British worthies. This inquiry was followed by that rattling volley of pointed questions which has come echoing down the corridors of time:

"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or sleeps in American blankets?" And the essay concluded with the remark that Americans would do well to keep clear of superlatives of self-praise until these questions were "fairly and favorably answered."

If this battery of pertinent queries were to be fired point-blank at the Americans of 1920, we should not wince, for we could very well leave to others the finding of full and favorable answers. But when it was discharged in 1820, we were bitterly annoyed. Our national vanity was painfully wounded—that national vanity which was then unduly inflated, because it was distended rather by our ethereal hopes for the future than by our solid accomplishments in the past. We were swollen with pride in what we were going to do; we were intensely conscious of our manifest destiny, and we were inclined to be vocal in flaunting our virtues—even if we did not actually assert that we were

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"the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people on earth."

The period of our history from the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 to the year when Sydney Smith punctured our vanity with his saw-toothed interrogatory, is not a period upon which we can to-day look back with complete satisfaction. It was an epoch of jangling party strife, of occasional rebellion, and of threatened secession. It was an era of grateful geographical expansion, and of intermittent prosperity. We were spreading abroad toward the south and the west; we were sending our ships to all the ports of all the seven seas, and we were beginning to manufacture most of the things we needed. The airy hopes of a hundred years ago have been more or less justified in the course of the century, but these early aspirations were only too often expressed in material terms, in the statistics of commerce, in the balance of trade, in dollars and cents. We looked forward to mere bigness of the body politic rather than to true greatness of the soul.

It cannot have been on a day very far distant from that of Sydney Smith's question when John Quincy Adams made a speech at New Bedford, in which he reckoned the number of whale-ships sailing out of the port and compared it with that of an earlier year, taking this as a type of American success. Lowell, from whom I borrow the illustration, made the apt comment that it is "with quite another oil that those far-shining lamps of a nation's true glory, which burn forever, must be filled. It is not by any amount of material splendor or prosperity, but only by moral greatness, by ideas, by works of imagination that a race can conquer the future. . . . Of Carthage, whose merchant fleets furled their sails in every port of the known world, nothing is left but the deeds of Hannibal. . . . But how large is the space occupied in the maps of the soul by little Athens. It was great by the soul, and its vital force is as indestructible as the soul."

Now, in 1920, we have good reason to believe that we possess sufficient of this vital force to save our soul, since after "drugged and doubting years" we came at last into the world-war in defense of civilization. But what was our state in 1820? That we possessed this vital force a hundred years ago is only a hypothesis, supported by meagre evidence. We can afford to be honest with ourselves to-day, and if we have the courage to look the fact in the face we must confess that our forefathers of a century ago could not answer Sydney Smith's question fairly and favorably. In fact, one reason why this sharp thrust caused us such acute suffering was that we could not parry it and that it went home.

Whatever may be the case in 1920, there is no denying that in 1820 nobody was going to an American play, or looking at an American statue or picture. Our physicians and surgeons had done nothing to relieve human suffering; our astronomers had discovered no new constellations, and our chemists no new substances. It is true that if Sydney Smith had asked for our inventions as well as for our discoveries, we could have put in an answer and called attention to the lightning-rod, to the cotton-gin, and to the steam-boat—and even to the torpedo and to the submarine, although none of us could have foreseen to what devilish use these devices would be put. And it is true, also, that we could bring forward the "Federalist" as a statesman-like study of politics; but Sydney Smith was not a prophet and he could not foresee the influence which Alexander Hamilton was to exert upon the founders of the Australian and South African federations.

If we continue to be honest we shall have to admit that when Sydney Smith propounded the best remembered of his queries, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book?" our forefathers would have been hard put to find a fair and favorable answer, because the books of American authorship which had been published before he sharpened this exacerbating question, and which are read to-day by other than professed students of our literary history, are very few indeed. No one of us is now ashamed to acknowledge that he is not familiar with Joel Barlow's "Columbiad," or with Timothy Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," those magniloquent epics deliberately composed to supply a mighty nation with poems commensurate with its magnitude.

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There is the "Federalist," but that had served its immediate purpose, and not even here in the United States did anybody suspect that it was to be revered as a permanent storehouse of political wisdom. There was Franklin's "Autobiography," but this was not printed from his own manuscript until 1868, although a truncated French translation had been published in Paris in 1791, from which an English version had been made about a score of years later. Irving's "Knickerbocker" had been published in 1809, but eleven years later it had not yet been republished in England, and although a few copies of it had crossed the Atlantic, Sydney Smith could not fairly be charged with knowledge of its existence. Irving's "Sketch-Book" began to be issued in New York in parts in 1819, but the last of these did not appear until 1820, when the complete book was republished in London, where it was cordially received —the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1820, containing a most friendly criticism. The first collection of Bryant's "Poems" did not appear until 1821, when Irving was instrumental in arranging for a British edition. And it was also in 1820 that Fenimore Cooper published the "Spy," to be followed in the next five years by the "Pilot," and by the "Last of the Mohicans."

Thus we see that when Sydney Smith asked his question American literature was just about to be born, and that if he had asked it five or ten years later there would have been no difficulty in supplying the fair and favorable answer. What we need to see clearly is that American literature had not really come into being in 1820, however lustily it was to stretch its infant limbs in the decade immediately following.

The first thirty-seven years of our independence, from 1783 to 1820, were years of literary penury; and they stand in startling contrast with the literary wealth which had been accumulated in Great Britain during this period, which was the epoch of the Romantic Revival. It was the era of a fresh outflowering of English poetry, high-colored and full-blooded, startlingly different from the paler prose which had been the product of the first three quarters of the eighteenth century. The Kilmarnock collection of Burns had appeared in 1786 and the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1798. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had come out in 1805, Coleridge's "Christabel" in 1806, and Wordsworth's poems in 1807. Byron's "Childe Harold" began to appear in 1812; Shelley's "Queen Mab" was issued in 1813; and the poems of Keats were published in 1817. "Look on this picture and on this." In Great Britain, in the course of twenty-one years Burns and Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley and Keats had revealed themselves in swift succession. In the United States in these two decades all we had to put over against this constellation of seven stars were Joel Barlow and Timothy Dwight.

Perhaps Sydney Smith would have been kinder if he had refrained from the infliction of futile anguish upon his American friends; but it ought to be evident now that he had good warrant for the question he asked. It was pointed, but it was also to the point. He may have been ungenerous, but he was not unjust. He may have been moved not by playful malice, but rather by an honest desire to make us see ourselves as others saw us. He may very well have believed himself to be not a foe stabbing at a helpless victim, but a friend wielding a scalpel which would relieve us of the tumor of vainglory.

I make this suggestion—irenic rather than ironic—with the more confidence because there is in the very next number of the *Edinburgh Review*, that for April, 1820, an article which must have been written by Sydney Smith, and which testifies to the honest desire of the English liberals to keep on the best of terms with the young republic on the far side of the Western Ocean. It is a review of an American book published in Philadelphia in 1819, written by a certain Robert Walsh (otherwise unknown to fame) and entitled "An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America." I have never seen the book itself, but from Sydney Smith's frequent and abundant quotations, it appears to have been a fierce protest against the British writers who were then

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engaged in virulent disparagement of America. These writers were most of them Tories of the strictest sect, and they vented their venom on us month after month in *Blackwood's* and quarter after quarter in the *Quarterly*.

What Sydney Smith sought to accomplish in this review of this book was to convince Americans that this malignant torrent flowed only from Tory pens, and that it had never disgraced the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. He called attention to the fact that the *Edinburgh* itself had come in for its portion of the abuse which the author of "An Appeal" seemed "to think reserved exclusively for America—and, what is a little remarkable, for being too much her advocate." He insisted that the *Edinburgh* had "spoken far more good of America than ill—that "in nine cases out of ten, where we have mentioned her, it has been for praise—and in all that is essential or of serious importance, we have spoken nothing but good; while our censures have been wholly confined to matters of inferior note, and generally accompanied with an apology for their existence, and a prediction of their speedy disappearance." He quoted a passage from an article in an early number of the *Edinburgh*, in which the assertion was made that "the Americans had shown an abundance of talent, wherever inducements had been held out for its exertion; that their party pamphlets were written with great keenness and spirit, and that their orators frequently displayed a vehemence, correctness, and animation that would win the admiration of any European audience."

And in his final paragraph he declared that his article may contain things requiring explanation and things liable to misconstruction; but nevertheless "the spirit in which it is written, however, cannot, we think, be misunderstood. We cannot descend to little cavils and altercations, and have no leisure to maintain a controversy about words and phrases. We have an unfeigned respect for the free people of America; and we mean honestly to pledge ourselves for that of the better part of this country." Surely this is frank and manly and straightforward, as Sydney Smith was himself. Surely there is nothing here to offend the susceptibilities of the most sensitive and most thin-skinned of Americans.

On any unprejudiced survey we must exonerate Sydney Smith and the *Edinburgh Review* of a century ago from any ill-will toward the United States and from any sympathy with Tory attacks upon us. That these assaults were incessant not only in 1820 but for the following fifty years, all Americans are aware. That they did immeasurable mischief is notorious, and it is also obvious that they were in part responsible for the occasional dislike of Great Britain which was unfortunately disclosed when we at last decided to enter the Great War in alliance with the nation with which we had waged the War of Independence and the War of 1812. Bismarck was never shrewder than when he pointed out that "every country is held at some time to account for the windows broken by its press; the bill is presented, some day or other, in the form of hostile sentiment in the other country." And this hostile sentiment has often proved itself to be the most potent of those "imponderables" which Bismarck always valued highly.

It is interesting to note that Washington Irving had in effect anticipated this pregnant remark of Bismarck's. In one of the earliest of the numbers in which the "Sketch-Book" began to appear in 1819, there is a paper entitled "English Writers on America," which opens with a significant sentence: "It is with feelings of deep regret that I observe the literary animosity daily growing up between England and America." That Irving himself had been bitterly aggrieved by the abuse lavished on the United States by the *Quarterly Review* was shown two or three years later, after the "Sketch-Book" had established his reputation; he declined an offer of a hundred pounds for a contribution to the *Quarterly*. He was in sore need of money, but he felt that it would be unworthy in him to appear in the pages of a periodical which had shown itself unscrupulously malignant toward his country.

While the opening sentence of his friendly essay is significant, as I have pointed out, perhaps a later passage is even more deserving of quotation here: "Possessing, as England does, the foun-

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tain-head whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it a medium of amiable and magnanimous feeling—a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness. Should she, however, persist in turning it to waters of bitterness, the time may come when she may repent of her folly. . . . She may look back with regret at her infatuation, in repulsing from her side a nation she might have grappled to her bosom, and thus destroying her only chance for real friendship beyond the boundaries of her own dominion."

THE YANQUIS OF SOUTH AMERICA

SOCIAL LIFE IN SANTIAGO

By Alice Day McLaren

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

NOW that we are getting "orientated" we are quite falling into the life of Santiago, and in many ways find it very agreeable. One of the first things we did after our arrival was to go to the races. Racing is the national sport in Chile, as it is in the Argentine, and every Sunday and feast-day during the winter there is a meet. The Club Hipico, an ultra-smart sporting club, manages the races and owns the hippodrome. It is a very beautiful course, a great green turf oval. The first-class stand has one end cut off for the club box, and there is a long stone terrace in front of the entire stand for the promenade between races for those who do not care to go to the paddock. In front of the terrace are beautifully kept gardens. Around the course is a circle of fine poplars, now leafless, and beyond and far above them is the glory of the irregular white line of the Cordillera. Other race courses may be finer but none has the view of this one. The horses are magnificent, most of them imported stock bred in the country. The Chileans are lovers of good horses, and take great interest in raising them and in maintaining racing stables. The betting is keen, and we understand that the races are run as "straight" as possible.

The women arrive late, rolling up in their fine motors and emerging clad in Paris gowns, rich furs, and jewels. W. has been put up for membership in the club, and we were cordially welcomed by the President, who has the English name of Lyon. After the fourth race (which corresponds to our seventh inning) he asked us into the President's room, where quantities of champagne were drunk according to Chilean custom, and the greatest possible variety of sweets and cakes were served with it. We were introduced to many people, a number with English names. They were cordial and hospitable in a rather blunt Anglo-Saxon way, but were not effusive or full of fulsome flattery in the manner we usually consider "Latin." The last race was run as the pink glow of the sunset poured over the mountains, the whole forming an indescribably beautiful panorama.

A few nights after we arrived we were invited to dine at the house of Don José R., a lawyer of distinction, a senator, and a prominent person generally. Many of the houses here are constructed in "uppers" and "lowers," that is, an entire house occupies the first floor, and another the second. The R.'s house is uppers, and after ringing at the street door we heard something going "click-click-click," at which signal we gave the door a push and found ourselves at the foot of a handsome (but chill) marble staircase, with an intricate wrought-iron hand-rail. In the hall above, magnificent with Oriental

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rugs, large marble statues, and some good oil-paintings, a footman in irreproachable livery awaited us and took our wraps. As I relinquished mine I was pleased to note a pretty brazier full of glowing coals in the centre of the hall. We were then shown into the great gold salon where, alas! there was no brazier. Our host and hostess were a bit late, so we sat (I with goose-flesh all over my "décolleté") and examined the handsome room, furnished with spindle-legged French gilt sofas and chairs in groups, many mirrors, gilt-framed paintings, and cabinets of bibelots. At the long windows there were beautiful curtains of embroidery and squares of gorgeous lace, with drapery of real old red silk damask of that exquisite color between red and cerise.

Our host and hostess came in shortly, the latter in a semi or one-third evening gown, wearing a fur scarf and carrying a muff. The other guests began arriving and were introduced, "My son José," "My daughter Maria," "My son's wife, Lucia," and so on, until two sons, one married, eight daughters, one with a husband and one with a fiancé, had assembled. As W. said afterward about the eight daughters: "And each one was a peach, by Jove!" It was a most attractive family, smiling and hospitable. "But you speak Spanish! How sympathetic! Where did you learn?" When I said Mexico one of the daughters called to her mother: "Oyé, mamá, the señora learned Spanish in Mexico. Is not the Mexican accent pretty?" Lots of things may be blamed on Mexico, but not my accent, so I had to confess that it was "pure North American."

The table was beautifully appointed and the dinner faultless. It was a pretty thing to see that big, fine-looking, patriarchal group. There were two other children too young to come to the table. After dinner the men went to Don José's study, the women back to the gilt salon. I was seated on the sofa and plied with questions, asked with the most engaging friendliness and simplicity. "How long had I been married?" "Did I have children?" "Why not?" "Was my dress made in the United States?" "Did they create styles there or use French ones?" "How much did it cost?" "How old was I?" "How did North American ladies keep so slim?" "What did they use in New York for indoor wraps?" At this last question I gazed at their white furs and scarfs with envy.

When the men joined us the girls showed that they did have other interests besides those indicated in the above questions, for they talked of tennis and bridge, they chatted about motor-cars and told us they drove one of their own, they started the Victrola and demanded lessons in new steps from New York, and then grouped around the piano and sang Chilean songs for us. It was very much the same performance that young people at home might go through at an informal dinner.

Later W. and I compared notes of our sufferings with cold. It isn't really a low temperature, but a sort of damp, creeping chill in the unheated houses. W. said that in the study Don José had put on his overcoat, and that during their talk W. had seen his little foot reach around quite unconsciously and pull out a fur foot-muff, in which he was presently tucked. Poor W., overcoatless, white-waistcoated, and pumped, did not dare suggest putting on his overcoat, for the Chileans are very sensitive about their climate, although not sensitive to it. Just a small amount of heat in the houses would do away with all the discomfort, but they consider that battling the cold makes a strong race. They certainly look robust, but the very fact that they resort to foot-muffs and "indoor wraps" shows that they are not hardy enough yet not to feel the cold even if they manage to resist it.

A few nights later we went to a formal dinner at our embassy, and as the only American woman there (our ambassador is a bachelor) I was given the place of hostess, and had the present minister of foreign relations on one side and the last minister of foreign relations on the other side, and for aught I know the future minister of foreign relations a few seats away. The rapid falling of cabinets and formation of new ones is a public joke. There are six political parties, which make things very hectic. The President must have a difficult rôle to fill. He is kept quite a mystery, I take it, gives few if any interviews, almost no state dinners,

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appears at no balls or receptions, seldom at the theatre or opera, and only once or twice a year at the races, on gala occasions. I asked why he was seen so rarely and the answer was that if he mingled with people generally they would find out that he was merely a human being like themselves, but that when he held aloof and was surrounded with state and ceremony, and a certain mystery, the public mind endowed him with superhuman gifts. There must be a great deal in that, for it has been done since time immemorial with royalty. It is probably only in our own country that we feel that the President is one of us, and maybe he doesn't feel the same way about it.

With politics and landowning the only professions for a gentleman, you can imagine what an exciting field the political one is. No—that is too sweeping a statement. Chile is different in that respect from other Latin-American countries that I know, and there are lots of other fields they enter. Law and medicine, of course. Also, some well-born Chileans make the army or navy a career, some enter the church, a few have gone in for banking and industrial enterprises like mining or the production of nitrate, and countless have become stock-brokers, "runners of the Bourse," as they are called.

Speaking of the Bourse, the Chileans love to gamble. That is a human weakness the world over, but perhaps it is a little more apparent here. Even the children spin a sort of roulette wheel when they buy their sweets from the peddlers in the streets. Rich and poor alike bet on the races. On race days in winter crowds flock from Valparaiso to the race-course at Viña del Mar, which is the smart summer resort near that city, and bet on the races which are taking place in Santiago, and which are reported, yard by yard, on the telephone. Unless you are a real gambler there is something rather sad about betting on horse-races at a perfectly deserted track. Anything, no matter how undesirable, can be disposed of at a raffle. I believe you could raffle a coffin. Grocers give away tickets with tea, and the lucky number wins a tea set. Wine-growers offer chances on automobiles as an inducement to buy their wine. However, there is no lottery in Chile, which seems strange. The few tickets sold are from the Argentine lottery. I do not know that shaking for drinks and playing card games for money are any more popular here than in our own country, but there is a tendency to push up (not pull up) stakes. From what I hear, quite a bit of money changes hands in the clubs at baccarat and other games. Be that as it may, the stock market is a tremendously speculative one, and the rise or fall of thirty or forty points a day on some of the local stocks does not make people gasp at all, nor cause a panic.

I had a funny experience in regard to the stock market and gambling in general. I did not realize how quickly an innocent remark could travel in Santiago. Last week we were lunching with a friend of ours, an American who is associated closely with the mining world. As we came out of the restaurant we stopped to look at the first "wheel" of stock quotations posted near the entrance, and he remarked: "The best way to make money I can think of is to sell Llallaguas." I did not know what Llallaguas were (they are tin mines in Bolivia), but the name—pronounced ya-ya-gwas—was rather mouth-filling and satisfying. That afternoon I was taken by some young people to the tennis club, and on the way out my attention, which was concentrated on my surroundings, was suddenly arrested by a discussion of the stock market and "shares." In order to join in and not seem a perfect "boob," I announced: "I only know one thing about the market. The best way to make money is to sell Llallaguas." It was a bomb! The young man at the wheel slowed down the car and turned pale, and the girl beside me began plying me with questions: "How did I know, and who was my authority?" I was frightened and said that I had merely overheard it. They had each bought five thousand dollars' worth that day. The next day the shares had dropped forty points.

The following Sunday at the races a young Chilean to whom I was talking asked me to give him a "buen dato"—a good tip—on a horse. I glanced down the list and spied a horse named Whisky Sour. The k had been misprinted h and

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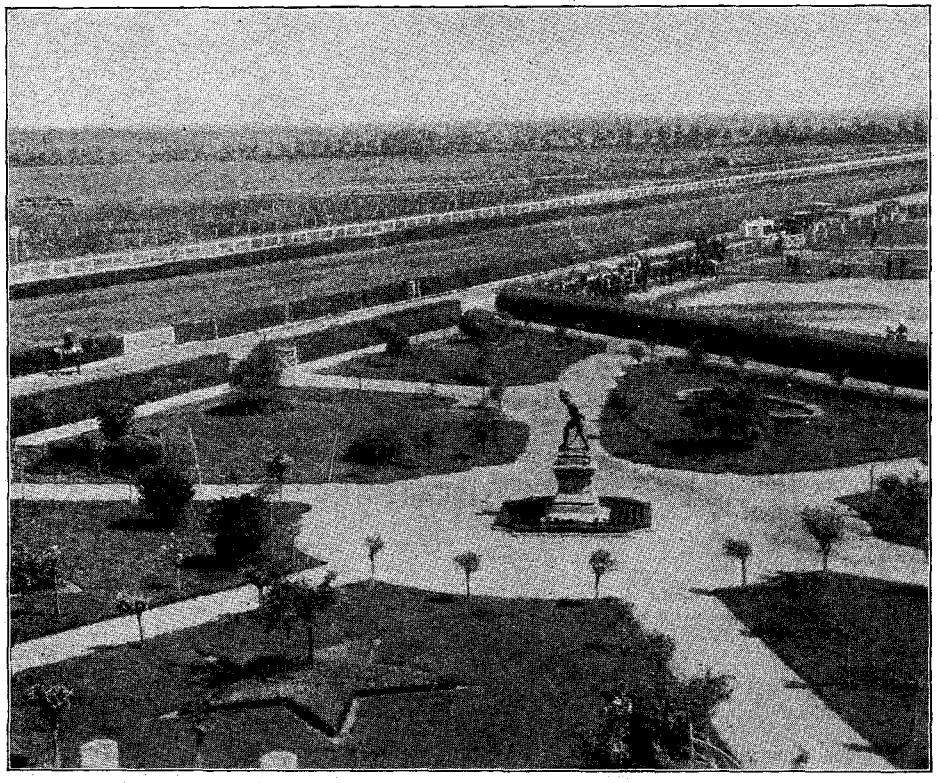
gave the dissipated name of Whishy. "I should bet on Whishy Sour," said I, with a specially drunken intonation quite lost on my companion. As luck would have it, the horse proved to be a "dark one." My reputation as a woman with inside "dope" on mining matters and horse-racing is made. W., husband-like, tells me to talk less, or more discreetly.



Gardens at the race-course of the Club Hipico, Santiago.

Among other things we have been house-hunting, and I am almost an authority on Chilean architecture and their ways of living. The first question the agents asked was: "Does the señora prefer uppers or lowers?" As I had had no experience in uppers or lowers I could not answer at first, but now, having been in quantities of both, I am convinced that I do not like either. It seems to me that I have been in hundreds of houses and I come out feeling depressed and repelled. They seem damp, cold, gloomy, and so awfully uncomfortable. There is apparently little notion of either sanitation or convenience in the houses offered for rent. An unoccupied house is never an appealing thing, and I discount that, but even so I shudder at the huge, badly finished salons, the numerous inside bedrooms like cubicles in a nunnery, the one remote, dirty, plumbingless bathroom, miles across an open court and right next to the kitchen, and the smoky-walled, dirt-floored kitchen itself, the one faucet dripping dismally into a stained, sheet-iron sink—o-oh! Sometimes I try to imagine that I could cover the limitless area of bad flooring, and could afford enough plumbing to make the place livable, and find enough puny oil-stoves to take the chill off. Then I look at the bedrooms, with no ventilation except from the doors into the corridors (and in the case of lowers these are often glassed over), and know it cannot be done.

Many of the older houses are built on

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the three-patio plan. The first patio, right behind the salons and vestibule, is paved or tiled, and probably the dining-room and the principal bedrooms open on it. That means you have to go outside to get from the drawing-room to dinner. W. says you would have to go out with a lady on one arm and an oil-stove on the other, but perhaps hats and coats would be more efficacious. The second patio has a garden, and usually a grape arbor, and must be lovely in summer, but at this time of year it sends a damp vapor into the many little rooms whose doors open out on it. The third patio is cobbled, and has the kitchen, bathroom, and servants' rooms around it, and is unutterably messy. What a feat it must be to carry food from the kitchen in the third patio to the dining-room in the first, and get it there hot. Also what a feat it must be to take a hot bath in that same patio, and get to your bedroom even tepid. Much more likely to arrive in the first stages of pneumonia. I have given up the idea of a patio house. I know you are thinking that I have no soul and no imagination not to see something romantic and picturesque in these houses, with their reminders of old Spanish days. I have lived in them and know them well, and in spite of their charm I do not want another. My soul has congealed, and I am looking for comfort. I have decided to hunt for either good uppers with sunshine, or a detached house, known here as a "chalet." We told some one we wanted a chalet with a garden, a garage, hardwood floors, central heating or fireplaces, and two bathrooms. Our friend looked at us and said simply: "You're demented!"

I do not mean to give the impression that there are not good houses here. There are hundreds of splendid houses with everything necessary for health and comfort, and even luxury, but those houses are occupied by their owners, or persons with long leases. The ones for rent have been abandoned just because they are so obsolete and ramshackle, and there is such a demand for good ones, especially now, that the search looks hopeless.

We almost got a sweet little chalet belonging to and occupied by a big French modiste in financial difficulties. I did not know that modistes ever had financial difficulties. I always thought those were on the side of the people paying their bills. She received us in a dirty flannel wrapper, very unmodish, and felt slippers, but her hair was magnificently coiffed, and there were jewels in her ears and on her fingers. Her large, lace-spreaded, silk-counterpaned bed was unmade just as she had left it. I could not help wondering if she aired it before she crawled back in at night. The house was tiny, almost a doll's house, but with all the requisites we had enumerated to our friend who thought us demented. The modiste had the *savoir vivre*, especially in the matter of luxurious bathrooms and steam heat, generated by gas, in every room. She asked an exorbitant rent, evidently looking to us to help her out of her involved business affairs, and we were willing to go pretty far to get the neat little place. However, while the signing of the lease was pending, if she didn't up and die, and the heirs do not wish to rent. She had the *savoir mourir*, alas! as well as the *savoir vivre*.

There is an increasing tendency toward modern comfort here, and many wealthy persons have given up the old three-patio houses for new ones, or have so transformed them by reconstruction that they are thoroughly livable. Some of the old conservative families still cling to the former ways. The following is much the way a visit to one of these old houses takes place: after ringing several times the heavy outer door is opened a crack by a slatternly maid, who peeks out as if you were about to assault the mansion. "Is the señora in?" She looks vague and asks: "The señora?" "Yes, the Señora So-and-So," you specify. "Oh," with a look of dawning comprehension, "who knows?" (the inevitable *quien sabe?*). Then in a shrill voice she calls back from where she stands to some unseen person within: "Maria! Mar-ee-a! Is Missis Eulalia at home?" (Missis is universally used here.) A voice comes back: "Who knows! I will go and see." After a long interval of standing in the street: "Yes, she is here. Come in." You are then conducted to the door of the big salon, which is found to be locked. "Maria!

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Mar-ee-a!" shouts your guide, "where is the key, then?" "Who knows!" A hunt ensues while you stand on the stone paving. Finally the smiling maid apologetically muttering "Por Dios!" appears and lets you into an air-tight but elegant room, with the assurance that Missis

Chilean cowboys watching an airplane.

Eulalia will be there in a little moment. In twenty little moments your hostess appears looking quite lovely, kisses you on both cheeks, receives you with such charming cordiality, talks to you with so much vivacity, and shows so much interest in the newly arrived Yanqui in particular, and Yanquiland in general, that you yield yourself up to the enjoyment of your call and consider the afternoon well spent after all.

We have become very friendly with a most attractive family, the B's. Mr. B. is a senator (you will either think that we specialize on senators or that every one is a senator), and is at present a member of the cabinet. They live in a big modern house built around a square patio garden full of flowering orange-trees, palms, and ferns. A married daughter, her husband and five children, a married son and his wife, and an unmarried son live with the parents. The uppers are occupied by another married daughter (a lovely creature) and her husband and family. Just around the corner, but "on the property," dwell another married son and his family. Every Monday night the B's keep open house, and from ten-thirty to two the sumptuous rooms are a scene of gayety. The friends of all ages are made welcome, from the contemporaries of Mr. and Mrs. B. down to the youths and maidens the age of the youngest son. There are usually six or eight tables of bridge or *tresillo*, and a good player piano tirelessly grinds out dance tunes in a large salon just off the patio. A delightful punch circulates during the early evening, and between twelve and one tea, chocolate, and various eatables are served by com-

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petent men servants. The whole affair is informal and jolly. They call me "gringa simpatica," which pleases and flatters, and they look on my wild Yanqui ways with a tolerant eye. One night the smell of the orange blossoms was so delicious that I murmured something about them making me want to get married again. The Chileans exchanged glances, smiled and shook their heads, doubtless thinking: "Oh, these North Americans! How they do marry!" They have an exaggerated idea of the number of divorces in our country, impossible as that may seem. When we leave they always say: "Until next Monday. Don't forget to come next Monday!" They are fine, simple, natural people. There is one thing in their big salon that I must mention, the feather rugs. There are three or four of them, about four by six feet in size, and are made of the small feathers of birds (I don't believe anything else has feathers, by the way) laid on as they grow on the birds' breasts. They are so soft and thick, and the workmanship is so exquisite that I feel it a sacrilege to step on them. I want to kneel down and stroke them. They are a product of the country, or used to be. I understand that they are not made any longer.

One other household of a still different type which I would like to tell you about, is that of the X's. The family is of the cosmopolitan class who have lived much in Europe and are as much, or more, at home in London, Paris, or Rome as they are in Santiago. The house, a beautiful old building, with great carved doors, covers half a block and shelters in its uppers and lowers I know not how many families. It is not patriarchal like the B's. Each family has its own entrance and complete ménage, and is entirely independent. The one I have visited has its apartment on the ground floor, with a sunny little square of lawn in front of it, upon which the long French windows open. Everything is rich and in perfect taste, and the frequenters of the house have a careless, blasé, indifferent manner expressive of *beaucoup de monde*. There is tea every afternoon for those who wish to drop in for bridge. The hostess is charming and very chic. There are no introductions. The conversation is carried on in French, English, and Spanish, interchangeably, and the scene might be in a sophisticated household anywhere. It is not typically Chilean, but I wanted you to appreciate the fact that Chile has her ultra smart set as well as other countries.

There is a very fine opera house here, and we have been to various performances. There is an imposing façade, marble foyer, and well-appointed proscenium. There are two tiers of boxes around the entire house, and three other boxes on each side of the stage slightly below the orchestra level, known as the "caves." The first time we went to the theatre we were in one of the caves, and found it an excellent place from which to view the performance and the audience, the latter of infinitely more interest to us than the former. Viewing each other is apparently one of the reasons to go to the theatre here, as elsewhere, and glasses are violently busy during the intermissions. The effect is good, the women in evening gowns and many jewels and furs. The opera house is slightly heated, which is a blessing, as it would otherwise resemble a tomb far more than a place of amusement.

The attraction at the theatre just now is Pavlowa and her troupe, and Santiago has quite lost its head. I must say she has a very attractive company of girls with her, pretty and modest, and greatly admired—from a distance (Madame Pavlowa looks out for that)—by the youth of the town. "All of them so slender—tan esbeltas—" the girls all sigh enviously. I dare say that leaping around for hours on the tips of your toes at rehearsals and performances would keep any one "esbelta." Of late when I have been asked how the Yanquis keep thin (some of them don't, but I am careful not to admit that) I say: "They roll on the floor twenty times the length of the room in the morning and in the evening, and again at midday." Many of the younger females of Santiago are rolling violently on the floor. It may not accomplish the result, but it is a harmless remedy.

To go back to Pavlowa and her slim troupe, the other night at a performance there was a strong earthquake. The public is so nervous since the disaster of 1906

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that a cry went up of "Earthquake! Fire!" Many persons jumped to their feet, and some ran for the exits. One great manly woman with a well-grown moustache nearly trampled me under foot as I sat, frightened, but managing to control my impulse to run. The people in the boxes seemed comparatively safe, but we were in the stalls, and I cast an apprehensive eye on the great dome above with its garlands of flowers and its cherubs. However, I had time to be rather amused at other people's panic. Men's voices added to the general excitement by shouting: "Calma! Calma!" A big American in the gallery brought down the house (not literally, thank goodness) by calling out in English: "Aw, sit down!" I watched the Pavlowa's knees in the next act to see if they trembled, but they were as steady as a church, if you can compare Pavlowa's knees to a church. One of the young secretaries of the embassy asked her out there to tea yesterday. She was daintily gowned in green velvet, with the wee-est of muffs to match with tiny edges of fur, and as she sat perched on the sofa with an admiring crowd around her I could not help wishing that music would suddenly start and that she would rise on one little foot and show us a few Russian revolutions at close quarters.

We have been playing a good deal of golf and tennis lately, which is a great help in keeping warm. The tennis club is in a corner of the city park, and the prettiest little place imaginable. There is a small red-and-white club-house in the centre of a big circle of trees. All around are exquisitely laid-out gardens. This is not really flower time, but the gardeners manage to keep something blooming continually, and the lawns and shrubs are beautifully green and trimmed. The courts are of square tiles, most of them dark green with the lines of narrow white tiles. They make an excellent surface, true, not slippery, and not so swift as cement. They have the further advantage of being easy to keep clean, and of drying immediately after the heaviest rain. The players begin to drift out early in the afternoon, and later the girls in their pretty frocks begin to arrive with admirers in their wake, and tea and bridge tables are formed on the terrace, and under the trees, and the air resounds with merry young voices until darkness comes and drives every one in.

There is a great deal of enthusiasm about tennis although the "season" does not begin until September. The men play with very good free style, most of them back-court. They are very sportsmanlike and generous players, surprising in a people who are rather new at sports. We commented on this, and a chorus went up. "We have learned from the English. At first every point was quarrelled over, and many games broke up in rows." They have certainly been apt pupils. Many girls play also, especially very young ones, but the notion of a married woman going in for athletics to any extent is difficult for them to get accustomed to.

It is coming, though. The women have a very firm idea of emancipation and progress, and I am convinced that they have a future. There is a Club de Señoras, and a very active institution it is. Two or three times a week they have lectures or talks by well-known men on various subjects, literature, politics, war, and religion. There are organized classes in history, languages, education, hygiene, and domestic science. Bi-weekly receptions are held on Saturday afternoon, and there is always good music, professional or amateur, and much general talk on general subjects, both men and women being present in large numbers. Their building is a handsome private house refitted for club needs, with reading and card rooms, a small theatre, and a general reception-room. The ideas of a good restaurant and gymnasium with a swimming-bath are gently simmering. Several of the members are writers and contribute to papers and reviews. One very charming woman I have met, not only writes for magazines, but conducts a woman's column in a daily paper. This is a tremendous step for the "first families" in South America, and every time I see this particular woman, beautiful, smartly dressed, the gracious hostess in her mother's fine old house, my eyes fairly pop with admiration.

To go on about clubs and leave the fascinating subject of the development of

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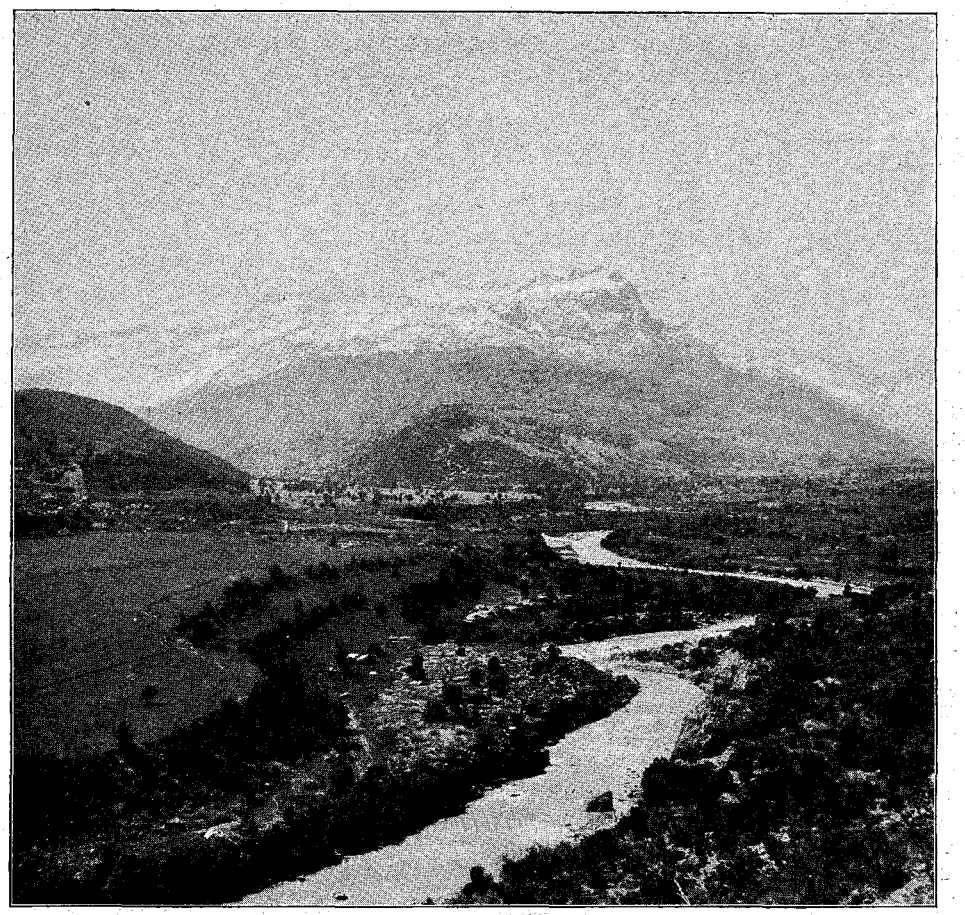

Cachapoal River and the snow-clad Cordillera of the Andes.

women in Chile (mental development, I mean), there is also a little golf club, started by the English, of course. They are the greatest people on earth to take their institutions with them. It is a modest little nine-hole course, with nothing of a club-house, but the richest setting in the world, green hills and wooded valleys rising to the eastward up to the white line of the Andes. At this time the whole course is covered with a thick green carpet of clover, and another fine weed, which is kept more or less mowed and rolled by a pair of slow-moving oxen (and a man, incidentally, who obviously suffers from hook-worm). A golf course and oxen do not seem to be of the same world, yet here they are. The land is a bit of the estate of a public-spirited Chilean gentleman, and the irrigation ditches, with their turgid torrents of melted snow running across the course every few hundred yards to spread out on alfalfa fields and pastures below, make very sporty hazards. There are a good many golf balls, too, spread out on those alfalfa fields and pastures, I opine, for even a sinker is carried down if the water is running swiftly. There are two drawbacks to the golf club. One is that the road to it is shocking. It runs through two suburbs, Providencia and Los Leones, and is a narrow little thoroughfare with a double tram track, and is a mass of holes, stones, and mud, the latter either soupy or dried in hummocks. All the traffic from the ranches and villages in that section streams along this one highway, gigantic, broad, two-wheeled carts or wains, with projecting curved-out sides of rustic,

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swaying along drawn by four or more oxen; smaller carts with three horses (such beautiful strong horses) harnessed abreast, the driver perched on a high saddle on the "nigh one"; delivery wagons; milk carts; high, old-fashioned top-buggy carts, with the administrators of the farms; squads of soldiers on horseback; mud-spattered motors; every kind of vehicle you can imagine. It is a great place to see and examine types, but it is a nerve-racking place to pilot a car through. The other drawback to the golf club is that the public-spirited Chilean gentleman is just as public-spirited to the Germans as to the English, and has also lent them a bit of land for a sports club. It is largely a paper chase and steeplechase affair, but I think they have tennis and field sports as well. At any rate, the raucous joyous shouts of the Huns on Sundays and holidays are very irritating, and being irritated ruins a game of golf.

The racing club or Club Hipico, whose race-course I have already told you about, has a fine building in town just opposite the Municipal Opera House. Its spacious salons are magnificently furnished, but they are used so seldom (only for large balls and receptions) that they have a bit of a dreary feeling. Some teas for bridge and dancing after the races were organized, and we went once, but they lacked "go" somehow, and we have not tried it again. They could be made very jolly if the young people were a little more emancipated as regards chaperons, and could fall into the idea of a simple, informal good time. It is depressing to have rows and rows of mothers and dowagers sitting solemnly along the wall. At one ball we went to I was put with them three or four times, and W. nobly came and rescued me by asking me to dance.

Of course the big club, the chief one, is the Club de la Unión, across whose sacred threshold no woman ever passes, so all I can tell you about it is gleaned from the opposite sex, who are frequently unobservant of detail. Speaking of sex makes me think of a Union Club story. Don't get worried, it's all right. There is an old Englishman, a member of the club, who has lived in Chile since boyhood. The only mistake he makes in Spanish is to say "la bella sexa" instead of "el bello sexo," because he cannot bear to make the fair sex masculine.

The Union Club has several thousand members, and it is said that all political matters of importance in the republic are arranged in one of its salons. Every afternoon in winter a good orchestra plays in the main room, and is much enjoyed by the members. Its other features, reading, billiard, card and chess rooms are much like our clubs at home, I take it. There are an extraordinary number of banquets given there. Whenever a member of prominence goes away or comes home, or whenever one receives a degree or a political appointment, or whenever a distinguished visitor comes to town, he is given a subscription banquet by the club. There are also many private lunches and dinners. The cuisine is excellent, and often when you have eaten something especially delicious in a private house you find that it was "sent in from the Club de la Unión." What an invaluable institution!

One more word about the Chileans themselves. In a letter from some one at home I was asked: "Is it true that all the Chilean women are beautiful, and all the men gallant?" and I wrote back, "Pretty nearly!" Everywhere are good-looking people. It is the most astonishing race and not at all the type one usually sets down as "Latin," that is, short, slight built, and dark. The men are many of them tall and broad-shouldered, as many fair as dark. The women are tall, too, and a great number of them lovely to look at, and they carry themselves like queens, heads up and shoulders erect. Chile is called "The Corner of the World" because it is so far away from everywhere, but nevertheless it has its own civilization and quite an advanced one at that. Moreover, it is not a civilization aped from other countries, a mere veneer, but a solid one, rising like our own from the tastes and temperament of the people. The Chileans are known as the Anglo-Saxons of South America. It might even go farther. There is something very "American" about them. They look like us and think like us; they have our

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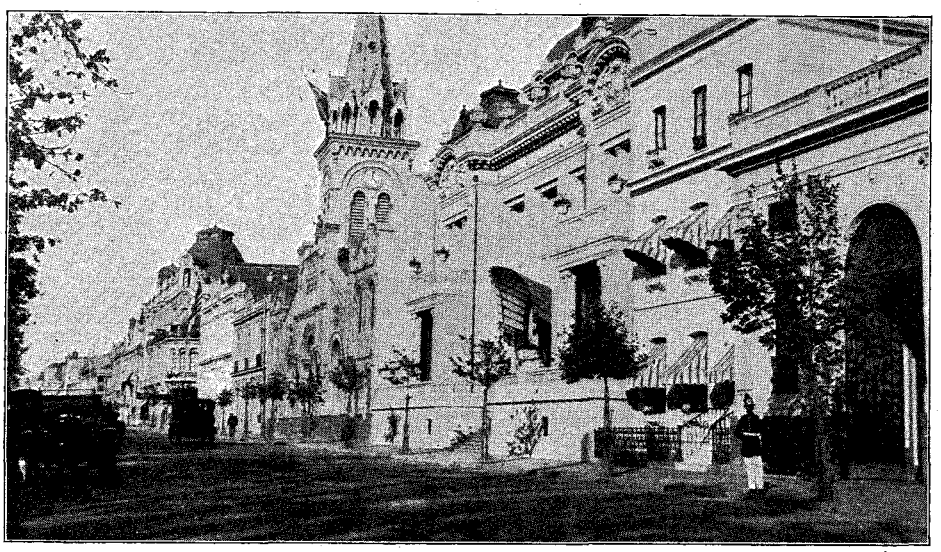
kind of humor and our characteristic friendly frankness, they have many of our tastes and aptitudes and cherish many of our ideals. I am inclined to agree with a Chilean who said to us: "We are more than the Anglo-Saxons of South America. We are the Yanquis of South America."



Along the Alameda de las Delicias, Santiago.
The white building on the corner is the American Embassy.

THE PRODIGAL

By Ruth Lambert Jones

I AM a prodigal of time.
It pleases me, it pleases me
To perpetrate the godless crime
Of spending minutes lavishly:

To squander an essential hour
In marking shadows cross the grass,
To dissipate a day's rich dower
In watching butterflies skim past!

Oh, you who make each instant count
For this or that well-ordered deed,
Have you forgot that red-wings mount
In flaming circles o'er the mead?

Have you forgot that sands run free?
Heed, then, a prodigal's glad song.
Why miser of the seconds be
When all eternity is long?

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MORTIMER

By Arthur Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

I KNEW by the way he meandered into my office that morning he wanted to ask me something special. It might only be where I'd got that brown suit of mine once, or if I thought pearl spats were au fait (he could swing a phrase like that occasionally), or whether I wouldn't just go over to Speet's with him and see something that had caught his eye in the window. . . . I did use to let him impose awfully on my time.

"Shut the door, Mortimer," I called.

He had been standing there tentatively, rather like a trespasser, awaiting some such intimation of my mood, and undulating his arms, meanwhile, to and fro, outward and back, up and down; but at my encouraging tone his handsome face, always so lean and ruddy under his brilliantined, sparsely preserved hair, regained its willing smile and his simple eyes their sparkle; and, raising his eyebrows and pursing his lips as if to say, "So that's how you feel, is it?" he leaped round and whipped the door to with a melodramatic flick, and folded his arms and assumed in front of it a theatric posture to signify gratitude; and thence came, faster and faster—clapped me on a shoulder and winked, and strode over and sprawled effectively into a chair, and lay there effectively stock-still, regarding me. I remember feeling at the moment very leniently toward Mortimer, and calculating, as I did so, that he had acquired all this histrionic business in the course of an inveterate search for what he regarded as good form—much the same way he had learned just how to swing a golf-stick and flourish a billiard-cue, though he never was good at games.

"Well, Bertie?" I prompted.

"D'yer think she's too fat for me?" he asked, focussing anxiously.

"Too *fat* for you?"

I scanned him up and down to see what he was talking about, suddenly irritated by the pitiable kind of plights he got into. Damn vapid fellow. He was certainly trim and tidy, but he was the kind who was well-dressed by dint of being careful. He could have worn the same shirt nearly a week, I wager, and, by his deftness and his thinness, kept it to appear fresh and spotless. He quailed a little under my cruel scrutiny, and gave a downward glance as if to survey what I was seeing, and said:

"Oh, don't look at me so—I haven't had time this year yet to get a thing!"

At which my amusement and his friendliness for me and mine for him welled up over the rest. I remembered how he'd helped my poor, unattractive, hard-up young cousin to a job by booming him unwarrantably to his chief. His interest had been a bit proprietary, you might say, a bit patronizing, but not less genuine and sincere than his interest in clothes and wealth and social standing; such an altruism appealed to him no less than the sound of brass and the tinkling of cymbals. . . . What, though, was it now? Did I "think she was too fat for him?" All at once I saw; and so great was the shock, that I had to swallow hard and breathe in, and pretend I had indigestion, to keep him from seeing how far I'd been from dreaming of such a possibility.

"That delightful creature? Too *fat* for you? Too rich, I should say, Bertie Mortimer! Why, she's worth her weight in——"

I checked myself again, I was drifting. But Mortimer didn't heed—he beamed. He stood up and poised around more fervently, and slipped in a few dancy steps, and hesitated, and looked at me angularly, and went on extemporizing to express his thanks for my unexpectedly sweeping approval of his intentions toward Mrs. Bensonia.

He and that Colossa of Rhodes matri-

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monially inclined? At the altar? In the home? with little Berties diminutively Delsarteing, while he paternally conducted, and she obesely tried to get a glimpse over the edge of her expensive Ohio skirts? It was the way Bertie capsized one the moment one was becoming serious and devoted to him.

"I wasn't quite sure as you'd feel so strong about it," he burbled, wreathed in smiles. "She *is* breezy and stylish, ain't—is she not? Didn't hardly believe you'd get it all in a shot, you know, like that. But she's a fine woman! Perfect lady too—if she is fat. And she's good—every bit of her's good as. . . . Of course though, not like——"

His face fell at the old comparison. It became long-drawn and pensive. He backed into his chair, and his mind wandered dreamily off. . . .

Comical as he was, I really sympathized with him—poor, dear, culture-loving Bertie! That glimpse he'd got of Lady Muriel had opened vistas of ineradicable standards to him. And, cheap as it might be to have been so deeply moved by a title (such a wee little bit of a title, too), it was none the less touching to see my ex-middle-western, thermos-bottle-selling friend thus stirred by a handful of memories.

He'd met Lady Muriel just after he left Harvard, you see, in the middle of his junior year—which he did because he didn't make the Pudding, and because his dear born-in-Boston roommate, his open sesame from the outer fringe, died—poor Joe Wheeler!—and because Bertie's temperamental aunt who "sent him" died too, and left all her money to the First Methodist Church of Elyria; though he gave people to understand, and himself in the bargain, I guess, that he had a nervous breakdown, and that that was why he "consented" to go abroad with Joe's mother.

Anyhow he went, and the consequent fortuitous meeting of his with Lady Muriel (in Paris) changed his whole life. He never, until it happened, knew exactly what he wanted, what he aspired to be like.

"She took to me—I could tell," Bertie once confided. . . . She took him, moreover, to have tea at a friend's apartment near the Eiffel Tower, where she pointed out Chinese porcelains to him in a gold cabinet, and called them by Chinese names. He drove her a few times afterward in Mrs. Wheeler's hired motor. She sat beside him, "her pale white hands clasped on her lap, like an Oppenheim heroine." "She wasn't that silly that most girls are," Bertie distinguished, "but, when she laughed, you know, it really counted." She had a very large muff, and smelt faintly of violets. Bertie said he'd "never hardly heard anybody use such nice English." Can't you hear her, herding her syllables together and sliding over them to the King's—and to Bertie's—taste!

Heaven only knows what she was like, really. She might even have been benighted enough to think that he was, to quote his own words on another occasion, "one of those well-dressed, rich young men who travel so much." But what does it matter, so long as to him she was real beauty and real romance?

She invited him—think of it!—to cross the Channel and pay her a visit, which he would have done, no doubt, if Mrs. Wheeler hadn't got ill suddenly, and had to sail home straight from the Continent, so that the most he could do instead was to write Lady Muriel from the steamer—just as the least she could do, in return, was to answer him; "her handwriting," he told me, "was almost as even and plain as print." He wrote her twice—O Lord, more than twice probably!—later on, but received no reply. He used to ask me what I thought "it's etiquette for a feller to do in a case like that. . . ." Until the New York agency of American thermos bottles eventually engulfed him from her, and she became to him only a quest and a holy grail; though people would have thought, to see his wavy pretensions, that he must be at least in the insurance or the real-estate business.

It hadn't dawned on me, naturally enough, one night a long while afterward when Bertie introduced me to Mrs. Bensonia, ever to think he could be coming down to earth with such a thud. I had taken his asking me to meet her and have dinner with her as just a kindness on his part, which was touching because he meant it to be so kind.

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He went on extemporizing to express his thanks for my unexpectedly sweeping approval.—Page 57.

"Some friends of mine," he'd put it, "are staying at the Biltmore, and I'd like ever so much for you to meet them, for they're jolly nice girls, and so kinder different than New Yorkers."

The sound of it had instantly appealed to me. It was August, and dull, and hottish, and an evening with friends of Bertie's—they were from Peoria, Ill., he'd added—was sure to be diverting.

But all this was a whole week, mind you, previous to the morning when Bertie came slithering into my office to ask me if I thought she was too fat for him. I hadn't set eyes on him since, nor thought of him, even, nor had, as I've said, a ghost

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of his intentions in mind. No wonder it took me a breathing-space then to think what it was he was worrying about the size of! Well, it was nothing less sizable than Mrs. Jonas Bensonia herself, though he asked about her in much the same earnest tone that he usually reserved for questions of manners or wearing apparel. . . . I really liked Bertie Mortimer, I want that fact thoroughly understood. I wish it was more a part of what happened to tell how lovable he was. Yes, lovable is the word—more lovable than likable, really. There are so many people who are.

But to go back for a moment to that night a week previous: we repaired to the Biltmore together, and, before announcing our arrival, descended to the bar for a couple of Bronxes, and lingered over them while Bertie gave me some cues.

Mrs. Bensonia, he explained, was "a Root." She had three sisters, and Bertie used to play with them all, more especially with Mrs. Bensonia, when he was a kid and growing up in Elyria. Flo, *i. e.*, Mrs. Bensonia (née Root), had married, years since, a rich merchant's orphaned son (Bensonia & Brigham was still the name of the old firm, however) from Peoria, Ill., where she'd gone of course to live, and where the orphaned son had soon died, and left her "Oh, millions!" Bertie estimated with a mathematical twinge. She had three limousines now, and two tourers, and I don't remember how many runabouts and roadsters besides. She always brought one of the limousines with her when she came to New York.

"She just has to have it forwarded, you know," Bertie offered for my enlightenment. "She ain't—is not—as old as she looks, by no means, though she's kinder pretty. At least I think she's quite. But she's large—see? She's really what you'd call stout," he blurted out gloomily.

And when, at that, I suggested another cocktail, Bertie said:

"No, for they'll want to have one up there."

So we wiped our lips and mounted to the desk, when Bertie anticipated up and down the hotel foyer until a message came for us to "Go right up to Suite 903."

It was doubtless the de luxest suite that the Biltmore afforded—Mrs. Bensonia, I saw at a glance, afforded everything that was going. She raised and pressed down her lavender heels to the floor when we entered, as if for the necessary plunge to get up on them; whereupon Bertie danced forward to intercept further efforts, and I closed in after him, and Mrs. Bensonia giggled and sat back, and her chair—which was much too high for her—gave a squeak.

She was very dark. Her face had the healthy sheen and rotundity of—it suggested somehow a shoe-button, a large, expensive shoe-button. It was one of those happy, contented, childish faces that fat, neat, tidy women so often seem to have. It was a very nice face. You could see that Mrs. Bensonia was honest and considerate and fond of a good time. She was very round front and sudden hip, as the corset advertisements say, built rather like those leaders of the female chorus in comic operas—can you remember?—ten or so years ago, who, uniformed in military tights, used to march intrepidly forth to the front corners of the stage and present arms. She was wearing an orange-colored, accordion-plaited blouse, otherwise severe, buttoned down the front with black velvet buttons. She had diamond earrings, and her hair, twisted into a high Psyche knot in back, was parted and brought out into horn-like puffs at the sides. Her expression was quite sweet. She giggled some more when I was introduced.

"Pleased to see you, I'm sure," she said, wiping her chubby little nose. "Bert's spoke of you so often."

Then I was taken to a Miss Root at the other side of the parlor, and to another Miss Root, who sat somewhere more or less opposite. They both were the frail and staring kind, and looked wanly accustomed, I thought, to having lost out in the great matrimonial race their sister had won—unless possibly they too had won in a sense by the mere happy fact of their relationship; for they clung to her with avid pride. It was their avidity, maybe, which made them greet Bertie, and me, Bertie's friend, so stiffly. Their pride seemed to take the form, as far as we were concerned, of indignation. Though one of them did go so far as to say to me:

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"I write stories, too. And Eadie, there's, published a pome"—which information was snapped out in a tone to imply: "So you can judge now for yourself the sort of enemies you're up against."

Bertie Mortimer was a different person, a much happier person, I thought, in Mrs. Bensonia's midst. She awoke some Ohioan spring in his nature. With her, he was, for him, fairly lyrical. He seemed to behave according to a Peoria—or Elyria—code I wasn't on to. For instance: a telegram was brought in by the bell-boy who came with the cocktails, and Bertie took it and, as if it were his, tore it open and unfolded it, darting scrupulously thence to where Mrs. Bensonia sat blinking her devotion, and with a—"There now, Flo!"—elaborately presented it. She, too, as if she were well used to having telegrams opened and unfolded for her, accepted it very calmly, and gave him by way of thanks a smile of just the right appreciation, and then looked down with just the right solemnity to read; and, handing the telegram back to him to refold and care for, she said, wrinkling her low forehead:

"Would you like to ask for a meenew, Bert—'fore he goes?"

And she nodded her head in the direction of the bell-boy, and Bertie glided back toward him, proud as a peacock, and whispered. And when the "meenew" came, Bertie taking a few preliminary steps, began to read it aloud from the beginning—which I suppose was what their Peoria or Elyria code said should be done in the circumstances; for Mrs. Bensonia listened softly, a childish smile on her parted lips, a finger to her chin, or toying now and then with the black buttons on her orange accordion-plaited blouse, or sometimes just dabbing a hairpin into her raven hair, while the other two sisters lowered their staring eyes and fixed them indignantly on the floor. Bertie emphasized certain dishes, but, no comment being made, went valiantly on with the list, disporting his feet ofttimes on the Turkey carpet. When he at last finished, Mrs. Bensonia smiled and squinted separately at each of us in turn, including her two sisters—though she hurried over that part of the formalities—and exclaimed, clasping her hands in her lap with a little jerk:

"Well?"

"I wish they had some of that Gänseleberwurst like Stocker keeps at home," Miss Eadie hinted.

"Let's all choose lobster salad," chimed in Miss Vera.

But Mrs. Bensonia was too cosmopolitan, too enfranchised, to hear them.

"Do you want to give me the meenew, Bert, for a wee minute? Thanks."

She sat forward, breathing hard and glancing up and down, suggesting finally with the air of at last having hit on the crux of all dietetical problems:

"Seems to me there's nothing quite so good as steak and French frieds. And nothing better I know goes with them than mushroons. How'll that suit you, Mr. ——?"

And giving me a grave nod when I acclaimed her decision:

"Please be so kind, Bert? And—remember—don't scrimp. Tell 'em to have plenty—plenty for *all*. And, oh, don't you say, let's begin first with mock-turtle?"

Mrs. Bensonia clapped her hands, and in indignation the two frail, staring sisters watched Bertie rhythmically usurp their rôles.

So the evening wore on. It was eleven o'clock when I took my leave. I could hear Eadie and Vera yawning from an alcove. Entertained as I was, I thought it was up to me to make the first move.

"Oh, *must* you go!" chirruped Mrs. Bensonia. "I hate to have you, honest! Yes—well, I know. Do come again, now you've found the way. It has been ever so nice to meet you, I'm sure."

"Ready, Mortimer?" I called to him.

He stood up, stretched himself gracefully, and from the midst of it turned his face round down sidewise at her, in a kind of Rossettiesque pose, to get a line on what she wanted.

"Sleepsey?" he asked.

"Nope. Not bit, Bert."

"Can you stand ten or so more?"

"Yep"—slapping her mouth as she yawned—"soon as not" . . .

It was the last I'd seen of him until he put in an appearance that morning a week later at my office.

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She pointed out Chinese porcelains to him . . . and called them by Chinese names.—Page 58.

"No, Mortimer," I finally said, thinking it only fair to re-echo, at first, his own half-suppressed comparison, "I don't suppose she *is* like Lady Muriel."

"Not at all," eased up Bertie. "Different types really, aren't—are they not? Different in most ways. Exact opposites, one could almost go so far's to say. One's light, other's dark. One's thin——"

He stood still.

"Think she'd have you?" I made haste to ask.

He sighed.

"Lady Muriel?"

(It gives one an idea of how seriously he gauged that memory still.)

I swallowed and shook my head.

"Oh—Flo Bensonia! Well, I'm not positive, 'course. Not, you bet, though if Eade and Vera had a say. Gee!"

He was all gestures again, stimulated by being so in the thick of things.

"Believe she'd make me a good wife, do yer?"

"Sure thing, Bertie. She's more the right kind for you, really. She brings out the best there is in you." I meant it.

"And yer don't think she's so awful fat—even compared with——?"

"She's not—I say, how much *does* she weigh, Mortimer?"

"Says she'll never marry a man won't settle down and live right there in the old home 't Peoria."

"Well, but Peoria's gay and 'kinder different than New York,' you used to tell me."

"Of course we'd have plenty money t' travel with."

"You could motor to hell and gone, I should think, in all those cars."

"Georgie's up to St. Paul's, yer know —going on to Harvard next year."

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"Georgie?"

"Yes. He's the oldest. He's two and a half years older than the twins, and ——"

"See here, Bertie, how old is she, now, really?"

"I'm thirty-three myself—next October."

"H'm. So you are. By jove!"

I blew my nose.

"We'd be coming to see Georgie once a year, anyway, and then to New York oftener after that. For she likes New York, likes you—took a shine to yer, honest. She'd get to like Europe, too, I think, in time. Never's been yet. 'Fraid of water trips—always was since she got tipped over in Acorn Lake that time. A drawback in her, I admit. Now Lady Muriel'd——"

"Steady, Bertie!"

"Yes—oh, yes—I have to be, I know. . . . But if this great war's ever over, I could take her—Flo, I mean—and learn her to like it fast 'nough, I guess."

All this had come out in spurtful sentences, like the speech of a man who talks while swinging Indian clubs or dumbbells.

"But—but—yer don't think she's too fat?"

"Stop brooding over it, Bertie."

"She's got brains. Lots of 'em—really. Professor Beane of The Seminary calls her the brightest woman ever left Ohio. He'd marry her hisself in a minute if she'd let him. And—funny, ain't—is it not, I mean—Eade and Vera'd stand for that. . . . She plays the guitar fine, too. Wish you'd hear her variations on 'Old Oaken Bucket.' My Jimminy-crickets!"

He flung his arms out.

"I'd hate t' marry girl didn't have music in her. P'raps I don't deserve it. First thing almost Lady Muriel asked me, though, was——"

Bertie sighed.

"Damn it," I cried. "Cut out the Lady Muriel stuff. She's not in your range. She's probably been married by now, and has a family, and sits in the House of Lords! Go ask Mrs. Bensonia to have you. She's much better for you in every way. Don't consult your mother about it, either. Speak up to Mrs. Bensonia herself, and see where you are."

Mortimer turned dismally away. He was always sensitive to catch my note of boredom when it came, whether he was talking to me about prospective brides or the cut of his jib. He flowed slowly toward the door.

"I ain't—have not—got much pep in me, this morning," he apologized. "Kinder all in. These cloudy——"

I had my usual conscience-stricken reaction. . . . Bertie was nice—I was attached to him.

"Wait a minute; I'll go with you," I said. "I've got to see a man across the street." It was more genial to get rid of him that way, after all.

Outside the building we passed an oldish down-town acquaintance of mine, a rather badly dressed fellow called Taylor, who stopped me and asked if I'd seen Kibby Bartlett lately; and Bertie was so puzzled by that name coming from that shabby source that he asked me, as we crossed the street:

"Say—who is this Taylor, anyway? Does he belong to one o' our best families?"

I didn't see Bertie Mortimer again after that for—as Bertie described it when at last we did meet—"quite some while"; and he didn't tell me, and I didn't ask him either, what he'd done about Mrs. Bensonia. She'd have gone back to Peoria, most likely, in any case. Possibly he'd asked her to marry him and she'd thrown him down. Very possibly he was still turning the question over in his mind. For, gracious! I knew how long it took him to decide—actually decide—on a pair of gloves, and how it took it out of him afterward, poor Bertie! He ought never to have been bothered with decisions of any kind; he ought to have been born above them.

For he looked rather attenuated and evaporated I thought that day, and every time I saw him the next month or so afterward, he was as glum as Erebus. He talked in very low tones. I saw how much he needed counsel. But the idea of rehashing his quandaries irked me so that the name of Mrs. Bensonia—let

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alone Lady Muriel's—never would rise to my lips.

We talked principally of the war. His mournfulness had a personal note in it which implied: "I have endured many sufferings—and now—just to think of it! —on top of them all, comes this awful blow." Yet he was very ready. He said if it wasn't for the American Thermos Bottle Manufacturing Company needing him he'd go to the front in a trice and drive an ambulance. He used to Delsarte gently and refer to "Dicky Norton's Corps." He always claimed to have heard "the latest dope" of the men who had just returned—I don't know where he'd have heard it, though! He'd let on to me how the blue bloods always got the best jobs in war, just the same as in peace (I don't know either how he reconciled his own peaceful employment!), and how these aristocratic ambulance heads managed to send the ones lower down in the hierarchy of the social order west of the Meuse or off to some place where real feats of bravery and heroism couldn't occur. He sadly revelled in his references to life's being divinely arranged according to births and marriages and dollars. He seemed to thrill (as perhaps he thought Lady Muriel thrilled, too) over the inevitable facts of blood telling and money being the next best thing to blood.

Yet—and mark this, please, for it has an important bearing on the rest—however disgusting these standards appeared, and however funny it was for Bertie to voice them thus Elyrianly, there showed, if you can believe it, in the simplicity of his blindness to how cheap his point of view might be, something that was rather admirable, rather charming, in spite of you. It made him stand out for me a little like what is commonly called "the real thing."

II

One day he came into my office a changed man. He looked and acted and was totally and absolutely different. Of course I should have known him anywhere—I don't mean to say that he wasn't still unmistakably Bertie Mortimer. But, for instance, he didn't interpolate a gesture; he had forgotten to, he had lost the need. He was too dignified and grave and absorbed and self-assured to put in a single dancy step on his way. He said: "How are you, old chap?"—just like that—and, heedless of what I said and whether I was busy or glad to see him, or bored, shut the door. Without casting a glance in my direction he moved a chair out into the room and sat down. I held my breath and waited.

I noticed that his clothes weren't as slicked up and dapper as usual. He had on a grayish tweed suit, the trousers of which bagged nicely at the knees. He appeared somehow so much grander. And all at once I deciphered a gold-headed walking-stick under his arm. Ghosts of the saints! Bertie Mortimer, travelling peddler of American thermos bottle, sporting a gold-headed walking-stick down-town in the forenoon? And —yes—I saw, as he laid his new bowler hat on my desk, that there was a deep mourning-band around it. There was a mourning-band on his left sleeve, too. Had he gone suddenly quite mad?

"I'm in a scrape," he said.

"Don't get excited," I tried to reassure him. "What can I do about it?"

He hardly paid me the least attention. He gazed disdainfully away.

"You see, I took your advice and asked —Mrs.—Bensonia to be my wife."

"Well, that's good, and what did she say?"

"I wrote her. She's——"

"O Bertie, dear fellow! Wait. Be patient. She'll come round."

He tilted his head upward.

"That's the trouble. I'm 'fraid so."

"Write her again," I said, misunderstanding. "How long—when was it you did write?"

"Oh, a week, or two weeks, or a month ago—what does it matter!"

"Matter?"

"But I say, old chap, really, how can I marry her now?"

"*Now?*"

I tried to think.

"Yes. Naturally, you see—do you see——"

"Don't you still—love—her, then, Bertie?"

He raised the gold-headed knob of his stick up under his chin, and revolved the stick slowly between his fingers. (It has often recurred to me since that this was

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narily high place—equal to or higher than that of "Paradise Lost" itself—which the "Night Thoughts" had held for several generations in the esteem of Continental readers, especially in France and Germany. "But," he then burst out, bringing his fist down with something of the flash and thunder of righteous indignation which so often signalized his public utterances,—"but the man was a lick-spittle and a sycophant and a shameless, fawning preferment-hunter," and went on to denounce the grovelling flattery of his miscellaneous dedications to every kind of nobleman and place-holder, no matter how disreputable, his greed and baseness in hanging on in early life as a suppliant for patronage to the infamous Duke of Wharton, and later in disgracing his cloth by subservience to the King's mistress, Lady Yarmouth. He wound up by dwelling on the betterment of the times, which would make such proceedings on the part of such a man now equally needless and impossible. Another instance which recurs to me of his impressive affirmation of a literary judgment scarcely challenging contradiction, was when once, in discussing the various modes and qualities of tragedy, he insisted eloquently that neither in drama nor romance was there any name much more intrinsically tragic or more tragically treated than that of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

Another particularly vivid memory remaining with me is of an utterance humorously verging on the political. (As a rule I ventured to think Mr. Gladstone not at his best in humorous moments, and even that his countenance at such moments lost something of its paramount distinction, his smile of fun having in it perhaps rather more of slyness than of sweetness.) In the early autumn of 1881 he and I were walking side by side along a garden path at Hoarcross, the country house of the sister of one of his great life-long political allies, Lord Halifax. He was suffering from a sharp attack of lumbago, and walked with his back bent and his hand held to the place where the pain was. Having once or twice tried to straighten himself up and found the effort hurt him, he turned to me, still with his hand to his back, and fastening his eyes on mine, said with a mixture of jocularity and impressiveness, "I don't know whether to treat it by the method of conciliation or coercion." He had been responsible during the previous months for the first of a long series of Irsh Coercion Acts, and a few days later there was to follow his great speech at Leeds denouncing the policy of Mr. Parnell and his associates as one of "marching through rapine to dismemberment"; and a little later again, his administrative act of consigning the Irish leader to Kilmainham jail. "Conciliation *versus* coercion,"—the phrase became a regular, habitual and threadbare one in the course of the Home-Rule controversies which followed. But it was fresh to me when thus spoken in Hoarcross garden, and seemed to cast an interesting light on the contrasted policies which had been working in Mr. Gladstone's mind at the time.

It was at Cannes, in January, 1898, that I last had sight and speech of the great man. He was there as the guest of Lord and Lady Rendel, hoping to find from the climate some alleviation of the extremely painful illness (I believe internal cancer in the face near the eye) which had laid hold upon him. I happened to be also there, as a visitor in another house. Being well acquainted with his hosts, I went to call on them as a matter of course, without dreaming that I should be able to see their suffering guest, upon whose attention, under such circumstances, I had no claim whatever either of intimacy or of special allegiance. But they said they were sure he would like to shake hands with me, and took it upon themselves to send him word that I was there. To my surprise he sent for me, just as he was getting into the carriage for his regular invalid drive, and with a manner of beautiful grace and courtesy, although evidently in severe pain, said that he was glad to have the opportunity of speaking with me, that he wished it were in his power to speak more and better, and bade me a grave, almost solemn, good-by as though he felt that the end was drawing near. A kindlier, even a more touching, last memory of the illustrious veteran I could scarcely have had to carry away. He died in his own home some four months later.

[The second part of Sir Sidney Colvin's Recollections will appear in the February number.]

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though I came in, at longish intervals through nearly thirty years, for an occasional share of the great man's own courtesy and kindness. The first time I met him was at Naworth, the Border seat of the Carlisle Howards, the same romantically placed, historically famous, and in those days delightfully hospitable house where I had also first met Robert Browning. This was, if I remember right, in the year 1869, when Mr. Gladstone was for the first time prime minister: at any rate prime minister he was, and came straight from an official visit to the Queen at Balmoral. Starting very early in the morning, he had accomplished the thirty miles' walk through the heart of the Grampians to Blair Atholl station on the Highland railway, and arrived at Naworth late the same evening, to all appearance thoroughly fresh and unfatigued by the day's exertions. My occasional after meetings with him used to be either again at the same house, or at one or another of several houses of his friends or connections in town and country, and once or twice in later days under his own roof in London.

Politics were never a main interest of mine, except so far as they must be more or less the interest of every citizen; and to discuss politics with Mr. Gladstone I should have thought an impertinence. His second dominant study and pre-occupation, theology, was for me also ruled out by my lack of competence. But there was scarcely any other subject of human or historical or literary interest on which he was not ready and equipped to talk. Always strongly under his spell while conversation with him lasted, I generally came, on thinking the talk over afterward, to realize that what had impressed me had been less what he said than the way he said it, less the pertinence or originality or wisdom of his matter than his fine manner and potent temperament in discourse. Once in early days, I remember, I strove hard to make him, with the photograph before us, share my enthusiasm for the noble fourth-century bronze head of a goddess, in all probability Aphroditè, discovered in Armenia and afterward bought for the British Museum from the dealer Castellani. Any and every Greek subject that might be broached led Mr. Gladstone's mind instantly and inevitably to Homer, after politics and theology the subject of his most continuous and impassioned study. Naturally I did not disclose the fact that I was the reviewer who had not long before, in dealing with his volume "Juventus Mundi," expressed the opinion (with which I think practically all scholars and archæologists would now agree) that no Homeric critic had ever shown so minute and exact and systematically tabulated a knowledge of the text as he, together with such ingenious perversity in comment and interpretation, such lack of true insight, either instinctive or acquired, into the probable relations of the Homeric epic to primitive Greek history and mythology. But I found that his fixed and unalterable views on Homer stood in the way of his being much interested in my Aphroditè head, or even admitting that it could be Aphroditè at all. He looked upon Homer as the sole, indivisible, responsible founder and "maker" (his own word) of the Greek religion, and regulator of the characters and precedence of the Greek gods,—as it were a kind of lord chamberlain of Olympus,—and he had decided, from certain predicaments in which the poet puts her, that Homer had for moral reasons deliberately made Aphroditè ridiculous. Ridiculous, or at best trivial, she must accordingly remain; therefore the divinity represented in this grand head could surely not be she. It was no use quoting the "Venus of Melos" and other well-known existing types of a noble Aphroditè; his negative conviction on the point could not be shaken.

Some other talks which I can clearly remember were marked, not by any such kind of critical perversity as this, but rather by the vehement and fiery affirmation of something commonplace and generally acknowledged. Young's "Night Thoughts" were mentioned and Mr. Gladstone quoted some lines of the poem (I cannot recollect which), lines of a gloomy and grand enough pomposity in their imitative, sub-Miltonic manner; and went on to speak of the poem in general with respectful admiration, in the tone which had been habitual to an earlier generation than mine, or even, I should have supposed, than his own. He further reminded his hearers of the extraordi-

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said, thereupon broke into fury, declared the answers had been a plot to insult him, and insisted on knowing which of the brothers had set the others on; whereat they gasped in chorus, each pointing tremblingly at the other, "*him*uel, sir." Is the little tale, I wonder, one fresh to American readers, or stale? If stale, I hope that, considering from whose mouth I heard it, they will pardon me for here repeating it.

Any last word in memory of this great poet and many-sided, intensely human spirit should touch on two of his most conspicuous and lovable virtues, which I had ample opportunity of observing; his admirable constancy to old friends and assiduous attention to them in their declining years, as evidenced, for instance, by his relations with Mrs. Procter, the cynically witty, long-enduring, old-age-defying widow of the poet Barry Cornwall; and his intense paternal devotion to his own only son. When this adored "Pen," —for so by his pet name he was always called,—this child of two mutually devoted parents of genius, had grown to manhood and began to show a certain talent, or at least a certain facility, in the twin arts of sculpture and painting, the eager, deferential solicitude with which his famous father would seek the opinions on the young man's work of those who were supposed to have some intelligence of such matters was a thing infinitely, and considering the mediocrity of the result almost tragically, touching.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

Probably there was never in any community an individual man the sense of whose existence was so constantly and so forcibly present to the general mind as was that of Mr. Gladstone to the English mind during the prolonged plenitude of his powers. It was not merely the prodigious energies he displayed and the victories he achieved in legislative and administrative spheres that thus occupied the public consciousness. It was the sense, which had somehow penetrated from the circles in contact with him to the whole population, of his being a great and pre-eminent personality, of his possessing in an extraordinary degree that heightened intensity of being, that mysterious gift, as undefinable as it is unmistakable, to which we give the name of genius and which sets a man apart from and above his fellows. To give instances of the command he exercised over assemblies, whether popular or deliberative, would be to waste words: the history of his time and country, the memories of the surviving thousands of those who heard him, are full of them. Acknowledgment of his personal pre-eminence and magnetism, of the effluence from him of forces both spiritual and physical exceeding those of other men, imposed itself independently of any belief in the wisdom of his words or in the righteousness of the causes which he pleaded, although his own fervent conviction of such wisdom and righteousness no doubt contributed to the impression made. It was possible to come away from listening to any of his mighty efforts on the affairs of the Near East or of Ireland, or on domestic reform or any disputable matter whatever, a still unconverted opponent, but not a whit the less thrilled and spellbound by his power and gifts. The spare, erect, commanding figure, the grandly modelled and deeply furrowed features, the vivid, almost luminous, alabaster-like pallor of the skin, with the pure tint, even in extreme age, of the rare flush when it came, the formidable roll and far-reaching flash of the eye, like that which I have seen an old condor in captivity cast upon the crowd from his rock-perch in the public garden, made his mere platform presence impressive beyond all others, even before there came into play the wonderful varied sonorities of the voice and every natural resource as well as every practised skill of the master orator. But quite apart from the conspicuousness of a public occasion, or the contagion of the collective enthusiasm of an audience, one was apt at any time, so long as he remained among us, to become suddenly aware in the street of an exceptionally, magnetically striking and distinguished figure, approaching, it might be, some fifty yards away through the press, before one had time to realize that this was Mr. G. coming along. ("Mr. G." was the ordinary appellation in use amongst secretaries and other associates and intimates of his circle.)

An intimate frequenter of the Gladstone circle I never was, though several of its members were my friends, and

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gard to his own works by no means extended itself to those of others. Thus I recollect his coming out once with a long, crabbedly fine screed from John Donne, and declaring he had not read nor called it to mind for thirty years. I remember also particularly the rich effect with which, though only for my private ear, he recited one evening, on a sofa in a corner after a dinner-party, the thundering final stanzas from the "Song to David" of Christopher Smart:—

"Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious th' Almighty's stretched-out arm;
Glorious th' enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:"

This unfortunate eighteenth-century poet, stale and flat except for that one inspired hour during his insanity when he became equal to the greatest, had always a special interest for Browning and is the subject of one of the "Parleyings" in his almost latest volume of verse.

When asked to read poetry of his own in any house or in any company where he could count on intelligent sympathy, Browning was always ready to do so. His utterance was flexible and dramatic, very different from that of Tennyson or Rossetti and such other poets as have preferred in reading their own verses to adopt and sustain one key or another of chanting monotone. His voice, virile above all things, was strong and inclining to the strident; but in passages which called for it had accents of the most moving tenderness. One reading in especial which I remember as bringing out such tenderness was that of the Pompilia section of "The Ring and Book," at certain points in which he could control neither his voice nor his tears, and had nearly all his audience in tears with him. Another reading almost equally moving was of "Andrea del Sarto"; which in one case he followed up by way of contrast with the long tramping measures, duly stressed by his foot stamping vigorously in time, of his Greek battle-poem, "Echetlos." Neither were such readings the only occasions when I have known this strong man weep. One of my vividest recollections is of an evening when he made one of a party of three to see the great Italian tragedian Salvini play King Lear. Everyone had seen Salvini play Othello, his most usual Shakespearean part; but this performance of Lear was new to us all. It turned out to be overwhelming, an absolute, ideal incarnation of ruined age and outcast greatness and shattered reason and undivided fatherhood and fallen majesty in despair. Browning sat there between us, his face set firm and white like marble, but before the end tears were coursing down it quite unchecked. He seemed unconscious of them, and as we came out could only murmur with a kind of awe, "It makes one think the actor all but as great as the poet."

Shall I by way of contrast allow myself to recall another scene which is scarce less freshly present to me, and which illustrates the opposite scale of the poet's being, his partiality for any kind of fun or foolery of which the notion tickled him? In the later seventies he was several times a visitor at Trinity College, Cambridge; once or twice as the guest of the Master, Dr. Montagu Butler, and once as mine. I asked a party of undergraduates to meet him at breakfast, and he charmed them by his geniality and rich talk, some of it as serious and high-pitched as the most earnest of his admirers could desire. By-and-by there came up the subject of Christian names and their abbreviations, and Browning began telling us how there once came three brothers to be matriculated together at an American University. The registrar asked the first brother his name. "Sam," answered the lad. "That is no name," declared the don with severity, "give me your full name properly." "Samuel, sir," came the reply. To a like question the next brother answered "My name is Lem, sir." "Nonsense," cried the registrar, this time angrily. "Say your real name in full." "Lemuel, sir," faltered the culprit. The third brother, being roughly asked the same question, lost his head and twittered, "*Jim*uel, sir." I am sure the story ought to end here, but in sheer high spirits, and to keep up the laugh among the lads round the table, the poet went on to add a climax. The official, he

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supposed that they were the natural symptoms of an inborn vital energy surpassing by fivefold those of other men. Certainly the poet's short robust figure, held always firmly upright with the powerful gray-haired and bearded head a little thrown back, his cordial greetings and vigorous confidential and affectionate gestures, would have conveyed the impression of such vitality, even had the same impression not been forced upon those of us who were readers by the wonderful prodigality in these years (I speak of the early seventies) of his work in literature. He had but lately brought to a conclusion the vast and varied dramatic and psychologic complex of "The Ring and the Book," one of the most arduous, and as might have been supposed exhausting, intellectual feats ever achieved by man, and instead of resting proceeded promptly to follow it up by fresh volume after volume; breaking into classic ground in a guise wholly his own with "Balaustion's Adventure"; indulging in the queerest of contrasted freaks in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" and "Fifine at the Fair"; going on with "Red Cotton Night Cap Country"; returning again to bid us live with the Athenian dramatists in "Aristophanes's Apology"; and so on with seldom so much as a year or two's pause in the output. It is a curious fact that in spite of the intensity of intellectual and emotional effort to which for the most part they bear witness, Browning's poetical labors were wont to leave no trace or echo in his own memory. Was this perhaps and because of their very rapidity and abundance? Such was at any rate the case; and I remember his telling me how a lady friend had once read him out certain verses, and how he had slapped his thigh (a very characteristic action, by the way) and said, "By Jove, that's fine"; how then she had asked him who wrote them and he could not say; and how surprised he was when she had told him they were his own.

Browning's talk had not much intellectual resemblance to his poetry. That is to say, it was not apt to be specially profound or subtle; still less was it ever entangled or obscure. Probably the act of speech did not allow his brain time to perform those prodigies of activity by which it was wont, when he had the pen in hand, to discover a thousand complications beneath the surface of the simplest-seeming matters; complications which often he could only express by defying the rules of grammar and discarding half the auxiliary parts of speech, by stitching clause on to clause and packing parenthesis within parenthesis, till the drift of his sentences became dark and their conclusion undiscoverable. (The mere act of writing seemed to have a peculiar effect on him, for I have known him manage to be obscure even in a telegram.) Rather his style in talk was straightforward, plain, emphatic, and agreeably voluble, ranging easily from deep earnest to hearty jest, rich and varied in matter but avoiding rather than courting the abstruse whether in speculation or controversy, and often condescending freely to ordinary human gossip on a level with the rest of us. Its general tone was genially kind, encouraging and fortifying; but no one was more promptly moved to indignation by any tale or instance of cruelty or calumny or injustice: nor could any one be more tenderly or chivalrously sympathetic with the victim of such offenses. Not to quote instances known to me of a more private and personal kind, I remember his strong and reiterated expressions of anger against Froude for having, as he thought, misrepresented the character of Carlyle. Instead of being the hard man figured in Froude's pages,—inconsiderate in relations with his wife, unkind, in one instance at least, in his treatment of a horse,—Carlyle, maintained Browning, was the most intensely, sensitively tender-hearted of men: and he went on to tell how, as he walked one day in Chelsea with Carlyle's arm in his, a butcher-boy drove by savagely flogging his horse and he felt the sage shake from head to foot in a spasm of righteous indignation.

Browning, living in the world the everyday life he did, refused with perfect unaffectedness to accept incense or to assume poses or privileges as a poet. At the same time the poet was never far to seek in him, and with equal unaffectedness would come to the front readily on occasion. If the talk ran that way he would quote passages from the English poets, often relatively unknown passages, with powerful effect; for his failure of memory in re-

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Sometimes the rhymes would take off, quite harmlessly and pardonably, some physical trait of their subject, as this concerning a senior member of the circle, the shrewd, thoughtful and interesting but technically less than half-accomplished Scottish artist and verse-writer, William Bell Scott. Scott, a man by this time bald and aging, was commonly known among his friends as "Scotus" :—

"There's a crabbèd old fellow called Scott,
Who seems to have hair but has not;
Did he seem to have sense
A still vainer pretence
Would be painfully obvious in Scott."

That is all very well; but could the same friend be expected to take it kindly when the essential weaknesses of his talent were faithfully and scathingly hit off as follows?—

"There's a queer kind of painter called Scotus,
A *pictor* most justly *ignotus;*
Shall I call him a poet?
No, not if I know it,
A draggle-tailed bungler like Scotus."

In the floating memories and traditions concerning Rossetti, many of these compositions were long current and some are current still. There is one which I never heard much repeated, and which begins,—

"There's an eminent critic called Colvin,
Whose writings the mind may revolve in,"—

but wild horses would not drag from me the sequel.

I have said that the years 1868–1872 were critical and fateful years in Rossetti's life. He had already begun to take chloral as a resource against sleeplessness, and the habit grew upon him with disastrous effects. His extreme perturbation under the "Fleshly School" attack showed a mind already morbidly tainted. A few months later he underwent a complete breakdown, almost assuming the form called in French *manie des persécutions*. He harbored torturing suspicions of malice and treachery even against his best-tried friends; and though making for a while a fairly complete recovery, and continuing to paint and write with variable power for near ten years more, was never again quite the man that we had known. I saw him but little during those last years, and did not know the new friends and satellites—some of them truly attached and helpful—who gathered about him and from among whom have come the fullest accounts written of him after his death.

ROBERT BROWNING

No greater contrast in character and mode of life could exist than between Rossetti and Browning: the one living apart in a seclusion that had about it truly something—though not so much as has been represented—of the morbid and mystical; the other, having once determined to face daylight and the world again after the great tragedy of his wife's death, carrying out his determination resolutely and healthily to the full. Probably there is no instance on record of a great poet leading at once so strenuous a poetical and so busy a social life as Browning during his last twenty or twenty-five years. To meet him during those years was for many of us, though always a lively pleasure, not an event but a matter of course, seeing that one was apt to meet him at concerts, theatres, picture-galleries, dinner-parties, in a word everywhere. My own acquaintance with him began, I think, in the latest sixties or earliest seventies in a certain hospitable, historic castle on the Cumberland border, than which no house is associated in my mind with more grateful and cordial memories. The American sculptor and author William Wetmore Story was a fellow-guest at the same time. He and Browning had been intimate in Italy. Story was a man exuberantly alive, half Italianate in vivacity of gesture and manner, and I remember with what amused interest the rest of us sat by and listened while he and Browning lustily kept up between them hour by hour the ball of anecdote and reminiscence and repartee.

Loudness of voice and a vigorous geniality of bearing were what, on the surface, chiefly distinguished Browning from other Englishmen in social life throughout these years. Needless to say, the veriest oaf could not have mistaken them for vulgarity. The poet's biographer and most confidential friend, the late Mrs. Sutherland Orr, used to say that they were originally the mask of a real shyness and diffidence on first confronting, in advanced middle life, the ordeal of mixed general society. I should rather have

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the volume, in the end adopting most of my suggestions.

But the readings themselves were among the marking events, and remain among the golden memories, of my life. Most of the poets I have known have had their own special way of reading, and it was generally interesting or impressive to hear. Rossetti's way was not dramatic in any ordinary sense of the word. It was rather a chant, a monotone; but somehow he was able with little variation of pitch or inflection to express a wonderful range and richness of emotion. His voice was magical in its mellow beauty of *timbre* and quality and in its power to convey the sense of a whole world of brooding passion and mystery, both human and elemental, behind the words. A kind of sustained musical drone or hum with which he used to dwell on and stress and prolong the rhyme-words and sound-echoes had an extraordinary effect in stirring the senses and souls of his hearers. There are certain poems or passages of poems,—the fierce visionary and imprecatory stanzas of "Sister Helen,"—the "rose shut in a book" couplets from "Jenny,"—above all perhaps the sad, slow-trailing cadences of the lyric, "A little while,"—

"A little while a little love
The hour yet bears for thee and me,
Who have not drawn the veil to see
If still our heaven be lit above.

Thou merely, at the day's last sigh,
Hast felt thy soul prolong the tone;
And I have heard the night-wind cry,
And deemed its speech mine own,"—

there are poems and passages, I say, like these which still haunt my ear, and will haunt it to the end, exactly as they were sounded from the poet's lips on those evenings half a century ago. Heard and judged for the first time under these conditions, the poetry of Rossetti naturally impressed me profoundly, and moved me to a higher pitch of critical admiration than I should have felt—though the pitch would still have been high—had I known them for the first time in print. So that when the volume containing them came out I rushed to review and praise it in as many quarters as were open to me. Rossetti had little or none of Burne-Jones's fine self-sufficient indifference to criticism. It is not true, as has been said, that he took undignified pains to ensure that reviews should be favorable; and I for one was an absolutely unsolicited volunteer in the cause. But when there appeared the late Robert Buchanan's preposterous attack upon him, at first pseudonymous and then unveiled, in the pamphlet called "The Fleshly School of Poetry," he was both agitated and angered beyond measure. In this matter again I did my best, together with a group of other ardent friends and admirers, to stand by the master and make things as hot for his assailant as we could. At the same time I succeeded in dissuading him,—I had forgotten the fact, but am reminded of it by his brother's biography,—from printing a satiric effort of his own against the enemy which struck us as neither dignified nor effective.

I have scarcely left space to speak of the jolly, humorous, burlesque-loving elements which subsisted in Rossetti's nature alongside of the darkly passionate and mystical elements. They were somewhat singular in their kind and were often exercised frankly and light-heartedly at the expense of those about him. In writing they showed themselves chiefly in the composition of "Limericks" on the characters of his friends. He was, at any rate while his days of tolerable health lasted, in practice a model of good friendship, somewhat masterful and domineering, it is true, among those of his inner circle, but infinitely generous withal both in word and act, loving to praise whatever he saw worthy of praise in any one's work, prompt and eager to help any one in difficulties with money or whatever form of service might be most needed,—in a word, essentially *bon prince*. But at the same time he had the shrewdest eye for his friends' faults or failings, and the neatest possible knack in exposing such faults or failings in rhymes which he was apt to troll out with gusto in their hearing and never expected them to resent. For instance, he had gladly and often taken in and housed a certain pre-Raphaelite landscape-painter called Inchbold. The recipient of this hospitality seeming by-and-by somewhat inclined to abuse it, Rossetti wrote,—

"There's a troublesome fellow called Inchbold,
With whom you must be at a pinch bold,
Or you may as well score
The brass plate on your door
With the name of J. W. Inchbold."

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his name as that of the main original focus and source of impulse whence had sprung all that I most cared for—that is all that is most imaginative and impassioned—in the English art of the time, I asked Burne-Jones, his devoted disciple of ten years earlier, to take me to him and was kindly received.

So much has been written about Rossetti's surroundings, appearance, and way of life that I shall pass these over quickly. The handsome old red-brick house in a row looking on the Chelsea reach of the Thames; the combined gloom and richness of its decorations, the sombre hangings, the doors and panellings painted in sombre dark-green sparsely picked out with red and lighted here and there by a round convex mirror; the shelves and cupboards laden with brassware and old blue Nankin china (in the passion for collecting which Rossetti was an absolute pioneer); the long green and shady garden at the back, with its uncanny menagerie of wombat, raccoon, armadillo, kangaroo, and the rest; the wilful, unconventional habits and hours; the rare and reluctant admission of strangers; all these things have already been made familiar by a hundred descriptions to such readers as are curious about them. So have the aspect and bearing of the man himself; his sturdy, almost burly figure clad in a dark cloth suit with the square jacket cut extra long and deep-pocketed; his rich brown hair and rather short, square-trimmed beard; the olive tint betraying Italian blood; the features between spare and fleshy, with full, sensual underlip and thoughtful, commanding forehead; the deep bar above the nose and fine blue-gray color of the eyes behind their spectacles; and finally the round, John-Bullish, bluntly cordial manner of speech, with a preference for brief and bluff slang words and phrases which seemed scarce in keeping with the fame and character of the man as the most quintessentially, romantically poetic of painters and writers. During the years of our intercourse it was Rossetti's poetry more than his painting that interested and impressed me. His earlier water-colors, those of the Dante cycle especially, comparatively unambitious in scale and technic as they were, seemed to me (and still seem) to give by their new and marvellous color-harmonies, their passionate intensities of expression and their rare originality and often, though not always, their beauty of group-composition and pattern, a more satisfying idea of his genius for painting than his ambitious oil pictures on the scale of life. It was at these latter that he had been principally working, from Mrs. William Morris and one or two other favorite sitters, for some time before I knew him. Single figures among them, looking straight out of the frame,—a Pandora, a Silylla Palmifera, a Venus Verticordia,—possessed indeed a fine inventive gorgeousness of color and an impressive mystical voluptuousness, or voluptuous mysticism, of their own. But for figures on the life scale in less simple attitudes, or for combinations of them, his powers of design and execution seemed never fully adequate, and a certain streakiness in the handling of the oil medium, with certain exaggerations and mannerisms in the drawing of lips, throats and other features made that long and sumptuous series of his later embodiments of the eternal feminine to my mind less and less admirable as time went on.

But Rossetti's poetry, both by its own power and by the manner in which I learned to know it, for the time being enthralled me completely. The story is well-known how, in a passion of grief and remorsefulness at the time of his wife's death, he had buried the bundle of his manuscript poems with her, laying it in her coffin among the rich strands of her red-gold hair. When I first knew him various friends were urging him to have the poems exhumed for publication, and I on my part joined eagerly in the plea. At last he yielded, and the necessary legal permission having been obtained the exhumation was carried out under the eye of Rossetti's friend and factotum of the hour (he had been Ruskin's before) Charles Augustus Howell. The manuscript poems having been rescued, and the question of their publication having next to be considered, Rossetti used on many evenings to read out from them to a few invited guests after dinner. He was good enough to care, or seem to care, somewhat specially for my opinion, and consulted me both verbally and in writing about the revision of the poems and the order in which they should stand in

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to the visual emotions only, and stop there,—that any sign of mind or meaning behind the visual effect is a positive blot on a picture, and makes of it "literature in two dimensions" and the like. Nonsense! Of course,—and it should need no saying,—the primary and essential appeal of every picture must needs be to the eye, by its harmonies and rhythms of line and color, its balancings and massings and proportions and contrasts of light and shade, and by their effect upon the visual emotions. If such appeal and such effect are not forthcoming, or if they fail, the picture is naught; but if they succeed and the picture is a picture indeed, then the more of mind that can be felt behind it, the richer the associations and suggestions it conveys, the better.

That Burne-Jones's work is the work of a man with a full mind behind his hand and eye is obvious. In truth his mind was in one sense the fullest,—and that was in its range over and grasp of the imaginative literatures of the world,—that I have known. Vast as was his life's output in his own art, and tied as he was to the easel every day and almost all day, that he should have found time for so much reading seemed a miracle. Ancient classic literature, the whole range of mediæval legend sacred and profane, Celtic legend and poetry, Scandinavian legend and poetry, the poetry and romance of Persia and the East, the history and fabled or recorded aspect of all the storied cities of the world, he possessed them all, not as dry learning, but as living matter of brooding thought and delighted imagination. Whatever new thing one might have chanced to learn within this range of subjects, one always found that he had known it long ago and better. According to the occasion he could expatiate on any such matter in an abounding vein of eloquence, always classically pure and simple, or sum up the gist of what he had to say in two or three pithy words. Thus one day I remember I had written to him of the pleasure I had had in learning the great national Irish legend of Deirdre and Cuchulain from a poem just published by Aubrey de Vere. That distinguished, old-fashioned and then aging Irish gentleman and poet wrote in a style of restrained elegance not really very well suited to such romantic themes. "Yes," answered Burne-Jones, "Aubrey de Vere has a harp, but not the harp that once . . ."

Modern imaginative literature of the best kind Burne-Jones possessed in a scarcely less degree, his two great favorites being (as they are the favorites of every wise reader) Walter Scott and Dickens. As the books of Louis Stevenson came out successively, he gave them a place in his affection almost next to these. In Dickens what he loved especially were the parts most riotously comic. I can see and hear him now shouting with laughter as he echoed the choicer utterances of Sam Weller or Micawber or Mrs. Gamp, his head flung back and beard in the air (in early days it was the fine forked and flowing red beard depicted in Watts's well-known portrait, but later, one grizzled or grizzling and shorter trimmed). And he was very capable of Dickens-like observations and inventions of his own. No one had a quicker or more healthily amused sense, without sting or ill-nature, of the grotesque and the absurd in ordinary life; no one loved better to make, or had a better gift for making, by speech or pencil happy fun and laughter with his children and grandchildren. Let those who desire to form a just idea of him begin by realizing, if they can, not only his constant and most winning sweetness and affectionateness of accost, and a certain indefinable note of distinction as well as charm in all that he did and said and was, but also the love of and capacity for wholesome mirth and caricature which subsisted along with the more wistful and brooding elements in his nature.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Though never belonging to Rossetti's innermost circle, and being indeed inclined to dislike sets and coteries as such, I saw much of him throughout the years 1868–1872, which were somewhat critical and fateful years of his life. I already took intense pleasure in some of his early paintings which I knew in the houses of friends; and I held (as I still hold) his renderings from the early Italian poets, first published in the volume of 1861, to be unmatched in the whole range of verse translation for beauty and fidelity to the spirit as well as to the letter. Drawn moreover by the glamour which invested

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toward social regeneration were coming to be regarded by many as the true benefaction, while his views on the relation of art to life and nature have lost much of the influence they had. Posterity alone, and that not an early posterity, will have had experience enough to assess the relative values of his multifarious labors. For myself, I can but bear my insignificant witness to the debt I owe both to his personality and his genius, and to the spell which in early youth they exercised upon me. Better than to be taught how to see, and what to think and feel, is to be so aroused that one is forced to see, think, and feel for oneself: and that is what the work of Ruskin did for thousands of us who would never label ourselves his disciples.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES

I have mentioned Burne-Jones as one in whom the light of genius glowed almost as intensely as in Ruskin. He was twelve years my senior, and even before I took my degree at Cambridge admiration of his work had made me seek his friendship. Once won, that friendship remained among the most prized of my life for near on thirty years until the end. But there were no special incidents in it to record. There was only for me, in early days, the zest of battle in the public press against dunder-headed critics who belittled or derided his gift,—(but he himself was too much absorbed in his creative tasks to concern himself much about criticism whether hostile or friendly),—there was in early days that fighting zest on his behalf, and both then and always afterward the happiness of being much with him in such spare hours, mostly of an evening or on Sunday, as he could afford to give to his friends. Of such uneventful intercourse I have little to record, except to warn any reader whom the point may interest (and I hope that in America, where his work has been so much valued, these may not be few) against guessing at the personality of the man by inference from certain characteristics of his art. This, for all its beauty, for all its endless richness and felicity of invention in linear color and design, is so far as concerns the human types it depicts in the main of a melancholy cast. Hostile critics used to be continually harping on the fact that to nearly all his figures, whether designed singly or in groups, in repose or in action, he was prone to give looks of wistful, unsatisfied longing, sad eyes and mouths, a pining droop or yearning out-thrust of the head from the shoulders. Let it be granted: such was in truth the prevailing instinctive and involuntary cast of his imagination. And why not? Must not every artist whose work comes from any depth of soul be governed by his own personal cast of imagination,—just as, to take two examples far removed in time as in kind, Botticelli and J. F. Millet were governed respectively by theirs? And is the world we live in, and is the heart of man, so made that in the depths of any great man's soul there is not likely to reside a spirit of yearning and craving, not likely to be harbored a passion of unsatisfied spiritual quest and hunger? Such a strain of innermost soul-hunger, such a vital habit of the being, could not help expressing itself in Burne-Jones's work. But in his human and social relations other strains in his nature prevailed, and he charmed as much by a rich laughter-loving gayety as by his surprising range of knowledge and attainment and the ease and beauty and simplicity of language with which he brought them to bear in conversation.

Born amidst relatively straitened surroundings at Birmingham, Burne-Jones had from boyhood found means to be a devourer of books, and whatever he read he seemed incapable of forgetting. The two great determining events of his life, as is well-known, had been his friendship with William Morris, begun at Oxford and continued through all the years of their joint work in the decorative arts, and his two or more years' devoted discipleship (about 1855–8) under Rossetti, who had ordered him (Rossetti's advice to his friends was always virtually an order) to attack at twenty-two the practice of imaginative and poetical painting without any of the usual preliminary training of hand and eye. It is hard to say which in the result outbalanced the other, the artist's loss in lack of early technical proficiency or his gain in the shape of unacademical originality and freshness. But I have neither space nor purpose here to discuss his life's work: hardly even to glance at the kind of attack nowadays directed against it by those who declare that painting must appeal to the eye and

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gleamed on Roslin's castled rock and the groves of caverned Hawthornden so magically before or since.

There was perhaps somewhat less of genius and more of perversity in his behavior one afternoon about the same time, when we were both staying at the Scotch country house of a much-cherished and picture-loving mutual friend, and when, a tea picnic having been arranged at a special spot as the object of the afternoon walk, the Master would not give in to the plan but insisted on walking off and casting about on a quest of his own in a quite different direction. A daughter of the house who dutifully attended him remembers that the object of his search was an old stone-breaker at work, beside the road. He was always fond of getting into talks with stone-breakers and watching their work on the chance of its yielding some interesting mineral find. To this particular old stone-breaker he promised, after several talks, to send a book on stones and minerals, and when the old man answered that it would be no use because he could not read, Ruskin took him at once into warmer favor than ever. During the same visit, I remember, Ruskin's talk was at its best and most illuminating in praise of three things in our host's collection, an early Rossetti, an early Millar's, and a drawing by Burne-Jones; and the substance of the said talk, being afterward set down, turned into the essay on *The Three Columns of Præ-Raphaelitism*. One of the happiest later encounters that I remember was at the house of the same Burne-Jones, his all but equal in genius and charm. This was during one of the not infrequent intervals when he used to be at the height of his powers again between two of the fits of mental breakdown to which he had become subject after 1879. When two such men were pouring out for each other the riches of their minds and hearts, any third who had the luck to be of the company could do nothing but listen silently and be grateful. Later again, at the beginning of 1888, when he was an aged and bearded, changed and saddened man, I found him simply courteous and business-like, though on the eve, as it turned out, of one of his longest and most grievous mental disturbances, when I went to his home on Coniston Lake to arrange the purchase from him for my department of a precious volume of early Italian drawings of the history of the world, by means of which I was by and by enabled to solve one of the obscurest problems of fifteenth century art and to recreate (at least in my own opinion) the hitherto semi-mythic personality of the father of Italian engraving, Maso Finiguerra.

All the world knows how by degrees and with advancing years the passion in Ruskin for opening the eyes and awakening the consciences of his fellow-creatures not only grew more intense, but extended itself to every sphere of human conduct and activity, of existence both social and individual; and how he, in private intercourse the sweetest and most deferentially courteous, the most playfully engaging and lovable of men, became in public an Ezekiel not to be appeased or silenced, an embittered denouncer of all the institutions, all the practices and traditions, of industry and commerce, of exchange, distribution and class organization, on which the social fabric has in every modern nation been founded; and not only of these, but of almost all the methods of study and research by which the modern mind has striven to investigate the truths of nature and turn to account the material laws of things. Of the truth and value of these tremendous prophetic and denunciatory labors I felt myself no more able to judge than any average person who accepts because he must the social order under which he lives, and holds that the general lot of man can only be gradually amended by the collective good-will and long-sustained efforts of many generations. The path of any solitary world-reformer, however impressively, however gloriously, gifted, who would suddenly refashion the inherited social complex and transform the customs, standards, and desires of men by the efforts of his single genius must lead, it would seem, inevitably to madness, and his efforts to tragic failure. But although such was in his latter years the personal destiny of Ruskin, and such the apparent temporary issue of his toil, the English-speaking race has just been unanimously remembering the hundredth anniversary of his birth as though it had been that of an acknowledged world-benefactor. And for the moment it looks as though his labors

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dead earnest too, not less than about my work and reading). The fifth volume of "Modern Painters," which appeared when I was in my sixteenth year, was for a while a gospel which I pored over incessantly and held incomparable for insight and wisdom and eloquence; and by it I was led to an equally passionate study of the "Seven Lamps," the "Stones of Venice," and the rest of the early works on art. A queer freak of memory comes convincingly to remind me how strong must have been the prepossession. On a holiday trip in Ireland I remember walking after dinner in the moonlight on the shore of one of the Killarney Lakes in company with a grown-up guest at the same hotel, a middle-aged admiralty clerk if I recollect aright; and feeling shy and cubbish, said suddenly to him a propos of nothing, by way of a conversational opening which was bound to impress, "I know Ruskin."

But the phase of absolute devotion and unquestioning subservience did not last long. Being taken by my father (again I think with an idea of following in Ruskinian footsteps) for several carriage tours on the Continent in the course of the next two or three years, I found myself, rather to my own dissatisfaction, beginning to see famous scenes and cities, buildings and pictures, no longer purely through the master's eyes, but through my own. Later again, during my Cambridge years and afterward, I seemed unwillingly to find, in those parts of his writings which I was able to check by my own studies, much misinterpretation of history, a habit of head-long and unquestioning but often quite unwarranted inference from the creations of art to the social conditions lying behind them, with much impassioned misreading of the relations of art in general to nature and to human life; everywhere the fire of genius, everywhere the same lovingly, piercingly intense observation of natural fact; everywhere the same nobleness of purpose and burning zeal for human welfare, the same beautiful felicity and persuasiveness of expression, the same almost unparalleled combination of utter sincerity with infinite rhetorical and dialectical adroitness and resource; but everywhere also the same dogmatic and prophetic conviction of being able to set the world right by his own individual insight and judgment on whatever matters might occupy his mind and heart, the same intolerant blindness to all facts and considerations that might tell against his theories, the same liability to intermingle passages of illuminating vision and wisdom with others of petulant, inconsistent, self-contradictory error and misjudgment. In short this demigod of my later boyhood, though still remaining an object of admiring affection and an inestimable source of stimulation and suggestion, came to count for me no longer as a leader and teacher to be followed without reserve or afterthought.

These were not terms on which Ruskin much cared to be accepted, especially by one who had been brought as a child to sit at his feet; and after I had grown up and begun to work at the criticism and history of art, in my own plodding and uninspired way, as faithfully as I could, our meetings were rare and correspondence only occasional. Once, I remember, he was gravely hurt by some opinions I had expressed in one of the quarterly reviews in controversy with his own on the relation of art to morals. And when at twenty-eight I was appointed Slade Professor at Cambridge he again wrote expressing the hope that at any rate I should not make my tenure of the chair an opportunity for inculcating views in opposition to his teaching from the same chair at Oxford. Our terms of intercourse, when intercourse occurred, continued nevertheless to be those of old family friendship, and I never found that his personal presence, whether at public gatherings or in private intercourse, had lost its power to charm and thrill. One of the instances, I remember, when its effect was strongest upon me was at a lecture of his at the Royal Institution in which he had occasion to recite Scott's ballad of "Rosabelle." The whole genius of the man, as all those who remember him will agree,—his whole intensity of spiritual and imaginative being,—used to throw itself into and enkindle his recitation of poetry. His voice had a rare plangent and penetrating quality of its own, not shrill or effeminate although not wholly virile, which singularly enhanced the effect; that evening he was at his very best, and for those who heard him the "wondrous blaze" never, I am sure,

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JOHN RUSKIN

When I was nine years old I was taken with my two elder brothers for the first time to see John Ruskin, whose parents were friends of my parents and for whom my mother entertained an adoring regard, coupled, I think, with the ambition that I, her youngest, should grow up to follow in his footsteps and become as nearly as might be such another. He received us raw boys with extraordinary kindness, and one thing, I remember, instantaneously delighted us. This was a scene between him and his white Spitz terrier Wisie (I think there is mention of Wisie somewhere in "Praeterita"). The dog burst into the room just after we had arrived, and not having seen his master for some time leapt and capered and yelped and fumed about and over him as he sat, with a passion, almost a frenzy, of pent-up affection, and was caressed with little less eagerness in return. Ruskin then took us up to his working-room, and by way of giving us a practical drawing-lesson made before our eyes a sketch in body-colors of one corner of the room, with its curtains, wall-paper and furniture—all of them of a type which to the altered taste of twenty or thirty years later would have seemed too Philistine and early Victorian to be endured. For very many years I had that sketch by me, but fear that in one or another of my various changes of domicile it has now got lost beyond recovery. During the next few years—being never sent to school, but brought up under tutors at home—I used to be taken from time to time to visit the Ruskins in their family abode on Denmark Hill; but, excepting for that scene with the white dog, I retain from these earliest, scarcely past childish, days less recollection of the great man himself than of his mother. Stern old Calvinist though she was, and more than Spartan as had been her upbringing of her own son, she chose to make something of a pet of me. The Turners on the walls and their owner's kind endeavors to interest me in them used, I fear, to make less impression upon me than the slice of plum cake and glass of fine sherry (the house of Ruskin, Telfer and Domecq were great sherry merchants) with which the old lady was wont on every such visit to regale me.

This for the first two or three years; but before I was fifteen I had become intensely sensitive both to the magnetism of Ruskin's personality and to the power and beauty of his writings. No man had about him more—few can ever have had so much—of the atmosphere and effluence of genius, and when he came into the room I used consciously to thrill to his presence. In those years, a little before and after the fortieth of his age, he was elegant after the fashion of his time as well as impressive in a fashion all his own. There remains with me quite unfaded the image of his slender, slightly stooping figure clad in the invariable dark blue frock coat and bright blue stock; of his small head with its marked features noticeably different according as seen from one side or the other, its sweep of thick brown hair and closely trimmed side-whiskers; above all, of the singular bitter-sweet expression of his mouth, and the intense weight and penetration of his glance as he fixed his deep blue eyes upon yours from under the thick bushy prominence of his eyebrows (these were an inheritance from his father, who had them shaggier and longer than I have seen on any other man). The warmth and almost caressing courtesy of his welcome were as captivating as its manner was personal: in shaking hands he would raise the forearm from the elbow, which he kept close to his side, and bringing the hand down with a full sweep upon yours would hold you strongly clasped until greetings were over and talk, which generally turned immediately to teaching, began.

To such teaching, when it was addressed to myself, I could naturally, at my age, only listen in adoring acquiescence; but what I loved better still was to be allowed, as occasionally happened, to sit by while he let himself go in the company of some friend who could meet and draw him out on equal terms. It was not very often that I saw him, since my people spent the greater part of each year in our country home in East Suffolk; but for two or three years he was hardly ever out of my thoughts except during the hours when they were quite engrossed by our rough outdoor sports of hare-hunting, pheasant-shooting, village cricket and the like (for about these matters I, or at least the young barbarian in me, was in

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SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

I—MISCELLANEOUS

SINCE my retirement from the British Museum many friends, knowing that from very early days I have had the luck to live in contact, habitual or occasional, with some of the more interesting characters of my time, have urged me to write a book of Reminiscences. But I have always felt difficulties in the way. For one thing, I have never kept diaries nor made notes of conversations (except in one single instance hereafter to be indicated), nor even had the habit of saying to myself on special occasions, "This would be interesting for people to hear about later on." I should therefore have to trust entirely to a memory which, though not, I believe, inaccurate, is certainly capricious; whole tracts of time, I find, having become blank or vague to me while special moments, and those not necessarily the most important, nay, sometimes even the most trivial, stand out as clear as yesterday. For another thing, volumes of nineteenth century reminiscences or diaries have in recent years appeared in such abundance that there seemed neither need nor room for any more,—I need scarcely instance the fourteen volumes of the late Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary," or among works on a less formidable scale, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "A Writer's Reminiscences," and within the last few months the "My Diaries" of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Mr. James Sully's "My Life and Friends."

Nevertheless I had let myself in the later war years entertain a scheme, to be taken up after my "Life of Keats" should be finished, for a book which should in the main be one of recollections, but with a difference. It was to be a record of the most lively impressions which I could definitely recall as having been made upon me since boyhood not only by persons but by scenes and places, and not only by these but by events and movements, especially those in literature and art; and was to include in some cases a comparison of those impressions of the moment with such revised opinions and judgments as I might entertain to-day. In carrying out such a scheme I should have been able to refer in aid of my memory to much work buried in old reviews and journals, work done at the time with the best care and zeal I had to bestow but which I had never had either the purpose or the leisure to revive.

But retirement from the public service, in bringing me leisure, did not bring me strength, and the wear-and-tear of spirit we have all undergone during the last five years came to add its effects to the normal sapping power of age; so that it is now extremely doubtful if the projected book will ever come into being. But I have at odd times been able to set down a few miscellaneous personal memories designed to be worked into it,—half-chapters or single pages, and in one instance a whole chapter,—and these I should regret to see altogether lost. I have therefore inquired whether, printed disconnectedly as they stand, a few of these fragmentary recollections might possibly be of interest to my old friends, the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. The answer being favorable, here in a first paper is a batch, miscellaneous and disconnected indeed, and including some characters known in the familiarity of long friendship and others observed only in rare and casual glimpses. The reader accustomed to take stock of his own recollections will not be surprised to find that the brief glimpses, whether gained by chance contact or sought interview, having been consciously accounted events at the time, have sometimes left clearer and more definite memories than the intimacies of years, since the incidents of these are apt to be taken as a matter of course, and the impression retained to be more abstract and general.

In a later paper I propose to set down some memories, more detailed than I have yet printed, of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was my closest friend of all, but with whom my meetings, from the long intervals which were apt to separate them, were always in the nature of events.

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droned the earl, "and say I can't do it after all."

"She hasn't said *she'd* 'do it' yet!" I flashed back angrily then.

"She will, though, soon's she finds out."

How—how could I, through the thickness of such glory, reach his heart? No use. I couldn't hope to do that. He was a different person—I saw it, looking at him. I don't know if purely good old puritanism prompted me, either; I may have had, surreptitiously, deep down in my relic of a mind, a gleam of wisdom more practical. Whatever it was guided me, I took Bertie roughly by the shoulder and shook him.

"Look here, earl," I shouted, "you'll do no such thing. You'll do nothing so base and low and unworthy the great name you bear. The honor of the Mortimers is at stake. The Mortimers have never been ones to take back their vows. You'll write Mrs. Bensonia and say that since you wrote last your cousin has died and you've become head of the house of Berkshire."

The earl gazed quite blankly into my eyes. He went red—white—almost Delsarted.

But:

"Confound it!" he finally drew himself up to declare. "I say, then, damn it, old chap, I'll have to tell her."

"And come straight back here, earl, please, and tell me what she says."

It takes twenty-eight hours for a letter to go to Peoria, and about the same for one to come from Peoria to New York. It was precisely on the fourth day that the earl turned up again in my office.

His state was midway between one of cheerfulness and chagrin. You could see from his clothes, though, how he'd been trying to keep his mind off things.

"Read this," he said impatiently. "*Read* it."

I did. It was as follows:

"8 Electric Boulevard,
"Peoria, Ill.

"DEAR BERT:

"I've decided I must never marry again. It is not fair to Jonas's memory and I had better just stay like I am I guess with many thanks to you for thinking of it. When you get out to Peoria I will tell you all about it and explain more fully but I am awful busy now with the twins for they are home from school with chicken-pox. I hope you will not mind about it. Life is pretty hard. Friends meet and part again. I must go to bed now with my thoughts. If you have ever chanced to read Whittier's 'Snowbound' you will know how I feel.

"Cordially,
"FLO."

"She writes a nice letter," said the earl.

And then:

"Why'd she chuck me, though?" he gloomily resented.

"Can't you see, earl," I said, giving him back Mrs. Bensonia's letter, "that Eade and Vera had a hand in this business?"

The earl drew in his breath.

"They never took much stock, you know, in your qualifications for the position of brother-in-law to themselves. And when you wrote, she told them, and they—they undoubtedly persuaded her it was a 'vile' trick to get her money."

"So—so she loved me after all?"

He had the nerve to press Mrs. Bensonia's letter to his lips.

"H'm. What are your plans, now?" I swung to in a maze of despair and wonder.

The earl sighed, folded the letter, slipped it into his left breast pocket.

"Off to-morrow, old chap. I'm sailing straight for home. I'll join my regiment, I expect, in 'nother month or so—if they need me. It's——"

That was pretty fine of him—"my" regiment? Gracious!

"I suppose," I interrupted nervously, "that one of the first things you do when you land will be look up Lady Muriel."

But at that the earl became rigid all over and picked up his gold-headed cane from my desk.

"I say, old chap, see here. There's some things, really, you know, a gentleman don't care to talk about—not even to a—a friend."

I bowed. I had forgotten for the moment I was speaking to a real earl.

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When the "meenew" came, . . . Bertie began to read it aloud from the beginning.—Page 61.

he, he who had always been so careful to do the right thing, who had feared by even so much as a false note in his shopping to jeopardize himself, should have gone, on the eve of inheriting an earldom, and offered himself to the buxomest of Peorian widows! Mrs. Bensonia in Mortimer Square? At Edgton in Kent? The twins echoing through Wrenn halls? Georgie? My face nearly disintegrated from the effort of having to confront such possibilities calmly. And then, incongruously, the humor of it became almost pathetically mixed up in my mind with the fact that she was perhaps the right woman for him to marry—the one woman who could make him, whatever he was, shine best in the ways he was constituted for.

"I'll have to write her, won't I?"

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in. The Germans when they entered Antwerp marched like that, only worse—columns and columns of them—all day and all night, and all the morrow. Imagine! . . . And the mists continued to clear.

A warlike age? Yes. But that wasn't all. War had its comedies, too. Behind me in that room, in my office, waited Bertie Mortimer. And——

But here is the letter:

"426 Gresham House,
"London, E. C.

"My Lord:

"I am informed through the investigations of our correspondents, Messrs. Brown, Benson, Estabrook and Wise, of 60 Wall Street, New York City, N. Y., that you are the eldest male descendant of Bruce Mortimer, Esq., formerly of Edgton in Kent, who sailed from Southampton on the boat *Juniper* in August, 1687, for the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, where he afterward settled and made his residence, and whence he never returned to his native land.

"It thus becomes my duty, as representative of the executors under the will of the last male descendant of the four elder brothers of said Bruce Mortimer, to advise you that you have come into the inheritance of the Edgton estates, of Wrenn in Derbyshire, of the houses and stables at Ascot, of Richmond Fields Manor, and of Mortimer Square, London, and of the earldom of Berkshire itself, all of which, you will be aware, the issues male of those brothers have for several hundred years past variously held and enjoyed in the order of their rightful succession by law established.

"Four Earls of Berkshire, and nine collateral heirs, have now died for their country within two years. Your late kinsman, the last earl, was killed on the second instant while flying over the battle lines in France.

"May I hope to hear from you, please, as soon as possible?

"Meanwhile, I remain, sir, with my condolences, your obedient servant,

"John Henderson."

To The Right Hon. Bertram Mortimer,
Earl of Berkshire,
35 Maple Avenue, Elyria, Ohio, U.S.A.
November 24, 1916.

The letter had gone from my desk by the time I stepped down through the window into the room. Bertie's hat and stick had gone, too. He had donned them all. He was stalking solemnly to and fro near the door. At sound of my coming, however, he glanced eagerly toward me; and I—I stopped still, dumbly gazing at him.

In a flash I realized that Bertie Mortimer actually looked the part. He showed to me of a sudden quite clearly in the light of what he had proved to be. I don't mean his superficial appearance convinced me, though he had apparelled that, as I've said (with what intuitive accuracy, too!) in a fashion meet for the effect he produced; it was more overwhelming than that. It was as if everything, everything I had ever seen and known in connection with him, came flocking and dovetailing together to confirm the wild truth disclosed. All the absurdities of his tastes, as I had grown to observe them, fitted magically together into this. His Delsarteing even—why, it was his own eurhythmic manner of expressing the savoir-faire he believed himself entitled to! A Briton! Of the landed gentry! Two and a quarter centuries on American soil had not purged away the glory of being it from the Mortimer blood. Without this accidental proof of who he was, he would have remained for me always a lovable, comical, desiring-to-be snob, who hadn't the wherewithal to back up his convictions, and who could only—well—Delsarte to maintain them. With his lands and his name assured, he was everything that he wanted so to be. An earl to the core!

I started to go to him. It was the least I should do. The circumstances demanded that much. But it was also the moment for Bertie to show his gratitude. As soon as he saw through the delicacy of my intention he ran toward me with arms outstretched.

"Congratulations, Lord Berkshire."

It was all I could say when I grasped his hand.

"What'll I do about Mrs. Bensonia?" he wailed.

"Oh!"

In my wonder I had overlooked the dire facts of his predicament. To think that

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the very kind of thing for which his former mannerisms had been substituted.)

"It's so different. You can't hardly say it isn't the same, my boy. It's beastly different, I tell you."

I wasn't sure whether I was awake or dreaming. His tone, his voice, I began to discern, were marvellously changed. His words came in a cadence that grotesquely blurred his usual errors of speech. He sounded as made over as a political neophyte after the first lesson in elocution.

"One owes a duty to one, after all, doesn't one?" Mortimer insisted.

"Have you lost your job, Bertie?" I demanded in horror.

"My—my—my 'job,' you say?"

He looked at me contemptuously, and away, and said, after another moment:

"I never heard 'til day 'fore yesterday."

I nodded.

"I never got the letter."

"*Hers?*"

Bertie placed his stick on my desk beside his hat.

"And I've been going round since——"

"Delsarteing, probably!"

I must have let it slip audibly, for Bertie, as if in reply, explained:

"No, that ain't—that 'is not'—the right name, old chap. What's the *name* to do with it, anyway?"

"Whose?"

I stopped at that. For Bertie didn't, for some reason, answer. And I simply couldn't get another word out.

"I hoped," he at length sighed sententiously, "you'd have something to suggest."

"Suggest? You old fool!" I cried. "What's the trouble? Is Lady Muriel dead? Has Flo of Peoria become penniless?"

He turned and walked over to the window and stood there, chin raised, hands clasped behind his back—my God! Was it really Bertie Mortimer at all? He kept lifting himself unctuously on his toes and letting himself down again. His fingers quivered, and I could see him catch them and clutch them, one by one, trying to compose himself—until he forced himself to turn and come back over to where I was.

"Pardon *me*," he said. "I ought to have told you, hadn't I? Honest, old chap, I don't realize. It's just like as if everybody must know. . . . Remember, whatever happens, I shall never, never forget your kindness."

He said it as if it were a great moment in my life—it was!—and, having spoken, drew a large envelope, already much thumbed and dog-eared, from his breast pocket.

"It went first to Elyria, see?" Bertie prefaced. "And they forwarded it, and it got here a week ago when I—when I was on the road. Here it is now. I hand it to you. I ask you to read it."

I had the feeling that something terrific was to be disclosed. I hesitated so that Bertie stepped to my side and drew out and unfolded the letter and passed it to me.

It was in a beautiful English hand. But the signature was glaringly not the same. It must have been written by a scrivener. It was on a long, business-size sheet. My eyes flew over the lines.

I read it again. I started to reread it a third time; but the words swam together.

Suddenly there was a burst of music from the street below. There came the steady beat, beat of a triumphal march drawing nearer and nearer.

It caught me in my dumfounded state unawares. I dropped the letter. I sprang round my desk to the window and threw up the sash. There is a narrow balcony outside, out on which I got. And thence my eyes looked toward confusion.

Black specks. Colors. Larger specks. Vague forms on other balconies and from windows across the way. Flags streaming. A great burst of crashing loud hurrahs growing louder. The steady stepping of a long procession of men.

I saw them now. The mists cleared from my brain. The whole scene broke into definiteness. I watched the crowds along the sidewalks. I heard what the people said. I understood.

I should have remembered before. Of course! It was the Tenth getting back from El Paso!

I stared at the long ranks of marching men. One got a glimpse there, a real glimpse, of the warlike age one was living

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THE IVORY SKULL

By Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto

[Illustrations by Kyhei Inukai

JUST back of Kamakura Beach stood beautiful Pine Hill, and at its top, where the little twisting paths met, stood a white summer cottage where lived the "honorable foreigners," as the villagers called Mr. and Mrs. Standish. They were on their way home now, after the winter in Tokyo, the three jinrikishas pulling slowly through the sand that had drifted deep on the narrow road. Down on the beach bronze-legged fishermen with short blue coats and handkerchiefs knotted about their heads were dragging creepy fish-nets over the yellow sand, and at the edge of the water a group of little brown children with tucked-up kimonos were splashing and shouting as they chased the waves of the ebbing tide.

"Look! Look! All look!" cried a wrinkled old woman as she hurried toward the men. "There come the honorable foreigners."

The men looked up quickly. With pleased faces they pulled off their handkerchiefs and, brushing the sand from their hands, began to walk slowly toward the approaching jinrikishas. When they reached the little procession it came to a halt and there were many bows and pleasant greetings. But the principal attraction was the third jinrikisha, which contained an amah with a dainty white bundle in her arms.

"It's a new baby," whispered one of the children, peering from her place at a respectful distance in the rear.

The head fisherman stepped forward, straightening his dingy sash.

"We are all glad to welcome you, Honorable Master," he said, "and we all rejoice that the gods have blessed you with the honorable infant heir."

"Thank you, Taro San. He's a very small heir just now, but he'll grow fast when he gets big enough to eat some of your good fish." Mrs. Standish, with amused eyes, was watching the old woman as she bobbed and swayed in front of the amah's jinrikisha, cooing to the baby, in the language which babies of every nation understand.

"O Ume," she said. "Would you like to hold the baby? Just lift him, and see how heavy he is."

The wrinkled face lighted with kindly smiles, as the amah reached out the babe and placed it carefully in her arms. The group of fishermen gathered reverently around, looking with admiration upon the restless white bundle.

"The young master kicks out strong with his honorable feet," said one.

"It is true," responded several voices. "He is very strong and big."

"Maa, maa," Ume softly cooed. "What beautiful black eyes!"

"Big, wide-open eyes! He can see much!" said another, clapping his rough hands to catch the babe's attention.

Ume turned and looking up into Mrs. Standish's clear blue orbs she said:

"They are not like those of his honorable mother."

"No, they certainly are not," laughed Mrs. Standish.

"And beautiful brown hair just like his honorable father," murmured Ume, "and a beautiful high nose! How many months has it been since the honorable birth?"

"Three—no, let me see—four months now."

"We will have to go, Kathleen," said Mr. Standish. "The pulling is pretty heavy and I have sent Jiya on ahead; I'll walk up the hill." Ume lifted the baby up to the amah, there were more bows, and in the midst of a chorus of "Sayonaras" the jinrikishas went climbing up the hill.

The Standish family was much liked by the simple villagers. Tall, dignified Mr. Standish, with his genial voice and friendly manner, called for their respect

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and admiration, and his gentle, fair-haired wife was loved by everybody. On summer evenings, when she walked down to the village, a troop of children always ran to greet her, and she never failed to have a smile and kind word for each one. Best of all, she had a habit of carrying odd little lumps of sweet, foreign cake, which she was fond of tucking into small brown hands. This summer every one rejoiced more than ever, for the new baby was an object of never-ending interest. Of course all the village congratulated the proud parents, but old Ume, who felt a special right, on account of many past kindnesses, made two cakes of pink-and-white rice paste, and, moulding them into the shape of baby storks, she brought them as a gift to the wee little son.

"How very pretty they are, O Ume," said Mrs. Standish. "It was beautiful of you to bring them to Bochan. They are a sign of long life, aren't they?"

"Yes, they wish him a life of a thousand years," said Ume, "and they also mean that he will stand nobly among others, like the old saying, 'A stork among crows!'"

Mrs. Standish smiled, but as she looked again at the quaint little emblems, she said thoughtfully:

"I hope the prophecy will come true." Then she added, with a smile: "I must be growing superstitious, for I feel as if you have really brought the baby good luck."

The summer passed away, and the winter took the Standishes back to Tokyo. But the first warm weather of the next summer found them again in the little white cottage on the hill. So passed several years, each one doing its share toward pushing the Standish baby into a stalwart boy, who in summer was known as O Bochan, the pet of Kamakura village, and in winter as Master Howard, the only son of the prosperous vice-president of the New York Oriental Company. In Tokyo he went to school in a low white building where about fifty children of missionaries and business men studied in the language of their own land. Little Howard was a quiet boy who loved books but who cared little for the strenuous games of school life. This separated him somewhat from the other boys. His most congenial companion was the faithful old jinrikisha man who wheeled him back and forth to school. It was an understood thing that when they reached the park Howard always got out and walked by the side of old Jiya, while the empty jinrikisha trundled along behind them. Many a pleasant hour did the old Japanese man and the young American boy spend, walking through the tunnels of thick cedars where long rows of stone lanterns stood in honor of an ancient hero, or in lingering along the edge of the big pond where masses of snowy lotus blossoms floated on the clear water. It was a common thing for them to rest on the steps of one of the shrines, and while waiting for the long, mellow boom of the temple bell, which Howard loved, he would listen with wide intense eyes to stories of Masatsura and other warrior heroes whose deeds lend glory to the history of old Japan. And during the cherry-blossom season it was only after repeated efforts that poor Jiya could succeed in getting the boy through the park gate which led directly home. There were always long, pulling tugs at his hand and frequent pleas of "Please go slower," while Howard bent back his head, watching in rapture the clouds of pink blossoms from which dainty petals were softly falling.

But out-of-door life lost its charm during the winter, and Howard's leisure hours were spent in study. Day after day his father came back from his office and found him sitting at his desk or buried in a book.

"Come, come, Howard!" he would call out in his breezy, healthy voice. "This will never do! Much work made Jack a dull boy, you know!" and he would fairly drag the boy away for a stroll through the park or a brisk spin in the fresh air.

But summer—that was the happiest time in all the year! Then even his beloved books were laid aside, and, content and care free, he roamed at will. Sometimes, on his brown pony with his mother on a black mare, he trotted along the picturesque pine roads that wound through the neighboring hills. At other times, with his bamboo sword held high in the air and singing a war-song at the top of his voice, he led a group of ragged fisher-boys to victory. No wonder he spoke Japanese as none of the other American

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children could speak it. He had no more accent than the little native children with whom he played.

One day, early in September, Howard kissed his mother good-by and mounted his pony. Then, as if having forgotten something, he leaped off and dashed into the house. In a moment he came running out, strapping to his belt a small bamboo sword.

"Why don't you ever take your American sword—the one daddy brought from Tokyo?" asked his mother.

"It's a good one," replied the boy slowly, "but I like this one better. This is the kind Masatsura had when he was a child. You know"—and Howard slowly crossed the porch and leaned over the back of his mother's chair—"you know he is my hero. I want to be like Masatsura. Of course I like George Washington and Lincoln and all the rest, but, you see, Masatsura was—different! Do you think it is impolite to daddy not to take the other sword?"

"You're a thoughtful boy and a dear. Of course not! There, run along!"

With a gay laugh Howard leaped once more on his pony and with a "Good-by, mother!" he dashed down the hillside, his bamboo sword swinging from his side. His mother drew a deep sigh, and then sat thoughtfully rocking to and fro, while her eyes wandered along the road, where now and then a passing jinrikisha or a trotting coolie with shoulder-poles appeared and disappeared among the green.

Howard knew the entire country about Kamakura as well as any of the guides at the Kaihiin, which was a large hotel that catered to the taste of Europeans. He started in the direction of Hachiman Temple, and as his pony slowly ascended the long hill and the narrow path grew more silent and lonely he began to wish that something exciting would happen. It did. A pathetic little sob broke into the quiet and a yellow head popped out from a thick mass of tangled underbrush beside the road.

Howard gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Why, who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Bee Edmonds," was the sobbing reply, and a little scratched and tear-stained face looked up to him.

Howard jumped down from his horse.

"Where do you live?"

"At the hotel."

"That's way down at the foot of the hill. What did you come here for?"

"To hunt bears."

"Ugh," scornfully sniffed Howard. "You won't find any bears here. Does your mother know where you are?"

"No," replied the child, slowly shaking her head. "I don't s'pose she does."

Suddenly she began to cry, wiping her face with the edge of a dainty organdie frock, now torn and soiled.

"I want to go home!" she sobbed.

"Don't cry. You come with me. I'll take you home," and Howard lifted the child to his saddle; then, swinging up himself, they trotted down the path leading to the Kaihiin.

As they approached the hotel Howard saw an unusual number of people on the veranda, and a group of ladies at the top of the steps were talking excitedly. When the pony swung around the curve of the road some one uttered a startled cry, and a woman dashed down the steps and ran toward them. Gathering the little girl in her arms, she cried with joy. Howard looked on quietly for a moment, then, raising his hat, he wheeled his pony and cantered down the road.

That evening, after little Bee was safely asleep, Mrs. Edmonds came down to the office.

"Who was that handsome lad?" she asked of the man in charge.

"Why, it was the Standish boy," replied the clerk. "They live at the top of Pine Hill."

"I certainly must call on his mother." And Mrs. Edmonds gave a grateful sigh as she thought of her little daughter.

That was the beginning of a warm friendship between the Edmondses and the Standishes, and as every summer both families returned to Kamakura, each year their friendship deepened. And thus years drifted by.

On Howard's fifteenth birthday his father gave him a watch. The chain had a short, dangling end, which was evidently intended for a charm, but, not seeing anything that he especially liked, a year passed and the little end still dangled empty. One warm spring day he chanced to be rummaging around in a cabinet of

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Drawn by Kyhei Inukai.

"We are all glad to welcome you, Honorable Master."—Page 83.

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old curios, when he found, in the bottom of a drawer, a small wooden box. In it was a thin piece of paper, yellow with age and covered with Japanese writing. Lifting the paper he saw, carefully wrapped in cloth, a little ivory skull, exquisitely carved.

"Just the thing for my watch-chain!" he exclaimed, and, crumpling up the bit of paper in his hand, he carelessly tossed it in the waste-basket and fastened the little skull on his chain. Then he went in search of his mother. Finding her entertaining a caller, he started out for a walk.

At the end of the street he stopped a moment to wait until a passing cart had got by. A youth at the corner shop was sprinkling the dusty road by throwing dipperfuls of water from a wooden bucket which he carried. Some ugly splashes flew up and spattered Howard's white suit.

Howard's temper blazed up instantly. He turned and faced the young man. He looked about twenty years of age and wore the uniform of a university student, but Howard noticed that his feet were slipped into wooden clogs.

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, in English almost free from accent.

Howard was crimson with rage, but he gave a slight bow of acknowledgment, then turned back and started home to change his clothes. As he turned he saw a feeble-looking old woman squatted on the dingy boards of the floor, watching them anxiously. She was putting some little cakes into the glass cases at the front of the shop. A weather-worn sign of "Home-made Cakes" hung over the humble place.

Mrs. Standish met her angry son at the foot of the stairs.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked.

"Just look at my clothes, mother!" cried Howard, with a disgusted glance down at his spattered suit.

"Why, son, how did you do it?"

"You know the little cake-shop at the corner where we take the car," he explained indignantly. "The boy there was watering the street, and—well, just look at my clothes! My new suit, too! I held my tongue, though!" and Howard's lips curved in a smile as he turned and started up the stairway. His watch-chain flashed in the light and Mrs. Standish caught a glimpse of the ivory skull.

"Why, son, where did you get that ornament?" she exclaimed, with surprise in her voice.

"Oh, yes, mother! I wanted to tell you, but Mrs. Sherman was here. I found it in the teakwood cabinet. I can have it, can't I?"

The mother gravely touched it.

"It is already yours, son."

"Mine! I didn't know that. Where did I get it?"

"It's been yours ever since you were a baby. Yes, you may have it, of course. Ah, there's the telephone ringing! I'll go!" And Mrs. Standish disappeared abruptly down the hall.

"The telephone didn't ring. Mother must be hearing things!" muttered Howard, as he leaped up the stairs, two steps at a time.

That night Howard told his father of the incident at the corner.

"I know that young man," said Mr. Standish. "He's a plucky fellow. He is working his way through the university. His grandmother keeps the cake-shop. They say his father was an American sailor. Anyway, he is Eurasian."

Then Howard remembered the unusual pronunciation of the boy's English.

"Well, I hope it won't happen again, for I should lose my temper, sure, the next time."

But it did happen.

The next Sunday, when Howard was starting for church, he saw the same boy walking slowly ahead of him, sprinkling the walk. Howard was in a hurry and, stepping up close behind, was just about to pass when the youth swung out his arm and tossed the last dipperful of water. It struck the dust and spattered some muddy drops over Howard's trousers.

Howard turned and cried out: "Why can't you be careful with your old water!"

"My back was to you, Mr. Standish," was the quiet answer. "You must have seen what I was doing."

The calm tone enraged Howard.

"This is the second time, and I shan't stand for it, you *ainoko* (half-breed)!"

In an instant Howard regretted the taunt. He knew that he had been neither

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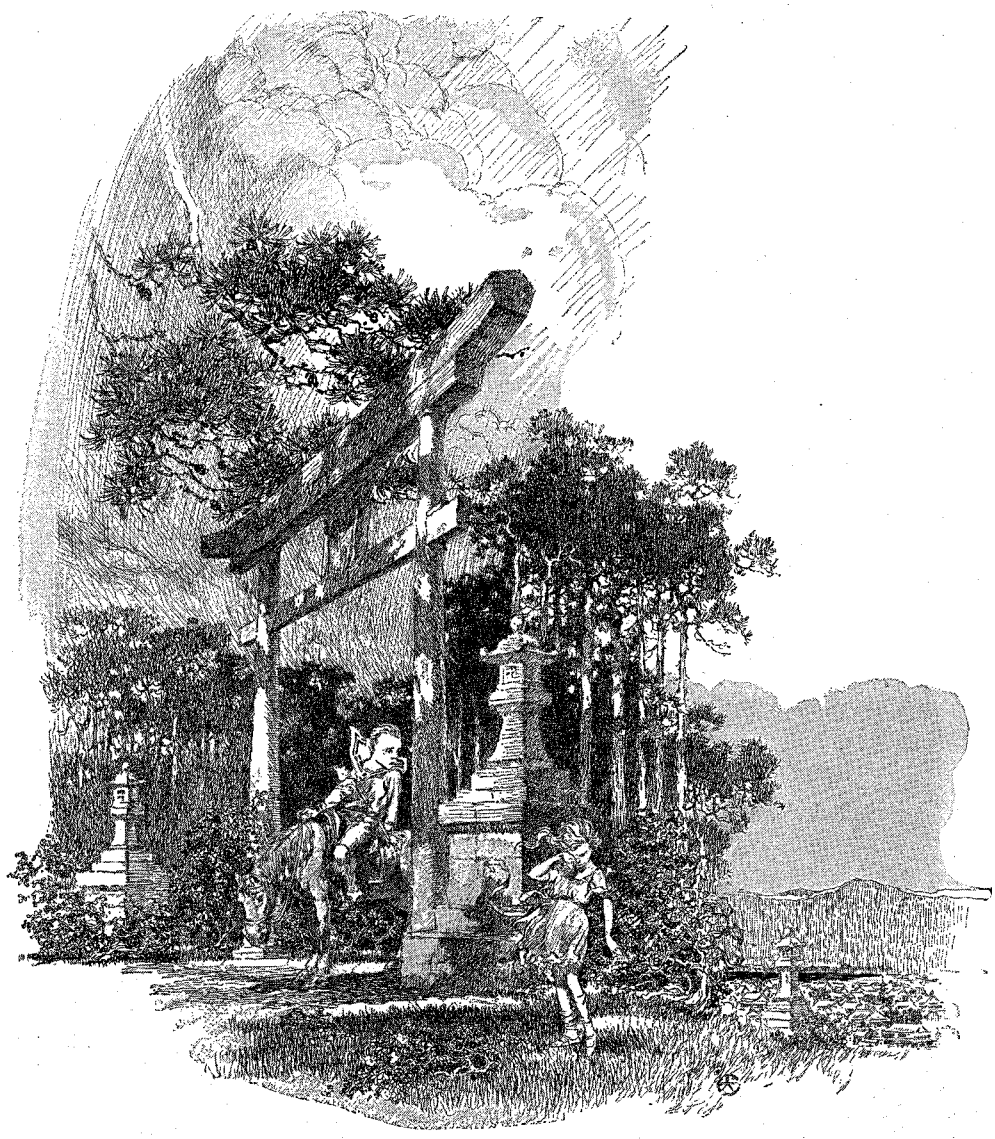

"Don't cry. You come with me. I'll take you home."—Page 85.

gentlemanly nor dignified, but it was too late to retract.

A dull red crept over the boy's face, and anger flashed from his black eyes.

"Take that back and offer an apology!" he said in a low, steady voice.

"I won't!" retorted Howard.

The next moment he was held fast in a rigid grip.

"Let go! Let go, I tell you!"

But the boy did not let go. Howard loosened one arm with a jerk and slapped his opponent square in the face. The next moment he found himself pinned to the ground, the boy firmly holding him down.

"No Japanese will take an insult easily, Mr. Standish. Offer me an apology."

"I shall not!" hissed Howard between shut teeth. Then he felt the grip tighten;

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he saw an arm raised above his head and, still upraised—suddenly pause. Howard looked up, surprised. The boy's eyes were fastened on the little carved skull on his chain. The next instant the muscles relaxed, he rose to his feet and, with a queer, strained quiver in his voice, said:

"Mr. Standish, you may go!"

Howard got up and started to walk away, but, looking back, he saw the boy gazing steadily after him. For one moment their eyes met. Howard never forgot that look. It was filled with wonder, curiosity, or some expression so strange that he was unable to analyze it.

That summer the Edmondses concluded to return to America, and Mr. Standish decided to have Howard go with them and remain until he had completed his college education.

Thus it happened that one afternoon, early in September, Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds, with Howard and little Bee, who was now a growing girl of fourteen, stood on the deck of an American steamer which was about to sail. The last warning had been sounded, the last hurried farewells spoken, and they were watching Mr. and Mrs. Standish as they went down the steps and across the narrow bridge to the dock.

The platform was crowded with faces, some laughing, some tearful, and many uplifted hands were holding the ends of blue, pink, and white paper ribbons which led in swaying lines to the friends on the

"No Japanese will take an insult easily, Mr. Standish. Offer me an apology."—Page 88.

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dock of the steamer. As the big ship slipped away from the pier the many-colored ribbons tangling back and forth looked like a fluttering rainbow reaching from deck to dock. The strip of water widened, and Howard watched eagerly to see whose "friendship line" of those he held would be the last to break. One by one they parted until a single wavering line of blue was left. He searched for the other end, and there he saw, looking straight into his own, those same black eyes with the same strange expression that he remembered so well. He was startled and looked again. The face was lost in the sea of people, but the unbroken ribbon was floating—still floating—as he sailed away. Half unconsciously he drew it toward him in big, looping festoons. Against the wind it followed untearing, and he drew it in to the last inch.

Six years later found Howard an employee of the Oriental Electric Company. Owing to his familiarity with the Japanese language he had been chosen by the firm to be sent the following year to Japan as assistant manager of the Yokohama branch. Proudly he wrote home telling the news, and also intimating that he was expecting to take Bee back with him. The engagement of Howard and Bee was not a surprise to either family. Ever since the day when he played the part of hero and saved the lost child their interests had been closely interwoven, and it seemed a most natural thing that the childish friendship should have budded into mutual love.

They were together one evening at a reception held by a prominent club in one of New York's palatial hotels. It was in honor of some international agreement of equal importance and satisfaction to both countries. Beneath the crossed flags—the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun—many prominent persons of both nations chatted in friendly talk, and young people of blond Occident and brunette Orient mingled in floating couples on the floor of the big ballroom.

At the end of one of the dances, just after Howard had taken his partner to a seat, he heard close to him Mr. Edmonds's voice:

"Howard, I want you to meet one of our most talented and successful young business men, Mr. Kuwano of Boston—Mr. Standish."

Howard turned. As the two men faced each other, their eyes glued together, Howard gasped faintly. Both figure and face of the other had changed, but those deep black eyes were the same.

"Shall we go out and smoke?"

How well Howard recalled that cool, steady voice.

"Yes," he replied, following his companion, and wondering why he felt dazed and unnatural. They entered the smoking-room. It was deserted save for a gay group in a far corner. The two sat down. The faint strains of a waltz mingled drowsily with the murmur of distant voices, broken by an occasional burst of laughter near by.

"It has been six years since I have seen you," said Mr. Kuwano, his steady eyes fixed upon his companion.

Howard muttered something vague in return. To save his life he could not be natural—and why? Why was he lingering there so stupidly? For what was he waiting?

Kuwano reached forward, and, taking a cigar from the box on the table, he slowly pulled from his pocket a silver cigar snipper. Deliberately balancing it in the air he lifted it slowly. Something small and yellow dangled from its chain.

Howard drew a quick breath and involuntarily put his hand to his watch-chain. Grasping the little carved skull, he slowly rose from his seat and approached Kuwano. He reached over and held the two bits of carving side by side. They were absolutely identical, the two bases showing the same grain.

"They are twins!" he said, trying to laugh lightly, but the sound ended in a whisper. Kuwano nodded, his black eyes still looking steadily into Howard's face.

After a moment he spoke.

"They are a pair," he said. "They were carved, as you see, from the same piece of ivory and by the same hand. And their owners are from the same ancestor."

"What do you mean?" cried Howard hoarsely.

"Listen. We are of the same blood, you and I. We are brothers. Have you

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never wondered why your heart always leans to your own people? Have——"

"No, never!"

"Did you not like your Japanese playmates best? Did you not love the games, the flowers, the customs as no foreigner ever loves them? Have you not taken the side of Japan in every discussion? Were not her heroes your own?"

"No!" But his voice was dull and hesitating.

"Think well."

"No!"

And yet he found his mind groping back—back and slowly, piece by piece, picking out incidents from the time he was a child. How he loved Masatsura! How he loved his bamboo sword! How he loved Jiya and all his Japanese companions—even the poor fisher-people of Kamakura Beach. Though his tongue denied, his heart knew that Kuwano

Howard drew a quick breath and involuntarily put his hand to his watch-chain.—Page 90.

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spoke the truth. Yet how could such a thing be? How could he, Howard Standish, be *not* Howard Standish, but some one else?

"Look at this." Kuwano pulled from his pocket a folded bit of yellowed paper, just like the one Howard had tossed in the waste-basket long ago. He spread it out on the table.

Kuwano translated.

"There are two ivory skulls. Search for the other. To find it will bring happiness to both living and dead."

Howard neither moved nor spoke. He sat staring before him without expression, but he heard Kuwano's voice going on:

"You—we—were born of honorable parents. Your father was an American and your mother the daughter of an ivory carver. She married the Christian way and her father would never see her again. Our father was a good man. He was killed in an accident on the dock just before you were born. Mother could not keep us both, so you were left at the gateway of a kind foreign family. They adopted you. After grandfather died mother took me to my grandmother. Now they are both dead, and I have only you."

There was a long silence.

"Oh, God!" cried Howard, with despair, grief, and hopelessness melted into the one word.

"Do you remember the time that you struck me? I saw the ivory skull, and knew who you were. That night I thought a long time. I felt my duty as head of the family, and longed to claim you, but what could I give you? Nothing but a hut and a few go of rice. You were happy in a good home, so I waited. But that night I made a vow that I would earn wealth and position, so I could bring you back to the house of your ancestors."

He eagerly watched the pale face of the brother for whom he had worked and yearned all these years. Even his foreign education furnished no clew to the puzzling reluctance of Howard to accept his offer. Finally he asked, slowly and falteringly:

"Are you not happy with this new knowledge? Are you not glad to come back to your own family?"

"No—yes—it is hard to answer. I cannot say anything now. In a few days— You—you are very kind."

Howard lifted his head and looked straight into those deep, anxious eyes, then with a sudden impulse he stretched out his hand. Kuwano caught it in a fervent grasp. At that moment Howard felt the hot blood dash madly through his veins, and he knew—incredible though it might seem—that what Kuwano had said was true; and—more incredible still—smothered deep in his heart there was exultation, not regret, that it was true.

The next evening Howard called at the Edmonds's house and found Bee alone. He was very quiet and absent-minded, and after she had tried in every way to arouse him and he still sat silent in the big leather chair, she went over to him and, laughing in his face, cried: "Now's your chance to make money. I'll pay a penny for your thoughts."

Howard looked up as if to speak, then quickly down again.

"Howard." Bee sat down on the arm of the chair and looked gravely into his troubled eyes. "You have been queer ever since last night—ever since you came out of the smoking-room with that Mr. Kuwano. Did he say anything dreadful? Please tell me."

Howard got up and walked over to the window, and stood with his back to her.

"Bee"—his voice sounded hoarse—"I'm sailing a little earlier than I planned."

"Yes?" she said cheerfully. "That will be all right."

"I'm leaving the city next week. I—I'm going rather suddenly. I——"

"Howard!" she gasped, springing forward and jerking him by the arm. "Howard! Howard!" Her voice was frightened. "What is the matter? Am—am I not going too?"

"No, Bee," he said in a muffled tone. "I can't ask you to go with me. It wouldn't be right."

"Why? Why can't you ask me to go with you?"

"Because I am not a Standish. I am nothing you think I am!"

He wheeled around and faced her with livid lips.

"Mr. Standish is not my father. I am

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an adopted son. My father was only a sailor, and my mother a simple-hearted Japanese woman who loved her husband enough to give up everything for him. But," he went on quickly, "my parents were both good people, and, thank God! I need not be ashamed of either of them. But"—his voice broke—"I am not what you thought I was, and I cannot ask you to go back with me."

He dropped his head. For a moment Bee was silent, her face shocked and white, then a great wave of tenderness swept over it, and, looking him straight in the eyes, she smiled as she had never smiled before.

"Am I not good enough to be the wife of a sailor's son?"

"Bee! Bee!" he cried chokingly. "Do you mean that it doesn't matter?"

"Why should it? I'm marrying you, Howard, not the Standish family."

OUR YOUTH AS WE WOULD HAVE THEM

By Robert Kilburn Root

"AND what, pray, should an old bachelor know about the education of children?"

"Madam," I replied, with the barest hint of that acerbity which is supposed to mark the caste, "an old bachelor should know everything about the education of children. Who else can lay claim to a knowledge unbiassed by prejudice? To an anxious but adoring mother her own children are each and severally an exception, a sole phœnix of Araby; and since this is plainly repugnant to reason, what should you, madam, the mother of six, know about the education of children? Nor is a father much nearer the philosophic mind. As for the maiden aunt, she is proverbially either querulously critical or absurdly indulgent. The children themselves, to whom, madam, I observe you habitually defer in these matters, can hardly be regarded as possessing the disinterestedness of the true sage."

It was, perhaps, not an altogether tactful remark; for though my gracious hostess honored my final fling with a little laugh, there was a flush of something like resentment in her cheeks. But she was opportunely called away for close conference with the French governess; and I retreated with the latest magazine to a sheltered corner of the broad piazza.

As usual, I turned first to the idle attractions of the advertising pages; and, guided, no doubt, by the conversation just terminated, my eye lighted on a heavy black caption which read: "Schools and Colleges." Here were thirty pages crowded with announcements of schools, academies, seminaries, institutes, "collegiate institutes," and "colleges," geographically disposed through thirty States. One was bewildered by the sheer multiplicity of them. Seventy-one schools in New England threw open their doors to our sons and daughters in the pages of this single magazine. New York offered a choice of forty-nine, Pennsylvania thirty-one, Maryland and the District of Columbia twenty-three, and Virginia nineteen. As was to have been expected, our more favored youth seeks its schooling along the Atlantic littoral. As one follows the westward path of empire, school announcements become more sparse—only five each in Ohio and Indiana, ten in Illinois. And the hegemony of the older East is tacitly acknowledged by such phrases as: "a real Eastern school in the heart of the Middle West," "educational and social training equal to that of Eastern schools," "a school of Eastern standards in the sunshine of the Southwest."

The universities and the colleges of higher standing hang out no magazine shingle—preferring to advertise in more subtle ways. But the schools which advertise include many of the highest repu-

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tation; so that the advertisements taken as a whole should represent fairly well the ideals of private school education, as formulated by principal and head master to catch the patronage of earnest parent and care-free youngster among the more prosperous classes of the republic, "to appeal to the young American boy and the discriminating parent." We may not learn the educational ideals of the philosophic bachelor; but it should be possible to gather what the "discriminating" parent would fain do for son and daughter—"all the advantages you cherish for *your* girl," as one of the announcements puts it.

There stand out sharply certain differentiations according to sex. The "advantage" which is most "cherished" for our girls is the development of "personality." One school promises that "each girl's personality will be observed and developed." Another proclaims that it is "distinctly devoted to and recognized as the Pioneer School of Personality." This attribute of "personality" is an all but exclusive possession of girls, one gathers; for only one of the boys' schools recognizes its existence. They undertake, instead, to develop "character," which seems to be an attribute equally peculiar to the male. Has the experience of our lady principals led them to adopt Pope's dictum that "most women have no characters at all"? Or is it indelicate to mention the "character" of a young lady? Probably the latter; for the girls' schools never boast of "high moral tone" or of "high moral standards." It were a derogation even to suggest such a thing. Cæsar's wife has no need to boast her virtue. But this may be oversubtle. Perhaps "personality" is but character rendered socially convertible.

A majority of the girls' schools teach housekeeping, though they seldom employ so plebeian a term. "Domestic science," "domestic arts," "household arts" or, better yet, "home economics" are more blessed words. One school offers "household science, including actual practice in a real home." How is it managed, I wonder? Do these young household scientists systematically invade the "real" homes of the quiet and conservative New England town where their seminary is located? One shudders at the possible complications. At another school "unusual training is given in various phases of home-making, from marketing to entertaining." Does this include training in the art of managing a husband? But perhaps nature's above art in that respect. Still another school "qualifies girls to preside over and maintain well-ordered homes," a qualification which must surely include firm marital discipline. One metropolitan school gives "training for simplified and standardized housekeeping." We need no definition, alas, of what is so euphemistically described as "simplified" housekeeping; but what is the "standardized" variety? Is our humble establishment standardized when we succeed in maintaining a single servant; or does the standard imply at least two maids and a man? Should not our boys also be trained for, or at least inured to, simplified housekeeping? They, poor lads, hear no word of "home-making," unless at the institution which describes itself as "a coeducational school where boys and girls get a vision of the highest purposes of life."

Another exclusive prerogative of our female youth is "culture." Not only "domestic arts" but music and the plastic arts are her special birthright. If the school is near Boston, the "cultural advantages of the city are utilized." It is never hinted that a near-by city holds cultural advantages for her schoolboy brother. Heaven forbid that we should make a mollycoddle of him! Perhaps it is not only "cultural advantages" which lure the girls of a Connecticut school which advertises that it is only an hour from New Haven, "to which interesting city instructive trips may be taken."

One subject of study which is widely advertised by our female seminaries is called "expression." I do not know precisely what it may be; but as it is never taught to boys, I gather that it must be classified as an art. Is it composition, or elocution, or some subtle blending of the two, ending perhaps in a flood of tears? Or it may be merely the feminine gender of oratory, with social small talk as one of its branches. At any rate concealment need not feed on the damask cheeks of our girls. The coming generation of

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women will know how to answer back; we shall have no mute inglorious Pankhursts.

Nor is the girl's social training neglected. One school "provides in its curriculum of study and exercise for hours of social intercourse." Or she may go to a school of "select national attendance," only "fifty minutes from Fifth Avenue," where "city and suburban life are delightfully blended." This school offers her "every advantage; all studies; no examinations." In the flowery lap of this paradise regained, our tender Eve may indeed gather "flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose." And yet it is a rival institution which proclaims itself "a school for the girl of to-day and to-morrow."

Not so fortunate her brother. For him, in one school at least, "recreation is balanced with study." Another school, otherwise of excellent repute, brutally labels itself "essentially a school for hard work." There is, after all, the spectre of college entrance examinations to mar the bliss of ignorance, and turn the young barbarian from his play. But anxious parents need not fear; Jack will not become a dull boy, nor an ailing boy, from all work. One announcement reassuringly says that "development and maintenance of health are considered of first importance"; and another lays chief stress on "training for good physical manhood." Even more convincing is the all but universal emphasis laid on "extensive grounds; golf course and tennis-courts; football and baseball field" and on the "magnificent gymnasium with new swimming-pool." If Jack is a dull boy, it is not because of underemphasizing his play. Nor is his sister Jill neglected. For her, spacious acres beckon to hockey, tennis, and basket-ball; there is the inevitable "new" swimming-pool; and without exception provision is made for horseback riding—a particularly ladylike sport, it would seem, since it is a diversion rarely provided for her brother. No, we need not worry. Our youth will be moulded into forms of "sturdy virility" and lithe amazonity, whatever may happen to their poor little minds. If our Olivers and Olivias pathetically cry for "more," it will not be of porridge nor of fresh air. It is assumed, apparently, that if we diligently seek first soundness of body, there will inevitably be added unto us a sound mind to dwell therein. But, "what porridge had John Keats"?

It is, indeed, a princely provision that has been made for the well-being of our youth. "Set high on a hillside" or "picturesquely situated" in a "quaintly beautiful village," in "one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America," on its well-shaded "estate" of fifty or a hundred acres, Academe lifts skyward its "handsome fireproof buildings with finest modern equipment." Its "new" residence halls have "sunny, cheerful rooms" and sleeping-porches, with private or at least "adjoining" baths. For the girl, "individual closets and long mirrors" create the "atmosphere of a real home." In such surroundings, and with such "abundant outdoor life," sickness should be ashamed ever to show its pallid face; but to provide even for remote contingencies, "an exceptionally fine infirmary has just been completed." It is in strange contrast to all this that a well-known military academy announces a "new $135,000 Memorial Library being built." A library forsooth! Shall our boys be cabined, cribbed, confined in the stifling atmosphere of musty old books? But this school is in the Middle West, and has plainly not yet attained "real Eastern standards." It is comforting to find that other schools do not waste precious endowment on such alabaster boxes.

The war has inevitably left its mark—in the case of the girls by the establishment in New York of various "Ecoles Françaises," driven by inexorable Mars from the most "exclusive" quarters of Paris, "where girls may learn to speak fluent French and at the same time have New York advantages." In the case of the boys the influence shows itself—wholesomely, no doubt—in the emphasis on military training, to which we look for the development of "character, manliness, and honor," as well as of "rugged health." In general, the faith in the desirability of this training is whole-hearted and without scruple; but a cautious school in New Jersey advertises "just enough of the military training to inculcate habits of obedience, promptness, orderliness, and

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self-reliance." Would less desirable results ensue on a transgression of this nicely discriminated "just enough"? Or is a canny principal "playing safe" for a possible swing toward pacifism? Even more Laodicean is the school which describes itself as "non-military, but with a military department."

A popular note in schools for either sex is that of individuality. "Your son—not the class—the unit." We may be assured that our exceptional jewels will receive "thorough comprehension." "Each boy is studied physically and mentally to increase individual efficiency." His individuality is "observed" and his needs met, "whether instruction, encouragement, advice, or discipline." One infers that instruction and advice are not to be lightly administered by a school, save to boys whose peculiar individuality indicates such a prescription. An ambitious school in Connecticut offers "unusual training for boys and girls 6–12 years. Independence of thought emphasized." This school undertakes to send forth its young pupils "clear, fearless thinkers with sound bodies and reverent spirits"—and all this at the tender age of twelve!

This note of individuality, though somewhat less ambitiously proclaimed, pervades all these pages of school announcements. If our youth is taught to think at all, he is taught to "think for himself." One is reminded of the story of Mrs. Shelley, who was seeking a school for the poet's son. A friend recommended a school where the lad would be taught to think for himself. "I'm not sure," replied Mrs. Shelley with a faint smile, as she reviewed the career of the boy's famous father—and perhaps of her own father also—"I'm not sure that I wouldn't rather send him to a school where he would be taught to think like other people." Is it not, perhaps, the function of school and of university to insist in these days of many plausible heresies on soundness as well as independence of thought? I should be glad to send my own son or daughter—if, alas, I had any—to a school which undertook to impress upon the fledgling character or "personality" of the child the mark of a great and noble tradition, to institute him into at least the first instalments of his age-long inheritance from the illustrious past.

And what is the fruit of all these spreading trees of pedagogy? I have been for many years a teacher in a university which draws three-quarters of its students from these private schools. I have taught many a freshman class, and have known many of my pupils rather intimately. I can lay no claim to any special knowledge of the girl-graduate; but I can fairly consider myself something of a connoisseur in boys. Despite many outstanding exceptions, it is not difficult to draw a composite portrait of this host of young men who have during fifteen years proceeded through my classroom and dropped in individually for fireside talks. One thinks first of all of their superb physical fitness, their flashing eyes, ruddy cheeks, and broad shoulders. Not long since I was showing our campus sights to a visitor who is professor in a State university of the Northwest. We happened to look in on the gymnasium swimming-pool at a crowded hour of the late afternoon. He was amazed at the physical splendor of the glistening young bodies that lined the brink, or shot like sudden beams of light into the cool green water. It was indeed a gallery of Greek marbles come to life. "Our Western farms and ranches send us nothing like that," he said. The many-acred play fields and "expensively equipped" gymnasiums of the school announcement are justified of their works.

The qualities of this golden youth are not merely physical. Taken at his average best, he is manly, clean-lived, and within the scope of his vision honorable, generous, loyal—and these are no mean virtues. His mind, however, is pitifully unfurnished. He has learned enough Latin, mathematics, French, and English to pass the entrance examinations. Beyond the books of his school curriculum he has read nothing. For him the great realms of art, the far reaches of science, the problems of polity and society, are not merely unexplored but non-existent regions. His mind is not only ill-furnished, but undisciplined. He cannot use his slender store of knowledge with any precision or accuracy. In every freshman class there are a few shining exceptions to

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remind one that the lad of eighteen or nineteen may be an intelligent young gentleman as well as a splendid young animal. One usually finds that in these exceptional cases the credit is due either to peculiarly fortunate home influences, or in many instances to residence in a European school. These children of light are usually regarded by their average classmate with a certain suspicion. It is not good form in freshman circles to read books outside the curriculum, especially if they are by such esoteric authors as Conrad or H. G. Wells.

We cannot charge the schools with any breach of faith. What they advertise to do, they do with reasonable success. They give us back our youth healthy and strong; they inculcate "high ideals," howbeit somewhat circumscribed; they get their pupils by the College Entrance Board examinations. More than this they do not promise; more than this their patrons do not demand. Our youth are as we would have them. And yet one could imagine a school——

I had long since thrown aside my magazine, and was inviting my soul in speculation, when my hostess again sought me out. She had an open letter in her hand, and her fine face beamed pride and joy.

"I've just had such good news from Billy. They've made him captain of his freshman eleven; and he says that means that he's sure to make Beta Alpha. You know that was his dear father's fraternity. I wish Billy were a better student; but then a boy learns so much at college that doesn't come from books. I shouldn't want him to study too hard."

"Madam," I replied, "it is plain that we must begin by educating the parents of our youth, particularly their mothers."

THE CHILD TO THE GHOST OF KARIN

By Frederika Peterson Jessup

O Karin, little Karin, the moon is on the lake,
And I want thee to tell me which of three paths to take:
The path that leads to Everyday, the way of panting breath,
The path that leads to Fame's realm,
Or the path that leads to Death.

I am his little daughter, and I love thee as he did,
And I am come to call thee, to do what thou dost bid;
For thou smilest in the moonbeams, and thou weepest in the rain,
And thou art Friggs's own messenger
That passes through the grain!

O Karin, little Karin, though tiny I may seem,
I am brave as is a mother and swift as is a dream—
I am ready, little Karin, to step upon the way
That leads to joy or sorrow
Or back to Everyday.

So answer, little Karin, and say what Life may bring
And if I may but weep and if I may but sing,
And whisper in thy ghost-voice the path that I must tread,
Be it with or past the living
Or upward to the dead.

. . . . . .

Thou hast answered, little Karin, and my Viking blood is free:
I will take the moon's gold pathway that shall guide me up to thee,
I will take the path that glitters, but is only and apart—
The path of bliss and anguish
That awaits the lonely heart.

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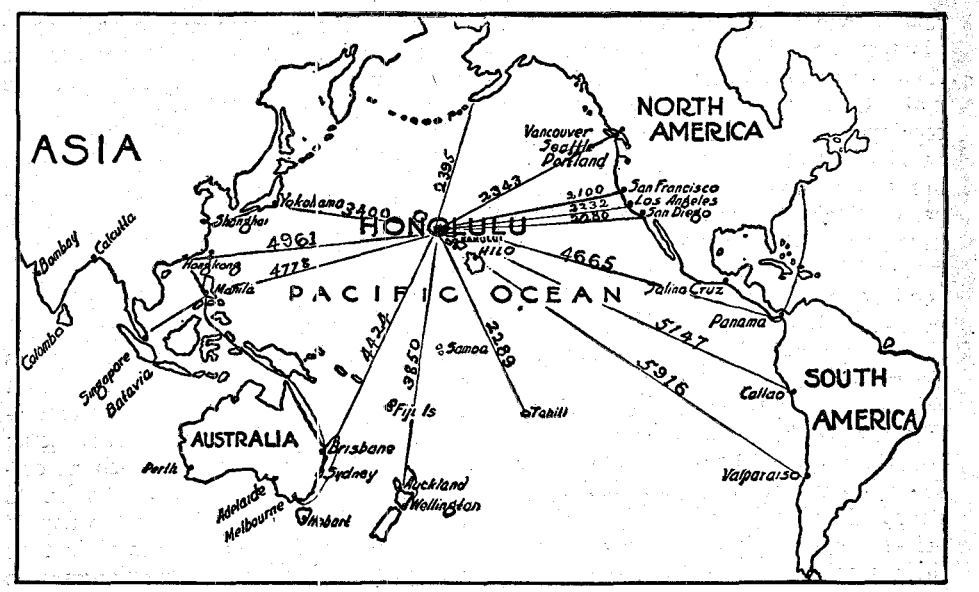

AT THE PACIFIC CROSS-ROADS

HAWAII

By Charles H. Sherrill

Author of "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America," "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine," etc.

DID you ever think of the Hawaiian Islands as the pitcher's box of the Pacific Ocean, or as the cross-roads refreshment pavilion where products and sights of all those far-flung lands could be sampled without bothering to visit them? Perhaps the first view-point will throw light upon the problem of power in the Pacific, and the second beckon you thither.

In the first place, let us lay out our diamond. The home plate will be California, and from there we will run our base-line out to Japan, which will be first base. No scoring will be possible unless you get to and around that point. The first baseman may sometimes play a little off his base, so as to cover more territory, as baseball men say. When he does that he will be standing on China! Second base will be our Philippine base. It is essential to have a good player covering this bag so as to handle throws from the home plate (California) to head off runners coming around from first base (Japan), for nobody will ever endanger the home plate if you can throw him out at second base. The first man we played in that important position (May 1, 1898), Admiral Dewey, was one of the sharpest infielders we ever had, careful, but quick to act on his own initiative, and especially good at completing a play. His first move was to put out a Spaniard, who thought himself safe, but was not used to quick play, and immediately thereafter he put out a German admiral, who tried to steal the base. Third base is Australia. This difficult position is being well covered by a player who, although comparatively new at this corner of the diamond, learned the game on other fields where Anglo-Saxon sport prevails. He is a fine hitter, as appears from his sending 430,000 men to fight in France from his population of only 5,000,000, and that, too, without conscription! The pitcher's box (our Hawaiian Islands) did not favor efficient pitching until the great naval base at

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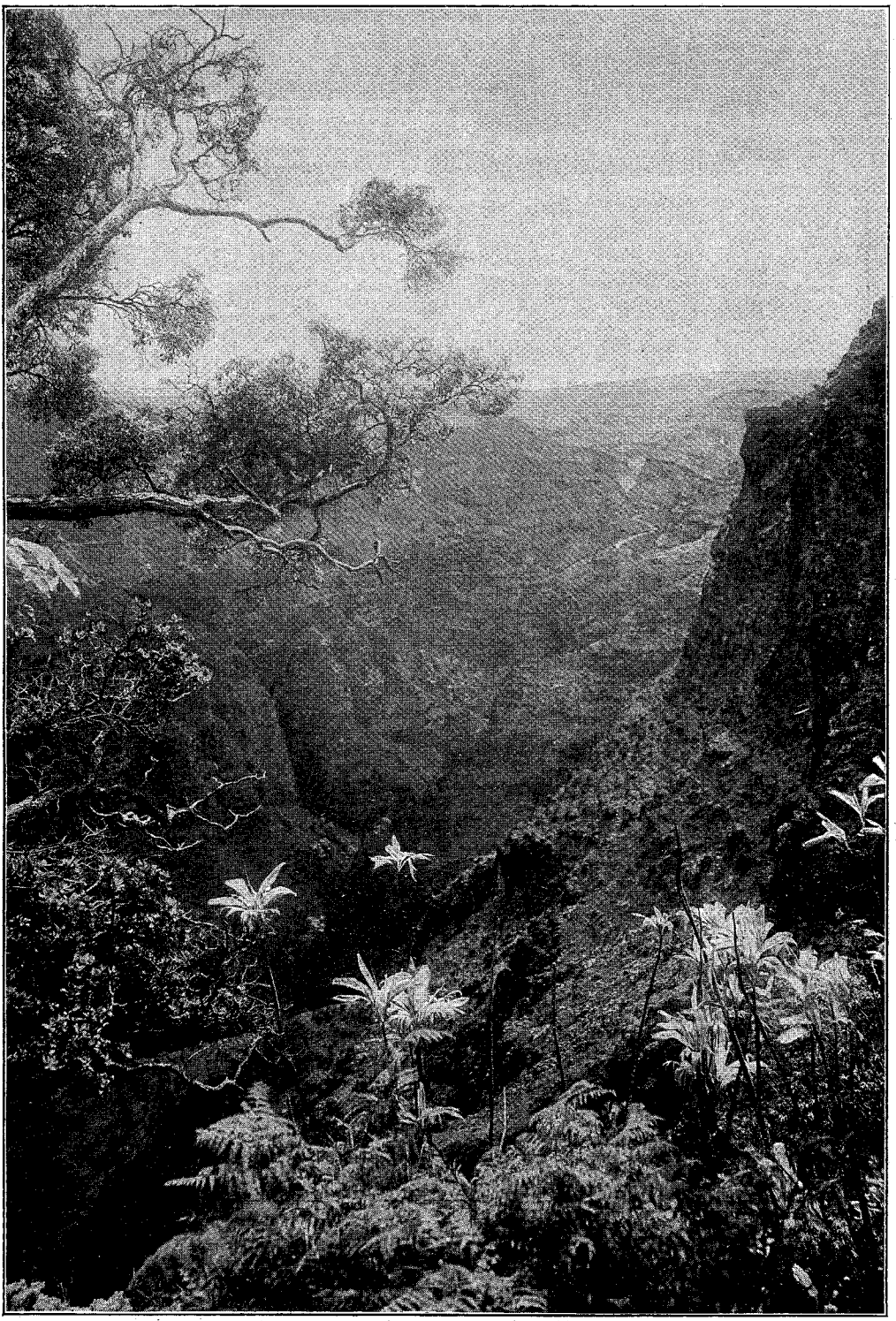

From a photograph by A. Gartley.

The Grand Canyon on the Island of Kauai.

The vivid coloring of its walls, 3,500 feet high, rivals that of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

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Pearl Harbor was completed, but now it affords every facility for speedy delivery of the ball, not only to the home plate, but also to any corner of the diamond. The pitcher (the United States navy) is growing stronger all the time, has excellent control of the ball, and is well trained. He is especially experienced at strike-outs, is good-humored, never quarrels with the umpire, and the longer the game the better he pitches. He says he feels quite at home in his new pitcher's box, and is ready for work the moment there is a batter up. That concludes a baseball view of international strategy around the Pacific.

The accompanying relief-map of the island of Oahu reveals at a glance the natural advantages of Pearl Harbor. Imagine three large harbors, side by side, and opening into each other, lying four miles inland, reached from the sea by a single deep channel through the coral reef, sufficiently winding to be easily defended and yet, thanks to the steepness of its coral banks, giving deep water right alongside all the docks. So deep is it that when the entrance-channel was being dredged the contractors actually dumped the refuse into the middle of the harbor, because the water there was over 200 feet deep. Built into the side of one of the three harbors is a great dry dock, long enough to receive a thousand-foot ship, if and when she ever comes along. It took nine years to build, and it looks it. The wireless plant is so powerful that it talks with the Eiffel Tower in Paris! The facilities for coaling and oiling ships are of the very latest type. Around the outside of the great coal-piles runs a high concrete wall, reminding one of the exterior of a huge modern college football stadium. You imagine that its strength is intended for defense, but to your surprise learn that you are really looking at the elevated shores of a dry lake, built so that if the coal within gets afire it can be flooded and the fire promptly extinguished. To one motoring back of and above Pearl Harbor, through the miles on miles of pale-green sugar-cane or the long stretches of greenish-silver pineapples, the great harbor looks like three peaceful Scottish lakes, with peaked hills thrown around about them, but nature's "protective coloring" is but camouflaging one of the world's great strongholds, not only for defense, but also, if necessary, for decisive offense. The accompanying map, with steaming routes and distances laid out upon it, shows that Pearl Harbor bears the same relation to the Pacific that Malta does to the Mediterranean. It is, however, of far greater strategic significance here than is Malta in its waters, because the distances here are so much greater that a naval force intending to launch an attack against our side of the Pacific would not dare leave Hawaii unreduced behind it. Coaling or oiling for a trip across the Pacific, and naval operations thereafter, is a problem which lies far beyond those of Mediterranean dimensions.

So much for the baseball view of the Pacific, in which we have gazed upon that distant scene from the bleachers beloved of all American youth, and have cheerfully contemplated possibilities of a contest which, in our heart of hearts, we hope will never come to pass. Now for our second digression from the customary and beaten path of tourist description. What about the Hawaiian Islands as a refreshment pavilion, standing at the cross-roads of the Pacific, where travellers may sample the viands and life of all its farthermost corners? I, alas, spent but five weeks in that anchored paradise, but it needed but one day to justify "refreshment" as the exact word for its description. It is a great mistake to think of Hawaii as merely a stop-over point on the way to the Orient, and not as worth a visit for itself alone. You can sample the Orient by visiting Hawaii and going no farther. Its 110,000 Japanese generally wear their native costume, have their temples, gardens, etc., and so do the numerous Chinese population. The Japanese and Chinese shops are fascinating. To complete the picture, the trees, plants, and fruits of the Orient grow about you in profusion, brought hither to save the lazy traveller from farther travel. There are no snakes, and a great variety of automobile drives. The original missionaries (thanks to whom the islands are now American) must have had trouble describing to the natives a heaven more alluring than the land in which they were

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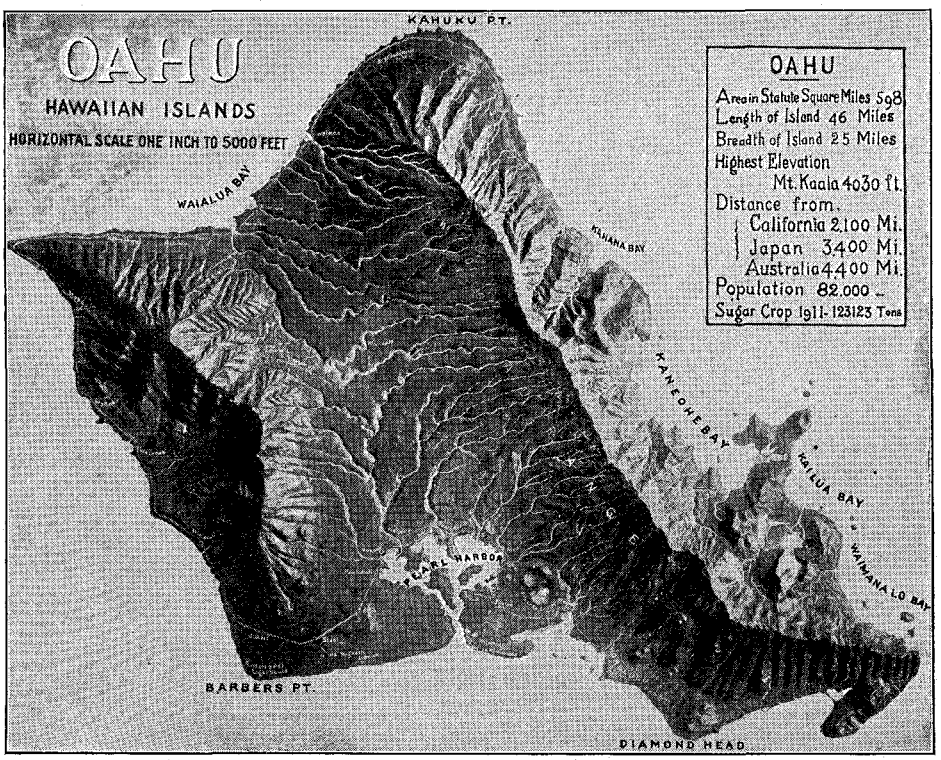
living! You have, of course, heard that the climate is nearly perfect—comfortably warm but constantly tempered by a northeasterly trade-wind—is practically the same in every month of the year, confining its extreme ranges within 59 degrees and 89 degrees on the thermometer. But have you heard that the rain, although sufficient to keep vegetation beautifully green and clean, has the pleasing practice of descending so gently and without sun-obscuring clouds that it is locally known as "liquid sunshine," and never necessitates an umbrella! Sunstroke is unheard of, and yet the sea is so warm (averaging 74 degrees) that one stays in the surf with utter disregard of the time limitations usual at Atlantic beaches. Furthermore, moonlight swimming-parties are comfortable and popular. The Coney Island joys of "shooting the chutes" pale before those of riding a surf-board or an outrigger canoe through the Waikiki waves; you might as well compare a wooden hobby-horse with a gallop in the open air! We shall certainly have no difficulty in justifying our use of the word "refreshment" in describing Hawaii, and the accompanying map shows that "cross-roads" is equally well selected. From us to the Orient, from Australasia to Canada, or any way that one effects the crossing of the Pacific, it is convenient, nay, almost necessary, to touch at Honolulu, so they all do it, and you have only to sit there and watch them arrive—ships of all sizes, from every sort of land, manned by every type of sailormen. The entire merchant marine of that great ocean is engaged in serving as delivery-wagons to Hawaii's front door. If you want anything, they bring it to you, and frequently they make delectable offerings which you did not know about, and for that reason alone did not theretofore want. If you have Missouri



This relief-map of Oahu shows how at Pearl Harbor nature has provided a great landlocked naval base for man to occupy.

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The panorama from Pali.

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blood in your veins, and desire to be "shown," here follow sundry specifications. That delectable pink peptonized melon on your breakfast-table is the papaya; it originally came from Australia, where it is called the papaw. The picturesque rice-fields with their small squares of soft greens moved here overseas from China. The favorite bananas here (they have thirty varieties, and there are fields on fields of them) came, the shorter ones from China, and the taller, grown near the houses, from Brazil. The bird that looks like a mocking-bird wearing yellow spectacles is the myna of India. The swift-flying blue-gray dove is Australian. The pointed-nosed, rakish oxen patiently ploughing acres of innumerable small, ankle-deep rectangular ponds for rice or taro plants are the carabao of the Philippines, friendly to brown skins but truculent toward pale-faces. And so it is with the abundant plants and trees, hundreds and thousands of varieties, assembled from all over the world, useful or beautiful or quaintly interesting. Here may be seen the spreading banyan of India, each tree a grove in itself, sacred to the Brahmins because it was into a banyan that Brahma was transformed. On May 15 it is worshipped by all Brahmin women. With rare catholicity there also grows alongside it the peepul-tree, under which India believes that Buddha was incarnated, or, if you are a Burmese Buddhist and believe that this fact, so significant to the Far East, occurred under an asoka-tree, that also grows here. American women know the ylang-ylang perfume; here they may see that obliging tree which not only yields them the scent but also garlands for their South Sea Island sisters, while its soft white wood serves for canoes in Samoa and tom-toms for the Malays. The most outstanding color effect for the newly arrived tourist comes from the trees, the masses of yellowish red of the royal poinciana of Madagascar, or the yellow of the Ceylon poinciana, or the wistaria-shaped blossoms of three trees meeting together from distant points: the golden shower of Ceylon, the pink shower of the Caribbean Sea, and the pink and white shower of India. Over eighty species of palm adorn the landscape, chief among them being the royal palm of Cuba, forming stately avenues whose color and marking suggest columns of poured concrete topped by green waving capitals; the Chinese fan-palm; the traveller's palm of Madagascar; that world-citizen, the date-palm; and most graceful of all, indigenous to these islands, and therefore welcoming to its shores its foreign cousins, the gracefully leaning, swaying cocoanut-palm. The Australian flame-tree vies in its strong vermilion with the frequent hedges of gayly striped and mottled croton shrubs from the Moluccas or Spice Islands. Among the plainer but more useful immigrants are the West Indian monkey-pod-tree affording a shade as grateful as it is wide-spreading; the endurable kauri-pine of New Zealand; that other useful shade-tree, the Tahiti umbrella-tree, its dark-green foliage enlivened by an occasional red leaf; and, best of all, the algaroba—the al-korab of Palestine, whose pods or husks fed the swine tended by the prodigal son, and which since its arrival in 1828 has spread all over the islands. You see Chinese and Japanese children everywhere filling their little bags with algaroba pods. And the flowering vines! Their profusion is bewildering—a wild orgy of coloring! I shall never forget the aspect of a house out beyond Fort Shafter smothered in interlacing bougainvillea and alamander—a startling glory of purple and yellow to make even Bakst jealous.

Now does the reader agree with our use of the word "refreshment," or has he no eyes to be refreshed? Nor need one seek out all this beauty; it lies at hand all about you. Take the trolley from Honolulu out to Waikiki Beach, and for four miles you ride between gorgeous hedges of oleander, hibiscus, or glowing croton plants, shadowed by flowering trees or gorgeous vines. And in such prodigal profusion! Oahu College is shut in from the street by a mile-long hedge of night-blooming cereus, whose wealth of great white blossoms, slowly opening as the dark comes on, suggest the illumination of many electric lights! Not only can all this be seen near at hand but also from a number of scenic view-points, more, in fact, than any other charming

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place can boast. Drive or walk up Pacific Heights, or the higher Tantalus Road, or that oddly shaped extinct crater hospitably known as the Punchbowl, and not only will you look down upon unsurpassed scenes combining sea, mountain, foliage, and color, but also upon frequent developments of those delights while mounting and descending. If by nature you enjoy surprises, prefer to take your strong drink in one startling gulp—ask to be taken to the Pali. What is the Pali? You will drive for half an hour, 1,200 feet up the Nuuanu Valley, through a throng of handsome residences set in handsomer grounds, up past the cosey Oahu Country Club, all the fairway of whose golf course has turf-like English putting-greens (honest! I am a golfer myself), up through a rapidly ascending mountain pass growing constantly narrower until it reminds you of Thermopylæ. Nothing in the slowly closing mountain walls promises anything of a view; nay, it forebodes the opposite—all is quiet and confined. A sudden turn of the road brings you into a perfect blast of wind—you look down—impossible! Spread out below you is one of nature's most stupendous views—bleak mountains 3,500 feet high herding between them smiling valleys far beneath, sloping gently out to the smiling sea, into which are thrust rocky headlands. It is told of the conqueror King Kamehameha that in his last fight against the Oahuans he drove their army slowly up this pass and then over this rocky precipice. A sudden end to a great struggle, and as you listen to the groaning and moaning of the high wind that always blows here the story seems very real and present.

A Hawaiian landscape would not be complete without a sugar-cane field or great stretches devoted to pineapples. Not only do they delight the optic nerve but also that other most important nerve which stretches from the heart to the pocket, for last year the sugar crop yielded the Hawaiians the tidy sum of $88,000,000 and the pineapple one $23,000,000. Both of these ample money-earners are eighteen-month crops. The Hawaiians themselves, living in the midst of this luxury of nature, are a people of simple tastes. They like fish and poi as a diet. Poi is made of flour from the root of the taro plant. It resembles a breakfast cereal, and is allowed to become slightly sour, but its consistency is most important. If it can be eaten with one finger it is too thick; if three fingers are needed it is too thin; "two-finger poi" is just right! Nowadays it is served in a cup and eaten with a fork. It struck me that the preferences of the Hawaiians were along the lines of poi, papaya, pineapple, and politics; I grew to like them all.

Speaking of fish recalls another of the color treats of these Isles of the Blest. Never, even in the imagination of the most advanced Futurist, were fish so gorgeously, so daringly, colored and marked, and they are charmingly shown in the Waikiki Aquarium. The natives have a legend that to punish a certain wicked god he was imprisoned under Diamond Head, that crouching fortress whose volcanic sides change hourly in color, and forced to paint the fish. If that be true, he must have kept himself constantly intoxicated in order to have conceived the drunken dreams of color he portrays upon his fishy prey.

Nor are the sunsets like those seen anywhere else, for here they are generally of a delicious apricot shade, beautified by the trade-wind clouds, which during the day withdraw to the tops of the mountains, there to form gracefully rolling table-cloth effects, or to paint over the hillsides even finer cloud shadows than those of England.

Of course music flourishes in such surroundings. Who has not heard of the ukulele, that popular pigmy of guitars!

The only startlingly beautiful sight on the island of Oahu, where Honolulu and Pearl Harbor are situated, is the sudden view from the Pali, and it is to other islands of the group one must go for such sights as the Grand Canyon on Kauai, the world's greatest active volcano on Hawaii, its largest extinct volcano, and the surprising fern forests on Maui. A frequent service of inter-island boats makes easy a visit to these amazing sights, but the comforts and luxuries of a long stay are to be had on Oahu, in or near Honolulu, the capital, whose population, both permanent and transient, is constantly growing.

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When one has once experienced the welcome that nestles in the Hawaiian word "aloha," he falls a helpless victim to the charm of America's mid-Pacific paradise. What Hawaii means as the cross-roads of the Pacific is known best to its own people, and it is now usefully evidencing itself in their Pan-Pacific Union, to which all the other peoples around that great ocean are adhering. It promises to do as much for the increase of mutual understanding among them, with Hawaii for its "telephone central," as the Pan-American Union is doing for the republics of the western hemisphere. Go and sit down for a season at this cross-roads, and by so doing you will hang about the walls of your memory such a series of pictures as will long after brighten your thought and refresh your spirit in times of need under less favoring skies.

McHENRY AND THE GHOST-BIRD

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

CAPTAIN GAUNT, of the Airdrie detachment of the N. W. M. P., was seated on the veranda of his shack reading a week-old Toronto *Times-Star*. A refreshingly cool breeze came up from the river, two hundred yards to the left, and stirred the leaves of the cottonwoods on its banks. The captain loosened the frogs of his tunic—the only concession to the terrific heat of the short, fierce Canadian summer that he would make. Captain Gaunt insisted on the same meticulous observance of the proprieties at the little Northwest Mounted Police station up in the Athabasca country, far beyond Edmonton, that he would have maintained on the Western Front. France or Alberta, military discipline and convention had to be upheld.

France! The captain sighed, looked at the bold headlines of the paper again and then out over the prairie simmering in the heat of the afternoon sun. He narrowed his eyes and gazed off eastward as though trying to see beyond that endless barrier of land and water to where his brothers-in-arms had so lately been fighting and dying and triumphing on the battle-fields of France.

"So it's all over! Why the devil was I left out here—cut off from civilization, policing a lot of Indians?" he soliloquized indignantly. "They ought to have sent me overseas—any old antediluvian son-of-a-gun could have taken my job here and let me get to the front before it was too late!" Again he looked rebelliously at the staring headlines of the newspaper which recited in crisp, short sentences the signing of the armistice, the sudden, unconditional surrender of German military power.

Gaunt turned his back upon the east that called to him so alluringly and let his gaze wander off across the western prairie. Etched against the flaming sky-line a procession of Indians was making its leisurely way northward. From where Gaunt sat they looked tremendously picturesque—like figures on an antique bas-relief. He suddenly felt an odd sensation of pride in those graceful, powerful silhouettes, moving with a majesty, an almost classic beauty, across the level land. They were *his* charges, his children, he felt like saying. He was responsible for them, for what they did, both of good and evil. Although he was a young man, they looked implicitly to him for guidance. He understood them and had made friends with them. He held them with a light, but firm, authority. They came to him sometimes like docile children, sometimes in anger; they came for advice or help or punishment or reward—but always they came.

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"After all," acknowledged Gaunt reproachfully to himself, "after all, I don't believe any 'old, antediluvian son-of-a-gun' could take my place with them. They're rather fond of me, the beggars, and I wouldn't like to see 'em mismanaged by any dunderheaded inspector the government might send out in a pinch. I'm just a part of the 'far-flung battle-line,' I suppose, and must do my part over here instead of 'over there' without grumbling. God knows there's plenty to do," he added suddenly and reflectively.

There was, indeed. There was Kilgour, for instance. Kilgour was the agent on the Airdrie reservation. He was younger than Gaunt and a novice at handling Indians.

Kilgour meant well but he was temperamental and heavily handicapped by inexperience. He came to Gaunt for help and advice more often than the Indians. He, too, was fractious at being held in the north country doing police work when he wanted to be at the front, and he didn't make it any easier for Gaunt by riding over frequently from the reservation to tell the captain how sore he was over his hard luck. Gaunt passed a hand over a worried brow at thought of Kilgour. He had troubles of his own.

Just recently, for example, there had been the case of Eagle Beak, a favorite old Blackfoot chieftain, who had never been able to understand why he couldn't cut tepee poles from Williams's immaculate "Blue Blazes" ranch. But Williams did and had succeeded in making a jury of men, anxious to get back to their farming, see the heinous offense in the same light, and Eagle Beak had been sent down to jail at Edmonton and had died there of nostalgia. Two weeks later, Falling Pine, an unruly young buck, shot at and severely wounded Whiteson, one of Gaunt's constables; and on top of that had come a general mix-up with a party of horse-trading Kootenais who were coming across country to strike the southern trail at Edmonton.

Gaunt heaved a worried sigh. Why was it, he asked himself disconsolately, that in the spring and summer the Indian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of war? He shifted his position uneasily, and as he did so he caught the sound of a pony's quick hoof beats and, turning, saw Kilgour himself galloping toward the shack.

At the steps the young man threw himself off his horse and saluted Gaunt briefly.

"For God's sake, Gaunt, come inside. I must talk with you."

Calling an orderly to take Kilgour's tired pony, Gaunt led the way to his study. Kilgour threw himself into a chair and lit a cigarette with a shaking hand.

"It's come at last, Gaunt," he said.

"What's come?"

"The limit, the breaking point, the end of my authority."

"What's happened?" demanded Gaunt.

"Just what I knew would happen a month ago when I got orders to stop the Sun Dance this year on the reservation. Of course it kicked up an infernal row among the Indians—among the young bucks, especially."

"Of course," assented the inspector.

"It's all very well to put the curb on the south country Indians—they are pretty well civilized. But to try it on the bloods up here! They might as well ask these Indians not to be Indians at all, but bloomin' angels, and be done with it!"

"Of course," assented the captain again. "However, that's not the question. You've got your orders to stop the Sun Dance—what are you going to do about it?"

Kilgour threw out an impotent hand. "That's what I came here to find out from *you*. The Lord knows I've done everything I could! I've read 'em the order. I've talked to the chiefs. I've worked 'em hard by day and visited 'em by night. I've given 'em presents and good advice, and what's the result?—they're sullen and frightened and angry. I can't go anywhere on the reservation that I don't run into a knot of young bucks, or old gray chiefs, talking together, and when they see me they don't look pleasant. They've almost stopped the hay-making in spite of orders. I've had to shut my eyes to that and to lots of other acts of insubordination. And I know, for a positive fact, that runners

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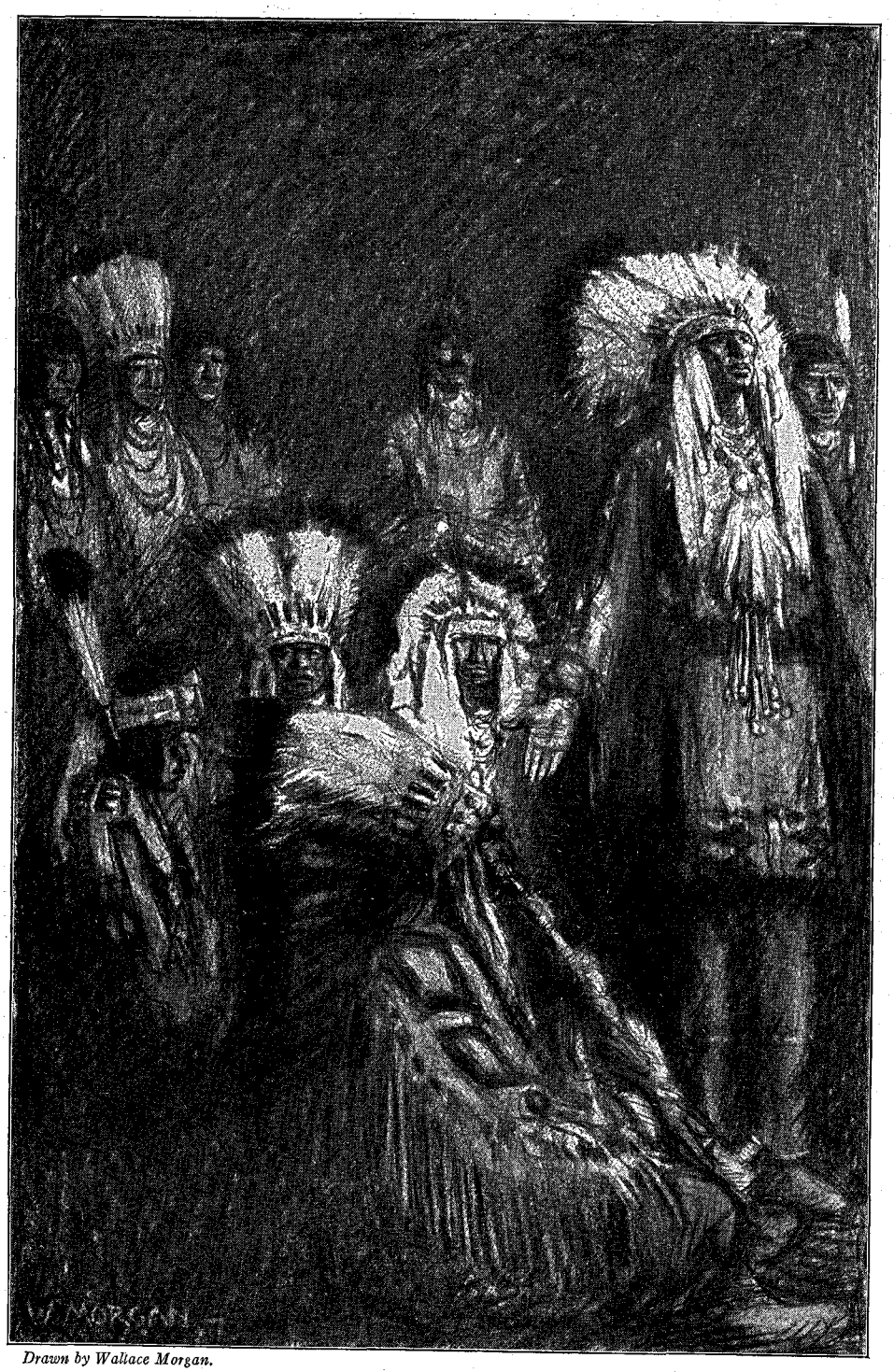

Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"We are come, my brothers and I . . . to know if the great White Man is angry with us?"—Page 112.

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have been coming and going for the last three weeks between the reservation and the Stonies up in the Hudson Bay country. Oh, it's a sweet mess! And what will they think at Regina?"

"Never mind what they think at Regina—the point is, what do the Indians think of it?"

"Oh, they're doing a lot of thinking! Many Feathers told me in confidence, this morning, that there is to be a big pow-wow to-night, and you can be perfectly sure that it will be decided to have the Sun Dance in two weeks, as scheduled, in spite of my orders."

"Well, what's to be done?" Gaunt leaned back in his chair with a perplexed frown on his face.

"What's to be done? Why, all I see left to be done is for you to come over with your men and your Lee-Metfords and prevent the thing by force. I say, Gaunt, we needn't have been so worried about not getting to the front—seems to me we are going to have a nice little 'front' of our own."

"Um!" said Gaunt.

"Yes, I suppose they'll have to be potted if they don't obey this fool governmental order," went on Kilgour disconsolately after waiting in vain for something more illuminating from Gaunt. "Fancy being suddenly ordered not to do something you've been trained to do from time immemorial! *How* can young bucks understand why they are not to be made braves any more after their own fashion? When you and your men come along, they'll stampede like frightened bronchos and it'll be months before they settle down again. It makes 'em sullen and wild to be tampered with this way. Oh, it's all an infernal mess!"

"It is," assented Gaunt sweetly, once more. "But it doesn't seem to me to be a case for the military. It's up to you to find some peaceful means——"

"Well, I can't!" interrupted Kilgour savagely. "I've thought about it until my brain is ready to burst and not an idea!"

"Something's got to be found—" mused Gaunt.

"Then you find it!" growled Kilgour. "I've tried and can't. Unless something happens to-night——"

He was walking forlornly about the little room, his hands thrust in his pockets, a cigarette hanging on his under lip. He stopped before the window and looked out.

"I say, Gaunt, what's that?" he suddenly demanded, waving an arm toward the prairie.

Gaunt got up slowly and, going to the window, looked out. He stood there for an instant, speechless with surprise.

"I'll be hanged if I know. It wasn't there a few minutes ago," he said at length, and with one accord the two moved into the veranda and watched the Thing as it approached slowly.

Objects can be seen with great clearness and at long range on the prairie, and Gaunt had ample time for speculation, wonder, and some alarm. He leaned forward on the rail of the veranda and gazed unblinkingly at the curious caravan as it drew near. Little by little it dawned upon him that it was headed for the detachment, and his curiosity and interest redoubled. First came a wagon drawn by four horses and driven by a man whom Gaunt recognized as a teamster from Edmonton. In the wagon sat a couple of young boys on a trunk surrounded by what were, apparently, kits of tools. Attached to the wagon was a wagon-bed and upon it an object which for a while baffled all Gaunt's attempts at identification. It was rather high and immensely wide, enveloped in snowy canvas coverings, from which depended, on each side of the wagon-bed, a small, rubber-tired wheel. A saucy nose protruded perkily in front and a tail behind. Perched in a cockpit and rising from the cloud of coverings like Neptune from the sea waves sat a knowing-looking youth.

The captain was leaning far out over the veranda rail as the Thing drew up.

"Well—I'll be blowed! It's—it's an aeroplane!"

The boy skipped nimbly down from his seat.

"It is," he said affably. He mounted the steps with an air of importance, handed the captain a letter which he extracted from the depths of an inside pocket, and then went back to the wagon and began to take off the coverings.

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In amazement Gaunt tore open the letter. It was dated ten days before.

"Dear Gaunt," it ran, "I'm sending you a little thank-offering for that jolly week you gave me out in Alberta. It's a Hawk No. 9, and if I do say it, who shouldn't, it's a great old ship. It was my own particular pet, but now that I've a commission in the U. S. aviation service and am off for France, I decided that there was no one I'd so like to have the old Hawk as you.

"You can see for yourself that the Hawk's an all-right ship, if not the latest model. She's got a corking Cortlandt ZY-5 stationary engine—but I'll leave McHenry to explain the whole thing to you. I'm sending him along with the plane for that purpose. When you can run her all right send the boy back to Dad—for he is useful and the Governor needs him in his business. His father may be Scotch and his mother Irish but McHenry is pure American and a wonder at that!

"If, by a miracle, you don't discover on your own that flying is the greatest sport on earth—or off the earth, I suppose I ought to say—McHenry will do it for you. He's the great and original 'god in the machine.'

"I'd give a lot to see you zuming over the trackless prairie, chasing bad Injuns—when you do, think of me, chasing Huns!

"As ever yours,

"Henry Wesley Cunningham, Jr."

Gaunt was dazed. He read the letter over twice and then, handing it to Kilgour, he looked down to where McHenry stood, proud and nonchalant, beside the plane which his two assistants had detached from the wagon now making its way to the captain's stables. The Hawk No. 9, a spotlessly white-winged, 130 h. p. Cortlandt biplane, as sure and swift as the bird whose name she bore, stood revealed in all her beauty and strength to Gaunt's astonished and incredulous eyes.

Kilgour was reading the letter.

"What's all this and who is Henry Wesley Cunningham, Jr.?" he asked.

"He's the young American millionaire from Detroit I told you about—the one who spent a week with me early in June, and a confoundedly nice chap. No airs and affectations in spite of his millions, lately acquired by his father in the manufacture of automobiles. Funny idea, though—sending me something because I'd been civil to him for a few days. That's the American of him, I suppose. The Lord knows I was glad to have him. You were at Regina and I was as lonesome as a coyote on Sofa Mountain."

Kilgour eyed the beautiful "Hawk" suspiciously. "Are you sure it's a present? Some things are too good to be true, you know."

Gaunt looked at the boy standing beside the plane. "Is—am I mistaken—is this a present from Mr. Cunningham?"

"Sure," responded McHenry genially. He seated himself on the steps. "Oh, he's a great one! The old man makes the eagle scream, but Mr. Hal will hand you one while you wait! He told me all about it," he went on in a burst of confidence, "what a great time he'd had out here with you and how he wanted to send you something to remember him by. He doesn't do things by halves, either, Mr. Hal doesn't, so he sent me along, with a couple of assistant mechanics, and I was to deliver the plane to you in the best of order, and I think I've done it. I'd have liked to have zumed up here at one hundred miles per, but I didn't want to take any risks with this here lady until you had seen her in all her pristine beauty."

The captain smiled. "It's most awfully good of Cunningham to remember me so handsomely. I—I'm quite overcome by the magnificence of his gift. How did you get her here?"

"Took her down, packed and shipped her to Edmonton. There me and my two boys reassembled her and had her towed up here on a wagon chassis. We thought you'd like to see her first when she was ready for a flip, sir—not stowed away in boxes like a dismembered corpse."

"Right you are," assented Gaunt warmly.

"And, of course, as I said, we'd have liked to have planed up here in style," pursued McHenry eagerly, "but you see, sir, I didn't know the country and I thought I might have some trouble finding a good landing place. But," Mc-

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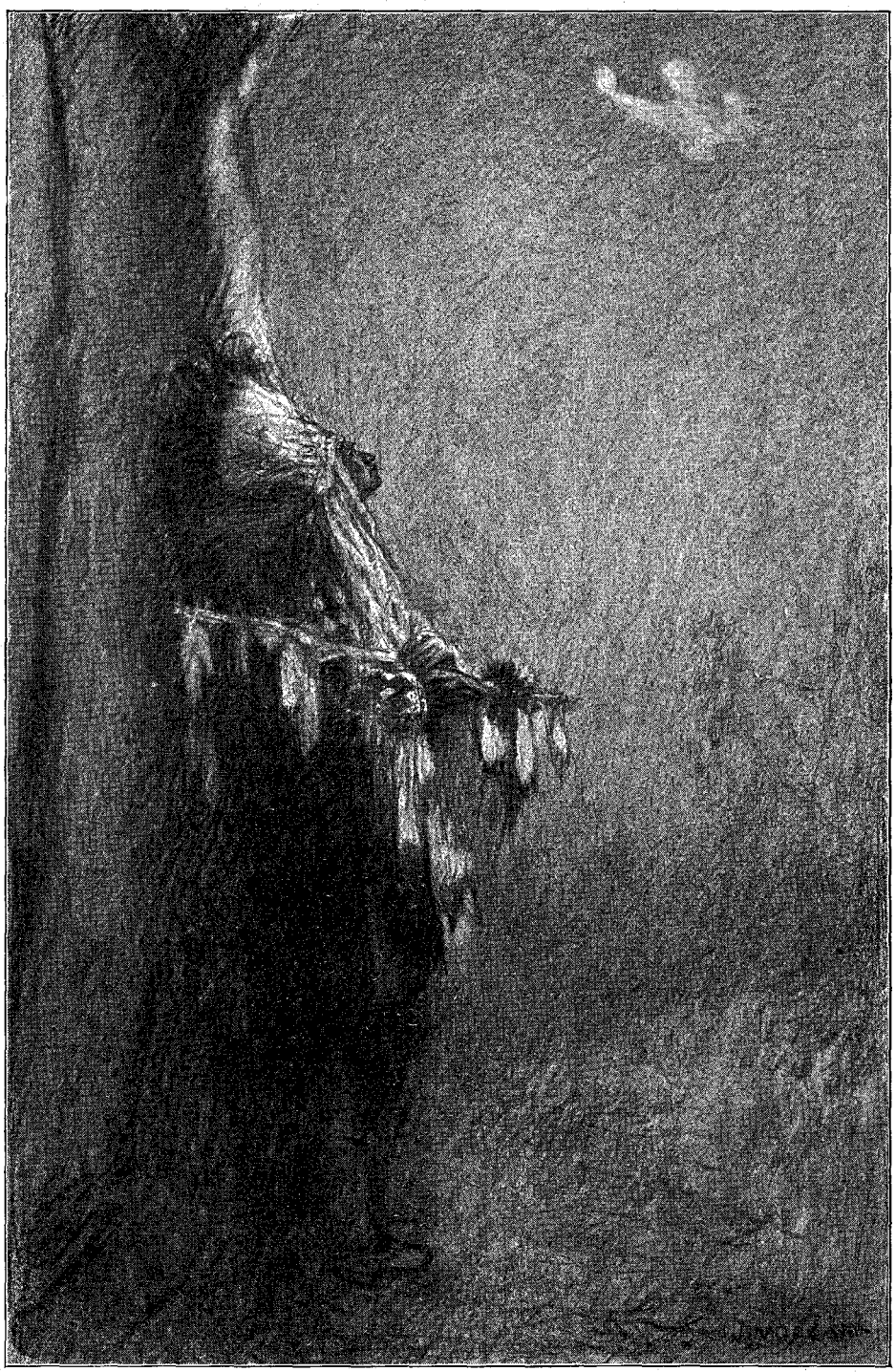

Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"Larger than the largest eagle, with a humming as of all the bees in the Indians' country, did it swim toward us."—Page 113.

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Henry paused and smiled a little, looking comprehensively out over the level prairie, "I'm inclined to think it's a holy cinch—it's *all* landing place!"

Gaunt also smiled appreciatively. "Yes," he said, "you can't make much of a mistake out here—not unless you happen to choose a cut-bank or a coulée."

"Well—of course, I'm not sure just what a coulée is," said McHenry cautiously, "but you can bet your sweet life that wherever on top of this green earth a ship can land, the Hawk will."

"I don't doubt that," agreed Gaunt quickly. Already the pride of ownership was making itself felt.

"You'll find out for yourself, sir, that she's a quick and sure 'un."

"Providing I can ever learn to run her!" Already Gaunt was visualizing a delectable future in which he would be skilfully manipulating the wonderful "Hawk" himself.

"Oh, I say, a child can run her! Wouldn't you like to look her over now, sir?" McHenry smiled persuasively at Gaunt.

The captain descended the steps rapidly, impelled by some new and powerful emotion of curiosity and interest.

"She's a beauty," murmured McHenry, looking lovingly down at the engine. "The control is perfect and she's the easiest runner you ever saw. But what else is to be expected of a 130 h. p. Cortlandt ZY-5 stationary, eight-cylinder, V-type engine driving a tractor screw with a four-and-a-quarter-inch bore and five-inch stroke?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Gaunt warmly. He was hanging over the engine beside McHenry. "I say, McHenry, the bloomin' thing's a wonder!"

"You bet it is, sir! It's the prettiest V-set cylinder engine made. She'll hum her way up to fourteen hundred revs. without coughing once. And noiseless!" He beckoned to one of his mechanics and climbed into the cockpit.

"Give her a twirl, Jim!" he commanded joyfully. The boy grinned.

"Sure! Switch off!" he called.

"Switch off," chanted McHenry antiphonally, and "Jim" gave a twist of the big propeller.

"Switch on!"

"Contact!" warned McHenry, and with a powerful quarter turn the boy bumped the "prop" past compression and swung clear of the Hawk as she glided majestically forward with a thrilling chug-chug of her eight rythmic cylinders "hogged" out of solid blocks of chrome nickel steel.

Gaunt and Kilgour stood lost in admiration while McHenry taxied the plane forward for fifty yards or so over the level ground and then manœuvred her back in triumph. He turned the engine off quickly and climbed out.

"I say, sir, would you just take a look at this valve-actuating mechanism?" he begged.

"Of course I will!" said Gaunt and he bent over the engine. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he murmured.

"And you don't always have to be groomin' her, sir. Forty hours will she run without a dressing-down. But with your rotary engines—your Gnomes or Le Rhônes—operating on a one or two-throw crank," he added disparagingly, "you've always got to be at 'em—they get sulky in no time."

"You don't say!" said Kilgour sympathetically.

"Yes, sir, I do," averred McHenry bitterly. "As you see, sir, the engine is cooled by the propeller slip stream, sir, and just look in here a minute—will you, sir? I want to show you this dual system of ignition. It's a dandy, sir."

It *was* a dandy. McHenry proved that and everything else to his own satisfaction and Gaunt's bewilderment. For two hours they hung over the engine, Gaunt dizzy with discovery, saturated with the odor of petrol and lubricating oils, stunned by the impact of McHenry's broadside of technical information, but uplifted by the sudden sense of ownership in the wonderful Thing.

McHenry was for taking them out for a flight at once.

"I'd like to show you what she's capable of, sir," he said modestly. "She's got a wing surface of twenty-two square yards. Of course that's too much for the fastest type, but she'll give a good account of herself, sir. She can climb ten thousand feet in twelve minutes and I'll venture to say she can spikebozzle almost any Hun bus she meets."

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Gaunt looked up at the immense expanse of unoccupied sky above them.

"She isn't likely to meet another of her species of any nationality," he said reflectively.

"Couldn't we go for a little jazz before it's dark, sir?" urged McHenry persuasively.

But Gaunt shook his head. "Wait a minute," he said. He had seated himself on the top step of the little veranda and was gazing out absently over the fast darkening prairie.

Kilgour spoke up eagerly. "Of course you'll go! I say, what a lark, Gaunt! Why it's the first aeroplane that's ever struck this part of the world!"

The captain turned his head slowly and looked at Kilgour.

"It is," he said and there was a sudden, queer thrill in his voice. "Don't say a word, Kilgour! I've got an idea." He looked at McHenry. "Cover this Thing up. Stay right here and don't so much as let any one look at her. When it's quite dark you and your boys roll her into that big barn over there. Then come to me here. I shall want to speak to you." He laid a hand that shook with excitement on Kilgour's shoulder. "We've got two weeks to work in! Come into my study," he said, "and I'll tell you how we'll stop the Sun Dance!"

There was consternation on the Blood reserve and among the Indians for fifty miles around. Strange things had happened, were happening every night—things that could only be whispered about during the day, for, since the night of the great council, when the awful portent had first been seen by the terrified Bloods, it was impossible to get any but a few of the bravest spirits together after dark. Indian runners from the north and west who had invaded the reserve so fearlessly before, now skulked up in the afternoon or by the cheerful morning light and were promptly pounced upon and sent away by Kilgour's men. But they argued that even Kilgour's anger was far better than a sight of the fearful Thing.

Reports varied as to just what it was, but the terror was unanimous. It had been seen first on the night when they had gathered in council, and, fired by the hot speeches of the young bucks, had decided to hold the Sun Dance in defiance of the White Father's orders. Dissension and fear were universal but the latter was quickly overcoming the former. On the morning of the tenth day Kilgour despatched a note to Gaunt.

"You had better come over," he wrote. "Something's going to happen—I can feel it. You and McHenry have turned the trick. They're all in a beautiful, blooming fright.

"KILGOUR."

The afternoon found Gaunt seated in Kilgour's den, smoking Kilgour's cigars and listening to Kilgour's enthusiastic recital of the progress of affairs.

"I say, Gaunt, it's worked like a charm——"

"How!" said a shaking voice at the window.

Both men started and looked around. Red Crow Tail sat on the veranda just outside the study window. He was smoking an old pipe and trying to look unconcerned.

Another head rose beside his, crowned with an eagle feather set in a bone socket from which dangled backward an antelope's foot.

"How!" The throaty voice was most affable.

"How!" said Kilgour and then he laughed excitedly and looked over at Gaunt. "It's come!" he said.

A dozen pair of eyes were peering in at the window now and the two officers could hear the muffled patter of moccasined feet that trailed cautiously up the veranda steps.

Red Crow Tail stuck his pipe in his pouch and shifted an uneasy foot.

"We are come, my brothers and I," he swept a comprehensive hand toward the thronged veranda, "to know if the great White Man is angry with us? There are Things," his voice sank to an awed whisper, "there are Things we do not understand."

Kilgour leaned forward.

"What is this?" he demanded severely.

"Strange signs are seen," piped an anxious voice from near the window. "A Ghost-Bird that flies by night in a cloud of fire with a great humming."

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Kilgour looked at Gaunt.

"Phosphorus on the wings and tail," whispered the captain.

"It bellowed like a calf at branding time when Yellow Wolf and I fled from it down by the big coulée." The voice came in frightened remonstrance from a big buck who stood by the window ready to flee again in case of accident.

"McHenry and I had the happy idea of adding a klaxon horn to the 'Hawk's' equipment," murmured Gaunt under his breath. "We can let the 'Ghost-Bird' fly so low here that the horn can actually be heard above the noise of the motor. We did let it toot an awful blast when we saw old Yellow Wolf and Three Feathers."

"Yes," echoed a voice from the veranda, "I, too, heard and saw it—a bird bearing on its back the God of Thunder."

"I wrap myself in a sheet and look quite imposing," elucidated Gaunt in suppressed tones.

"Larger than the largest eagle, with a humming as of all the bees in the Indians' country, did it swim toward us from the mountain. Many times it circled the heavens, flapping its huge wings, then with a mournful cry it disappeared behind the moon," remarked a melancholy, poetical looking old chief who sat huddled up in the farthest corner of the room.

"Oh, I say, what an imagination the old chap's got! Fancy the 'Hawk' flapping her wings and disappearing behind the moon!" whispered Gaunt.

Kilgour looked interestedly around upon his court of inquiry.

"Has any one else among you seen this strange, this terrible Thing?"

A young buck pushed his way through the crowd at the window. "I, Buffalo Horn, have seen it," he said in a voice which he strove in vain to make steady. "It was a Ghost-Bird, as Red Eagle has said. It was large and white and flew in the air, sometimes high, sometimes low. It passed over me like a breath of the hot Chinook and climbed the cottonwood tree by Lost Creek."

"Oh, I say, Gaunt, Buffalo Horn must have been drinking *sixikimmi schoonataps!* Not even a 'Hawk No. 9' can climb a cottonwood—can she?" demanded Kilgour in a low tone.

"I'd bet on McHenry to make her do 'most anything," retorted Gaunt warmly.

"It was no bird," came a quaking voice from a dark corner. "A bird does not turn over and over and shoot downward from the sky, spinning like a ball of fire!"

"McHenry's great on virages and nose dives, Kilgour," murmured Gaunt in a hasty aside.

"What dreadful thing is this?" demanded Kilgour. "You must have been drinking forbidden drinks, Little Wolf!"

"I drank *after*, oh, son of the Great White Father, to forget—to forget!"

"I, too, saw it," volunteered a wicked-looking Indian with a brow-band of red and gorgeous shaps hung with ermine tails. "It had an eye that blazed like many camp-fires. It circled around my tepee many times and vanished with the cry of a loon."

"You bet we circled," observed Gaunt. "He's the wickedest one of your bunch, Kilgour, and we had to fix him."

An old chief gathered himself up from the floor and pointed tremblingly at Kilgour.

"Tell us, oh son of the Great White Father, what means this awful Thing? We are brave—our young men do not fear death or torture, but who is powerful against such evil omens?"

"And wherefore do you think it is an evil omen? Have you committed evil that such an omen should be sent you?" demanded Kilgour severely.

Many Feathers arose in a far corner of the room.

"We have," he said in a shaking voice. "Many times have I told them in the last ten suns that this Thing was come upon us because the Bloods were about to disobey the White Father—were—to hold the Sun Dance."

"What is this I hear?" thundered Kilgour in his sternest voice and with a very good imitation of surprise.

"It is so," corroborated the old chief with a nod toward Many Feathers. "But what are our young men to do?—are we not to have braves?"

Kilgour leaned back in his chair and frowned heavily.

"Ha! so this is the meaning of this fearful Thing! After my instructions to you—written and spoken to you through

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the government's interpreter, you were about to disobey the law?"

"But what are we to do without young braves?" tremulously demanded Crow Tail from his position at the head of the line.

"Bah! to swing at the end of a lariat until your sinews burst! Is *that* the only way to make a brave? Does the white man do such things, and is he not brave? Have you not called us brave, yourselves? Do you not wish to be more civilized like your brothers to the south? Has the White Father sent us up into this far north country to help you, and all for nothing? Will he have to send still more angry portents before you obey?"

A shudder ran through the room and the Indians huddled together like frightened children.

"It is as I said," murmured Many Feathers from his corner in a calamitous voice.

Kilgour leaned forward and shook an impressive finger at the crouching, silent Indians.

"Go back to your hay-making and reaping and forget the bad thoughts in your hearts. Think not that I have not seen the evil brewing among you. But it was best that the White Father should speak to you himself."

"But—but," queried Crow Tail, "will all be well now? Will this Thing come by night among us again——?"

"Begone, I say!" interrupted Kilgour magnificently. "I will intercede for you—I and this son of the White Father who could punish you had he not compassion on your ignorance. Go, and if you obey and stay well within the reservation, I will answer that the Ghost-Bird will be seen no more."

"We promise," murmured the old chief, edging his way toward the window.

Hastily and joyously did they depart, the young bucks falling over each other in their efforts to get to their tethered pintos, the old chiefs and medicine-men making off by twos and threes as fast as their trembling legs would permit. Not until Crow Tail and Buffalo Horn and Many Feathers had at last made their exit gracefully through the window did Kilgour dare look at the captain.

"By the holy powers, wasn't that a séance?" he demanded, and there was wonder and triumph and uncontrolled mirth in his voice. Gaunt was laughing so that the walls shook.

"If only official red-tape had permitted McHenry to have been here!" he managed to say. "Ride back to the detachment with me and we'll tell him the whole thing. It's a crime he couldn't have been in at the killin'. He's played the game to the limit."

"He has," assented Kilgour enthusiastically. "He's prevented a small Indian uprising and he deserves anything he wants."

"'There's nothin' too good for the Irish,'" sang Gaunt. "By the way, he probably feels that he has already been amply paid—he's had the greatest two weeks of his short, adventurous career, you can bet on that. Cunningham'll be wild with jealousy when he hears about it."

"Of course. Cunningham ought to have been here too."

"And the 'Hawk,'" added Gaunt.

"I say, Gaunt, what'll you do about the 'Hawk' now? You can't exactly go flying about on a Ghost-Bird after this."

"I've thought of that, my boy. She goes down to Edmonton with McHenry for a coat of blue paint on her fuselage and she stays down there for a week. Tomorrow *you* start for Regina and a conference with the powers that be, and you will return in a week with the comforting news that the Great White Father is sending a Blue-Bird of good omen which will fly by day as well as by night, and which will destroy the evil Ghost-Bird and protect the White Father's Indian subjects so long as they remain loyal and obedient. It's a neat idea, I think," added Gaunt with pardonable pride.

Kilgour went to the door and called his man.

"Some seltzer and Scotch," he said. Then he turned to Gaunt. "That's a good idea, all right, but somehow I hate to think of the 'Hawk' as anything but a beautiful, ghostly white. Let's drink to her as she is, and to McHenry, 'the god in the machine!'"

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GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

[THE FIRST OF TWELVE PAPERS]

THE running title of these rambling essays is taken from two things that are common and useful on the ways of life, where you and I, gentle reader, are still trudging on.

The guide-post is the progressive sign: it calls us to continue our journey, and gives information in regard to direction and distance, which (if correct) has considerable value to the traveller. The camp-fire is the conservative symbol: it invites to rest and fellowship and friendly council, not unmixed with that good cheer which is suggested when we call a conference of wits a *symposium*.

There is no escape from the fact that man's best discourse has always been at a common meal, whether spread on the green grass or on a mahogany table. Of the elders of Israel in the Exodus, it is recorded in a sacred book that "they saw God and did eat and drink." This is a gentle hint that however soulful a man's soul may be, in his present mixed estate the body had its claims, which it is both lawful and necessary to satisfy, in order that the spiritual part may not be hampered and disordered. Hunger, thirst, and indigestion are alike unfavorable to clear thought and calm devotion.

Let me confess at the outset that by guide-posts and camp-fires I intend more than the literal meaning of the words. I use them for their significance, their symbolism.

Every social theory, every moral maxim, every appeal of preacher or political orator, every bit of propaganda printed or spoken, yes, even every advertisement in the newspapers or on the bill-boards, whether false or true, is of the nature of a guide-post.

Every place where men rest and repose with warmth to cheer them—the hollow in the woods where pilgrims or tramps gather about the blazing sticks, the snug cottage where the kettle simmers on the hearth, the royal castle where an ancient coat-of-arms is carved on the mantelpiece, the vast palatial hotel where sovereign democracy flaunts its newfound wealth and commercial travellers bask in the heat of concealed steam-radiators—every one of these is nothing more nor less than a camp-fire.

No human progress is unbroken and continuous. No human resting-place is permanent. Where are Pharaoh's Palace, and Solomon's Temple, and the House of Caesar, and Cicero's Tusculum, and Horace's Sabine farm? Nothing could be more absurd than the project of "founding a family" in America. If you should do it and come back after five or six generations to inspect the results, you might regret your temporary success. Yet I am a "Son of the Revolution" and look back with pride to my great-grandsire who died on the battle-field of Monmouth for the cause of liberty. What manner of man the stout old farmer was I know not. It is his deed, his spirit that commands my reverence. "*Tout lasse, tout passe*,"—except the ideal

> "Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
> Like seasoned timber never gives;
> But though the whole world turn to coal,
> Then chiefly lives."

I remember what General William Tecumseh Sherman—fine old campaigner—said to me when he first came to New York to live in his own house. "I've made a new camp. Plenty of wood and water. Drop in."

We might get more comfort out of this sane and wholesome philosophy of life, if it were not for the violent extremists of the Right and the Left, who revile and buffet us alternately when we try to push ahead and when we stop to think. I have good friends on both sides, but at times they treat me vilely as an enemy.

The trouble with the Radicals is that they are always scourging us to travel somewhither, anywhither, ignoring the

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past, condemning the present, and hurling ourselves blindfold into the future. The trouble with the Conservatives is that they are always lulling us to stay where we are, to be content with our present comforts, and to look with optimistic eyes only on the bright side of our neighbors' discomforts. Neither pessimism nor optimism pleases me. I am a meliorist.

Therefore I refuse to engage in the metaphysical triangular conflict between the past, the present, and the future. It means nothing to me. Yesterday is a memory. To-morrow is a hope. To-day is the fact. But tell me, would the fact be what it is without the memory and the hope? Are not all three equally real?

I grant you there is a distinction between the actual and the imaginary. But it is not a difference in essence. It is only a difference in origin and form. What we call the actual has its origin in a fact outside of us. What we call the imaginary has its origin in a fact within us. A burned finger and a burning indignation are equally real. Memory is simply imagination looking back: hope, looking forward. The imaginary is not non-existent. It exists in the mind—the very same place where every perception through the senses has its present and only being.

When I was a boy I cut my left hand with my first pocket-knife. But the physical scar of that actual accident, now almost invisible, is less vivid than the memory of the failure of my ambition to become a great orator. In that collegiate contest, fifty years ago, the well-prepared phrase fled from my paralyzed brain,

"*vox faucibus haesit,*"

and I sat down feeling that life was ended. But it was not.

You remember, as of yesterday, those pleasant afternoon walks on Fifth Avenue from Madison Square to Central Park, in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, when the air was clean and bright, the sky-line low, and on every block you had greetings from good friends. To-day, if duty compels, you plunge through that mile-and-a-half, shut in by man-made cliffs of varying degrees of ugliness, stifled by fumes of gasolene from the conglomerate motor-cars, and worming your way through malodorous or highly-perfumed throngs of "Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Judaea, Cappadocia, Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Egypt, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians." Few indeed are the native Americans you meet, struggling like yourself among the conflicting tides,—

"*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

Yet, even on such a walk, if you think serenely you have a hope of something better in the long to-morrow: a modern city in which the curse of crowding shall be mitigated by wiser dispositions of traffic, transportation, and housing: a city in which there shall be room for homes and playgrounds, as for temples and court-houses: a city in which the rights of property shall be safeguarded chiefly as essential to the supreme right of life.

The memory, the fact, the hope, are equally real. But tell me, brother, can we really make sure of our guide-posts unless we take counsel together beside our camp-fires?

The secret of perpetual motion has not yet been discovered. Human nature demands intervals of rest and relaxation as the unexempt condition of our mortal frailty. Here is where I find my stance for a drive. Go forward we must, unless we are willing to slip backward. But we cannot know that we are going forward, without stopping to talk over our common concerns beside the camp-fire.

Good-humor is one of the pre-requisites of sound judgment. I have seen needful work done by men in excitement and an ill temper, but never truth discovered nor creative things accomplished. My old gardener used to swear horribly when he was rooting out poison-ivy. But when he was studying how to make flowers or vegetables grow better, he was in a friendly mood—whistling or singing.

Emerson has a good word on this. "Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered. Genius works in sport, and goodness smiles to the last; and, for the reason, that whoever sees the law which distributes things does not despond, but is ani-

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mated by great desires and endeavors. He who desponds betrays that he has not seen it."

But what about the man who frets and fumes and froths at the mouth when he propounds his favorite dogma? What about the guide-post enthusiasts who pronounce double damnation on us if we do not rush forward at once on their favorite roads to Utopia? What about the camp-fire sedentaries who declare that unless we "stand pat" precisely where we are, we are doomed to perdition?

Methinks, gentlemen, you do protest too much. The violence of your protest indicates a certain insecurity of the ground whereon you stand. You would base your programme upon ignorance of what men learned in Athens, Sparta, Carthage, Sicily, and Rome, long ago. *Çela ne va pas!* We fall back upon one of those vital phrases with which slang has enriched our language—"*show me!*"

Nor are we willing, if we can prevent it, to have tried upon our tender bodies and souls the old experiments which were tried so long ago and which resulted in lamentable failure.

Why suffer twice to learn the same lesson?

Communism, agrarianism, proletarianism, anarchism, have all had their day, and it was a bad day—in Athens and Sparta and Rome and Jerusalem and Paris. Why give them another day? The divine right of kings and capitalists to impose their will upon their fellowmen has been tested many times and has always failed to make good before the throne of Eternal Wisdom and Righteousness. The bloody bankruptcy of the French reign of terror was no worse, and no better, than the break-down of the attempt of the Holy Alliance to re-establish the tyranny of hereditary titles and unjust prerogatives. Why ask us to return to these old discredited theories? They are not really guide-posts. They are signs of "no thoroughfare." Give us something really new, gentlemen. Think out some better way of co-operation between the "haves" and the "have-nots." Devise some better mode of inducing the lazy to work, and of restraining the clever and industrious from claiming exorbitant gains. That is what we need, as surely as two and two make four.

If you can do this, I promise you that a considerable company of the intellectual middle-class, neither "high-brows" who think they know it all, nor "low-brows" who maintain that nothing is worth knowing, will be ready for a promising adventure. Meantime we follow the old guide-posts which have been proved, and take our needful ease by the camp-fires where we find creature comforts and friendly talk. And if our camp is attacked by brigands, we shall have our guns ready.

I was re-reading the other day, one of the dialogues of Plato, called *Theætetus*, and came upon a passage which seemed to depict the position of thoughtful people in our own time. Plato is speaking of a philosopher endeavoring to instruct and guide a practical man of the world. "But, O my friend," says he, "when he draws the other into the upper air, and gets him out of his pleas and rejoinders into the contemplation of justice and injustice in their own nature, or from the commonplaces about the happiness of kings to the consideration of government, and of human happiness and misery in general—what they are and how a man should seek after the one and avoid the other—when that narrow, keen, little legal mind of his is called to account about all this, he gives the philosopher his revenge. For being dizzied by the height at which he is hanging, he being dismayed and lost and stammering out broken words, is laughed at not only by Thracian handmaidens or any other uneducated persons, for they have no eye for the situation, but by every man who has not been brought up a slave. Such are the two characters, Theodorus; the one of the philosopher or gentleman, who may be excused for appearing futile and inefficient when he has to perform some servile office, such as packing a bag, or flavoring a sauce, or making a flattering speech; the other, of the man of affairs who is able to do every service smartly and neatly, but knows not how to wear his cloak like a gentleman; still less does he acquire the music of speech or hymn, in the true life which is lived by immortals or men blessed by heaven."

This is a fair description, two thousand years old, of the difference between the "high-brow" and the "low-brow." But from this Plato goes on to tell us some-

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thing more important. "Evils," says he, "can never perish; for there must always remain something which is antagonistic to good. . . . But, O my friend, you cannot easily convince mankind that they should avoid vice or pursue virtue for the reason which the majority give, in order, forsooth, to appear respectable; —this is what people are always repeating, and this, in my judgment, is an old wives' tale. Let us get back to the truth! In God is no unrighteousness at all—He is altogether righteous; and there is nothing more like Him than the man among us who is the most righteous. And the true wisdom of men, and their nothingness and cowardice, are closely bound up with this. For to know this is true wisdom and manhood, and to ignore this is folly and vice. All other kinds of so-called wisdom, such as the wisdom of politicians or the wisdom of the arts, are coarse and vulgar. The unrighteous man, or the sayer and doer of unholy things, had far better not cherish the illusion that his roguery is cleverness. Let us tell him frankly that he does not realize what kind of creature he is. He does not know the penalty of unrighteousness: not stripes and death, as he supposes, which evil-doers often elude, but a final punishment from which there is no escape."

You would not take so long and stern a sermon from a modern preacher. But will you not consider it from the broad-shouldered, wide-browed Plato, who lived four hundred years before Christ? Will you not read it as a comment upon those modern knaves who twist the guide-posts around and swear that good is evil and vice is virtuous; those long-haired, lantern-jawed mockers who protest that property is theft and that highway robbery is the triumph of justice?

I do not mean to be drawn into a discussion of the bold brutalities of the Bolsheviki in Russia, or the sneaking villainies of the I. W. W. in America. These lie outside of the region of literature. They are to be met not with essays and orations, but with laws and guns. The decencies of life, the securities of home, the safeguards of social order, having been won, by toil and fighting, from the abyss of barbarism, will not be suffered to perish. Neither the fury of the anti-social maniacs, nor the sentimentalism of the social imbeciles will be permitted to destroy them. We look to statesmen and warriors to take care of this.

But what I am thinking of is the normal life of humanity—a journey with frequent, necessary halts—as Matthew Arnold describes it in *Rugby Chapel:*

> "See! In the rocks of the world
> Marches the host of mankind,
> A feeble, wavering line.
> Where are they tending? A god
> Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.
> Ah, but the way is so long!
> Years they have been in the wild:
> Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks
> Rising all round overawe;
> Factions divide them, their host
> Threatens to break, to dissolve.
> —Ah, keep, keep them combined!
> Else, of the myriads who fill
> That army, not one shall arrive;
> Sole shall they stray; in the rocks
> Stagger forever in vain,
> Die one by one in the waste."

Yes, we must hold together, and go forward together, and take our wayside rest together. That is what I mean to write about in these essays. The interrogation of the guide-posts. The enjoyment of the camp-fires.

But you shall not suspect me of having an ulterior design of springing a new theory of the universe upon you, nor of subtly advertising a panacea for all

> "The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to."

No, gentle reader, I am as much in the dark as you are, and with you I suffer

> "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

'Tis a rough, confused, turbulent age in which we have to live. But it is the only age that is given to us. Let us make the best of it. And above all let us not lose either our loyalty to truth or our sense of humor.

For my own part I confess my prepossession for the small but useful virtues—like fair play, and punctuality, and common courtesy.

If I write of these things, more than of the ultimate ethical theories which engage our modern philosophists, you will understand and forgive me. I do not profess to have solved the riddle of existence. Let us try out our guesses together by the camp-fire. And you, my young brother, don't think that because I am old

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I am necessarily aged and against you. You are my friend, my hope, my reliance.

I am not quite so sure of anything—not even of my doubts, denials, and prejudices—as I was in my youth. But I have had some experience of what agrees with body and soul, as Keats says in his ode to the bards of passion and mirth,

"What doth strengthen and what maim."

By that knowledge I try to steer my course toward peace and a certain degree of usefulness.

The minor morals of life attract me. I like real and decent folk of all creeds and parties. But I have no confidence in catch-words, either of autocracy or democracy.

Christ was crucified by a referendum.

THIS SHALL BE THE BOND

By Marguerite Wilkinson

THIS shall be the bond between us, mate of my heart—
Stir of willow branches where the saplings start,
Out of sedgy meadows by the downhill stream
Where the air lies deep in dream.

This shall be the bond between us, winding in the sun
In and out from yesterday till all our days are done,
The free, onward flowing of the full-hearted river
Past reeds that rustle and quiver.

Ache of throbbing heavens torn by bursting storm,
Tang of bitter wood-smoke where our food waits warm,
And the dear, broken music of the hard-driven rain,
And the cold—or thirst—or pain——

These shall be a bond between us unto the end,
And the unknown venture where the singing rapids bend
To the clean, white danger of the foaming rip,
Where our boat must dance and dip.

Ringing of the pebbles where the riffles are shallow,
Pleasant quip of quail in the fields long fallow,
And the dawn's quaint chorus out of old delight,
And the sweet-scented peace of night;

Blowing of the merry buds, rosy, blue, and yellow,
Flushing of the wild fruits until they are mellow,
Strawberries, raspberries, and saucy wintergreen,
All rich things heard and seen;

All shall be a bond between us till we are too old
For the high-hearted going, till the tales we have told
Of the long rivers winding from the hills to the sea
Are but mirth and a memory.

For the love of all wild things is warm upon our lips,
The old earth is answered in our clinging finger-tips,
We are growing full-hearted as the rivers grow great—
This shall be the bond, my mate.

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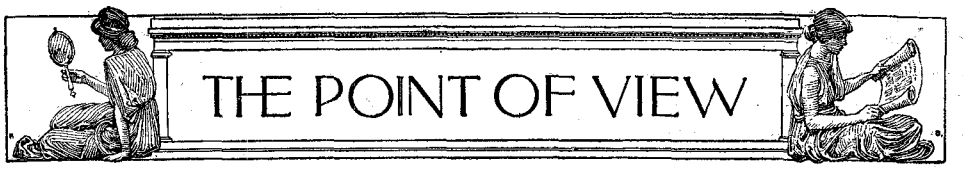

EVERY ONE expects a calendar for a Christmas or New Year's gift, and few people are satisfied with just one. The housekeeper wants a big advertising calendar on the kitchen-wall, a handsome one for the living-room, and a small one for her desk. She can, in fact, find a place and a use for as many as Santa Claus sends her. The business man must have one on his office-desk and one at home in his den.

The Neglect of the Almanac

But useful and attractive as the calendars are, they are wofully lacking in the information furnished by their predecessors, the almanacs. The grandfathers and grandmothers of this generation got from "Ayer's," "Lydia Pinkham's," "The Ladies' Birthday," and a half-dozen other almanacs a store of knowledge concerning matters of which their descendants are ignorant.

How often about the 23d of December do you hear some one remark with satisfaction: "Now we have passed the shortest days and the sun will begin to rise earlier." By the 1st of January people will tell you that they can see quite a little difference in the morning light. If they had been brought up on the almanac, they would have known that while the afternoon light begins (in my latitude) to lengthen on the 15th of December, the sun refuses to get up earlier until the 9th of January. Only astronomers and old people know this solar habit nowadays, because this generation neglects the almanac.

How many persons could tell whether at the present time Jupiter is evening or morning star, and just where Venus is to be found? How many know the eclipses of the sun and moon due this year, their dates, and where they are visible? Not many, I venture to say. Much more lamentable, however, is the prevalent ignorance concerning a matter of such importance as the phases of the moon. Most of us have fallen into the careless habit of speaking of a somewhat small moon in the western sky as new, when it may really be some days past its newness. When big and roundish in the east in early evening, we call it full, whether it be in the latter part of the second quarter or somewhere in the first part of the third. Being thus hazy and inaccurate in regard to the exact phase of Luna, it follows necessarily that we recklessly disregard the proper seasons for performing various important operations. We have our hair cut at any convenient time, never thinking whether the moon is in the proper stage to have the growth of the hair benefited by the cutting. We no longer plant in the dark of the moon, or gather our herbs at its full, because all that wisdom has gone with our knowledge of the lunar changes. Think of the temerity of a generation which plunges wildly ahead with the most serious undertakings without consulting the auspices furnished by the moon, the conjunction of the planets, and the signs of the zodiac. No wonder we so often meet with disaster.

Who really knows anything about the coming weather unless he gets it from the almanac? On the 31st of December my treasure of a washwoman told me, when she appeared in the morning, that she had been reading the almanac for the weather in January and February, and that there were going to be quite a few blizzards and cold waves in those months. I had just read in the paper the weather-report for the day, which said cloudy and probably snow, when the sun was shining and the temperature so mild that I had turned the gas off from the furnace. My authority gave the weather for only one day at a time, and frequently had that wrong. When right, he told nothing I did not already know from looking out of the window. Mrs. Brown takes the weather in big doses of two or three months at once, or in detail day by day, as she chooses. She will think all winter that the season conforms pretty much to the promise of the almanac. Her weather wisdom derived from its pages is much more extensive than mine gathered from the daily paper, and on the average her oracle hits the mark quite as often as mine.

The weather is really made so interesting in the almanac that I often find myself reading the whole year through at once, hating to break off in the midst of the har-

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rative. Different almanacs are frequently far from agreeing. You will read in one that from the 17th to the 20th of January "fine open weather will prevail over the Northwestern, Central, and Eastern States," and in another for the same period that "a great storm will advance from the Mississippi Valley, causing heavy snowfalls, followed by severe cold with high gales." Each has its faithful adherents who will think their special authority has proved to be right in its predictions.

When a prophecy of the weather-man was mentioned, an old lady used to say: "Well, taking the year through, I think the 'Ladies' Birthday' hits the weather pretty well." Her neighbor, without running down this authority, always declared that she herself thought that the "Swamp Root" was about as reliable as anything.

One of the great advantages which the family almanac had over the modern calendar consisted in the enormous store of miscellaneous information which it brought into the household each year. When books were few, some of the diligent readers of the almanac acquired from its pages a prodigious knowledge of historical and biographical dates. They could tell the date of the battle of Bunker Hill, of Lafayette's birth, of John Bunyan's death, and literally of hundreds of other events of greater or less importance. Truly, the almanac was a great educator in many a pioneer home.

If it has fallen in these days from its former high place as a family oracle, it is by no means of little value. It has much real information not easily to be gained from anything else. Still more, it has atmosphere and charm. There is about it the fine flavor of antiquity. I could never feel properly started on the new year without as large an assortment of almanacs as I am able to gather. They are not all alluring—some are mere makeshifts. But each year I find with thankfulness that there are still some of the genuine old-fashioned kind. In the future I may give my friends calendars, but I have made a New Year's resolution, hereafter always to give almanacs with them.

Winter Fires

LAST year the Outdoor Man, who has tramped, hunted, fished, and naturalized ever since he was a little boy, stumbled upon a new outdoor diversion and introduced me to the supreme delight of winter picnics. This year we have become addicted to winter picnics, he and I. We have even decided that December and January are the ideal picnic months. And we live in Vermont, where winter means snow-drifts and zero weather.

"A large part of the year," the Outdoor Man, who loves to theorize, expounds the matter, "the woods are spoiled for picnicking by flies and mosquitoes. In summer, too, you don't want a fire. Cooking is a chore in summer, and lying around afterward in the cool shade hasn't half the charm of drawing up to good talk by a glowing fire. In spring one's appetite is finicky and there are too many flowers and birds to attend to and nests to hunt; in the fall the weather is ideal for a month or two, but fires in the dry autumn woods are dangerous. Then come the best months, December and January; for by mid-February the sun glares unpleasantly on the snow and softens it at midday, so that trampers get wet feet."

Thus the methodical Outdoor Man. With unmethodical me it's the adventurousness, the surprisingness, the impossible strangeness of winter picnics that gives them their zest. Nobody would think it could be fun to eat outdoors in bleak December. Nobody would believe you could keep warm while you lounge, full-fed, by the fire. One pictures the winter woods as dull, bleak, cheerless. But it is fun! You aren't cold! The magic of unfamiliarity adds a final beauty to the snowy hillsides; there are flaming sunsets, glittering moonlight on the snow, dark, wind-swept pines, towering spruces, gloriously snow-laden or sombrely black against the gray and white of leafless woodland; there are the brave winter birds and the ghostly tracks of little animals scurrying out into the cold, unfamiliar world for food.

So off we go these bleak December days—once we started in the gentle drizzle of a January thaw. A high hillside pasture is our favorite goal. We build our fire in a sheltered spot among the evergreens; green boughs spread on the snow make soft, dry seats. If the backlog is damp, it only lasts the longer. We scorn to bring paper, using scraps of birch bark and a handful of dead spruce twigs for kindling, and our fire is of hardwood, warm and lasting, split with the

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axe that the Outdoor Man carries in his rucksack, a veritable "carry all and more too." To get the full joy of such a fire you must wait for a good bed of coals that will keep the fire warm, as it were. Three hours, often, we sit by our winter fires with never a thought of chill. Presently the birds come, flitting about in the spruces; flocks of white-winged crossbills, pine-grosbeaks, redpolls—all rather shy and distant—noisy, inattentive nuthatches, and curious little chickadees, who will fly very near, indeed, if you call them, squeaking, with your lips pressed to the back of your hand, in crude imitation of a frightened nestling. If one of the spruces near the fire be full of cones, that helps to insure bird neighbors. We are planning now to set up feeders near one or two of our favorite fire-spots; the birds will quickly learn to come for their snacks of seed and crumbs, and our pasture, being made a more attractive feeding-ground for them, will be proportionately so to us.

Is it because we shut our nature-eyes in winter that we know so little of the winter birds? We have no summer songster more showy or tamer than the gaudy-winged, parrot-billed evening grosbeak, who, for the past years until last winter, has flocked boldly into our New England towns to feed on the box-elder and other fruits. But his coming is unknown save to a small coterie of all-the-year nature-lovers—professional nature lovers, so to speak. I passed a little box-elder tree one December day that was fairly aflame with the black and white and gold of a dozen of these lovely birds. Two small boys had discovered them.

"See the robins!" cried one.

"Naw, those ain't robins, they're canaries," declared the other, keener-eyed for color than for size.

Of the presence of the shyer birds of the winter woods most summer bird students are wholly ignorant.

Sometimes we cook a full hot meal in the open, sometimes we have only high tea: a very special blend of tea, fine and inspiriting enough to be worthy of our beautiful outdoor tea-room, and cakes or cookies or crackers—"Loyalty" brands of course—brought from home. I prefer mere tea; it leaves more time for enjoying the fire. Once, while we sat drinking our tea, making no effort to be quiet, a brewer's mole came and nibbled at the discarded tea-leaves; a little gray ghost he seemed, so small and still and oddly shaped that you could not believe your eyes were seeing him aright. Magically out of the snow he came, down into the snow, after a moment he vanished, tunnelling under the crust to his winter quarters.

"Why, he must be starving to come out like that!" cried the Outdoor Man. So we piled crumbs near the brush-heap where his tunnel ended, in the hope that he would smell them, or come again to the tea-leaves and discover a better meal.

That was the day, when, being far from a brook or spring, we used snow-water. It gives you a wonderful pioneer feeling to melt snow enough for a pot of tea. It also cultivates a pioneer's patience, being far from the quick and easy affair it sounds, or is sometimes represented as being in popular pioneer fiction.

Once, after a blizzard, we snow-shoed up among the hills by a logging road to the foot of a sheer cliff where in spring the duck-hawks nest. The dead-wood on the ground was drifted out of sight, and we had to pull down dry branches. Collecting fire-wood on snow-shoes is another pioneer job, but collecting it without them that day meant wallowing to your waist in heavy snow. When our fire got to the cooking stage, it was burning in an ice-bottomed pit, three feet below the surrounding snow-bank on which we sat. We had creamed chipped beef for supper—the Outdoor Man's *de luxe* make, on toast, then white corn-meal griddle-cakes, with Vermont maple syrup, and coffee; and we came down the trail by moonlight.

There was another snow-shoe trip last March into a frozen swamp to see the nest of a great horned owl that the Outdoor Man had discovered: a clutter of interlaced sticks high in a tall pine. A pair of hawks had built the nest and the owls had seized upon it for their strangely timed nesting. We had heartlessly planned to frighten the owl off the eggs and so get sight of her, but that was unnecessary, for we could plainly see two feathery "horns" and one great yellow eye cocked drunkenly over the edge of the nest, to spy on us and our intentions. Poor owls! Three days of twenty below zero weather just after our visit froze their eggs—not an uncommon calamity in Vermont owldom—and shortly the nest was

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deserted. Our tea-hour that day was gay with springtime plans for seeing baby owls fed in a fluffy row on the topmost branches of the tall pine, but, as events proved, the chance of seeing the nest occupied came only to the bravers of winter's rigor.

Friends have joined us around our winter fires, some tempted by broiled partridge early in December, or sour milk griddle-cakes or home-made sausage; some chiefly curious to see how the Outdoor Man packs so many things in his rucksack; others for love of the open or of a cup of tea in good company. Our guests have been chosen with discrimination, of course, but none has complained of cold or discomfort, and most have asked to come again. So to all readers of spirit—we refuse to believe that they are few—we commend the outdoor meal by the winter fire in the snowy woods, with good talk after it—restful, invigorating, lifting the short cold days of the year out of the ban of being house-bound, rounding out the calendar of outdoor sports, making winter in these northern fastnesses no longer a bugaboo but the most thrilling, inspiriting, alluring season of all the wonderful year.

A GREAT American university has lately announced "a psychological test" to take the place of regular entrance examinations. A part of this test, it appears, is to consist of fifty or more words, chosen at random from the dictionary, whose exact meaning is to be illustrated by correct use in sentences. If an experience of some years in attempting to develop young America's vocabulary may be accounted a sound basis of judgment, I predict that this test will prove an unfailing source of surprise and merriment. These effects will be partly due to the bizarre possibilities of words, which can be most ingenuously developed by the "forced fingers rude" of the amateur in composition.

Whimsical Possibilities of Some Words

This belief of mine concerning the nature of words may be a curious one; but I think it is true. The belief is simply this: that for centuries educated people have been pigeonholing words as if their nature could yield to such treatment. They were handled just like so much passive material: labelled, stored in the compartments of the mind, and drawn forth as occasion demanded. But words are hardly more amenable to classification than are people. They are embarrassingly alive, and startlingly human. If you will but give this matter your serious attention, you will find that words have a vital personality; and that their meaning and behavior should by no man be considered as being limited. I admit that the normal monotony of our minds may make a word seem stale; but really a word has the secret of Cleopatra's charm. Consider, I pray, the word "casual," whose meaning certainly appears well and staidly established.

From the sudden and enthusiastic pen of a rather typical American boy I read this sentence: "The wily fox gave me a casual look." When asked what he meant by "casual," he said: "Why, it means *sly*." This made me very thoughtful; for, indeed, how many a look, apparently merely casual, is really, though slow, wily and wary, guarded and appraising!

This use of "casual" shows us that the wandering of a word from the path of rectitude in the matter of meaning may lead to interesting developments. When once a word begins to behave in this manner, it may become positively abandoned in its strayings. The possibility of its sprightly wrongdoing is really capacious. Consider our old friend "didactic." How it takes us back to the college classroom! Strictly, perhaps, it should never be used anywhere else. It is certainly a musty, rather unctuous word; and perhaps I should not have asked boys to add it to their vocabularies. It was defined to them as "instructive—purposing to teach."

Reading a composition soberly one day, my eye fell upon this sentence: "As she loved me well, my mother whipped me didactically." When the writer was taxed for his meaning, he said, looking at me with honest wide eyes: "Why, it means 'purposing to teach.' She wanted to teach me a lesson."

I call especial attention to this use of "didactic." Surely it has solved for parents a very difficult and delicate matter. They have always been obliged to say clumsily, "I am doing this for your own good"; and, "This hurts me far more than it hurts you." Now the problem has been solved. Out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom. Let

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us henceforth say, with becoming sadness in the tone: "My son, I shall have to punish you didactically."

Another word which seems to have startling traits is "hereditary." Without doubt some of these varying uses arose from a misapprehension of the word's grammatical nature. Nevertheless, the following statements are highly suggestive: "I am my ancestors' hereditary." Some scientists declare that my hereditary was a monkey." The word "cupidity," which is ordinarily considered a grave citizen in the commonwealth of words, is made, by young writers, to caper to such uses as these: "Cupidity means violent love-making." "It is the solemn state of matrimony." "It is the opposite of stupidity." Here I might add that all along we may have been deceiving ourselves concerning the real meaning of "pastoral," for I have lately been told that it means "the state of being like a sheep or goat." That definition certainly widely implies something bucolic.

There appears to be extreme flexibility in the character of the apparently drab word "contour." The fresh, untrained, and perhaps unspoiled mind sees in it marvellous things; and the word's use is properly amplified, as these statements will prove. "Contour is the pretty part of a girl's cheek." "Contour means the side of a hill." "Contour sometimes enables one to see the ribs of a horse." Here, undeniably, something like justice is done to this mild word which for so long has had to be content with technical uses.

Words can readily be found to have whimsical meanings when they are mistaken for other words. "Satyr" and "satire" are often taken for blood-brothers; and in such a case we find that "A satire is a goatish divinity," and that "A satyr is a stinging poem." I commend this example of confusion to the attention of those who denounce the teaching of Greek and Latin. Here is further information that I unselfishly yield: "Coma is a state of being asleep without knowing it." Again, "No sentence should end with a coma." The sagacity of the advice here given is surely of a penetrating order. Sentences that end with commas are not perhaps so hopeless as those that end with comas!

After a few of these experiences with the fluctuating nature of words, I have come to believe that each one is a genuine personality, capable of bewildering development. We ought to abandon our ideas of their triteness; they are really delightfully erring and variable. No one, for example, would suppose that a list of words "expressing a loud noise" could rise to the following climax: "blast, explosion, eruption, cataclysm, afternoon tea."

My closing thought is that if the university with the "psychological test" wants some one to read examination papers, I shall make a joyous offer of my services. I always did like being entertained.

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THE FIELD OF ART

AN AMERICAN FINE ARTS ACADEMY NEAR PARIS

By Ernest C. Peixotto

Captain, Engineers; Director, Atelier of Painting, A. E. F. Art Training Centre, Bellevue

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

SOON after the signing of the Armistice the War Department set its approval upon a scheme to establish an educational system for the American soldiers in France, a scheme by which these young men who had begun serious study before taking service in the army could turn to profit time that would otherwise have been wasted. The Department of Fine Arts in this educational System was placed under the special direction of Mr. George S. Hellman, who asked Messrs. Lloyd Warren and Grosvenor Atterbury, two very well-known New York architects, to co-operate with him as assistant directors. Mr. Atterbury's efforts were chiefly devoted to the University of Beaune, where the main activities of the A. E. F. Educational System centred, while Mr. Warren became the head of a special institution that was to be founded nearer Paris.

For it was decided, and rightly, that a special Department of Fine Arts should be established in some place quite near Paris so that its students might profit by the exceptional advantages which that great centre affords to the student of art.

The idea of an army establishing an art school for troops in the field was so novel, so unprecedented an experiment, that in many quarters it was looked upon askance and even openly laughed at. Yet more perhaps than any other class could the students who had been drawn from their work in our art schools to do duty in our army profit by their sojourn in France.

The Pavillon de Bellevue, a hotel-restaurant well-known to travellers before the war, situated on a hill above Sèvres, was found to be available, it having just been vacated by the American Red Cross, who had used it as a hospital. Dominating an extensive and beautiful view of all the Paris region, it proved, upon investigation, to be admirably suited to the requirements of an art school. Its two great halls, high and well lighted, could be used, one for the main architectural drafting-room, the other for the principal painting studio, while smaller ateliers for special classes were arranged in the various out-houses.

Mr. Lloyd Warren, as dean of the faculty, chose the heads of departments. He himself, with his associate, Mr. Archibald Brown, organized the Department of Architecture; Mr. Solon Borglum was placed at the head of the Department of Sculpture; Mr. Leslie Cauldwell took charge of the Department of Interior Decoration, and I was asked to organize the Department of Painting. The head of each department then selected the men who were to assist him, and thus the faculty grew into being harmoniously and rapidly.

Speed in organization was a vital consideration. In a few weeks materials had to be requisitioned and purchased; the ateliers had to be fitted up and all details of lectures, lecturers, and special instructors arranged. But when the students began to arrive in early March all was in readiness to receive them. They were assigned to billets in the two upper floors of the building, the enlisted men eight in a room, the officers two to four. There were two messes in the basement, one for officers and another for the men.

But in the classes and while at work no distinction whatever was made between officers and men. The lieutenants often worked without their blouses, and in their O. D. shirts could not be distinguished from the men. The commandant of the post, Major George H. Gray, an architect by profession, took a broad view of regulations and

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The sculptors' atelier.

patterned after the methods adopted in the Paris ateliers. For the architects a three months' course was devised that was intended to offer an opportunity for technical improvement as well as to afford a perspective of the past and present achievements of French architecture, and give the students an insight into those principles of architectural design that have made the Ecole des Beaux-Arts the Mecca for students of all countries. Monsieur Victor Laloux, the most famous "patron" of the Ecole, co-operated in this work and came personally to Bellevue to give his criticisms. The regular Ecole *projets* were studied, but in a simplified form, so as to give the students an opportunity to study as many problems as possible in a short space of time. The painters and sculptors had the regular life-class work as well as special classes in ornament, composition, etching, landscape, etc. Monsieur F. Cormon, the best-known "patron" of the Beaux-Arts

allowed the students every privilege compatible with good military discipline.

The men from the very first threw themselves enthusiastically into their work. Some seemed to regret that they had not been assigned to the Paris ateliers, but when they realized the exceptional advantages that they were to enjoy at Bellevue they became very content to remain there. They had been selected by means of questionnaires sent out through the army, asking where, for how long, and under whom they had studied, so that the majority of them were advanced students well able to profit by three months' "intensive training."

Their working day was divided as follows: After the morning setting-up exercises they gave an hour to a French lesson, and later, at eleven o'clock, an hour to a daily lecture. The afternoons were devoted to class work and to "study trips" in Paris and elsewhere.

The class work was

The life class.

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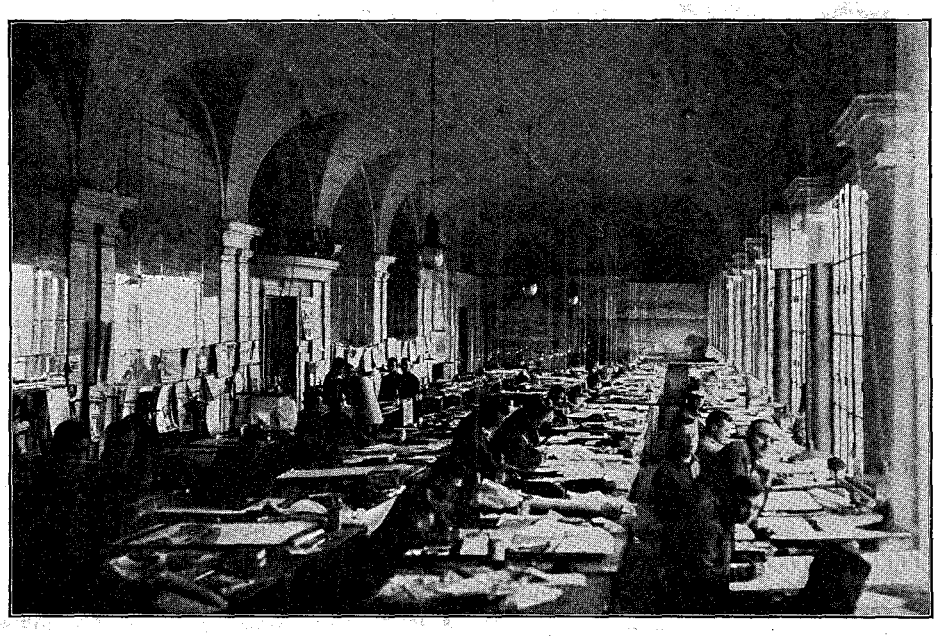
painting ateliers, judged the monthly concours. Jacques Blanche twice painted studies from the model before the class, and Bernard Naudin made a demonstration drawing before it.

As I have said, the main idea of the school was to afford the students the best opportunity possible to profit by their proximity to Paris. This was accomplished in various ways. The architects were taken on "study trips," to visit the monuments of Paris and its environs, making pencil and water-color drawings, and taking measurements of many of them. The members of the classes in Interior Decoration were taken on similar trips to study the French styles, so that, in a few months' time, they became quite proficient in recognizing the furniture, panelling, hangings, etc., of the different periods.

The painters and sculptors made similar journeys to the museums and current exhibitions, and, furthermore, enjoyed a special privilege—unique, I believe, in the annals of art-study in Paris—that of visiting in their own ateliers the most famous painters and sculptors of the day.

They were taken to the studios of radicals and conservatives in art, and were thus able to form their own ideas of what was or was not worth while in the tendencies of present-day art. They met these great men personally, and, for an hour or two, heard them talk of their work, seeing that work in its various stages of completion, and visualizing the personality and surroundings of each man. Among the studios visited were those of the painters Bonnat, Besnard, Roll, Cormon, Cottet, Jacques Blanche, Réné Ménard, Van Dongen, Gorguet, Paul Chabas, and Mlle. Dufau; the draftsmen Steinlen, Willette, Léandre, Devambez, and Jonas; the sculptors Bartholomé, Damft, Bourdelle, Bouchard Sicard, and Desbois —an impressive list of names famous in French art of to-day.



The main architectural drafting-room.

To further stimulate the students and make them better appreciate the things they were seeing in Paris, a group of distinguished lecturers was invited to come out and talk to the whole student body: architects, painters, and sculptors, assembled for that purpose every morning.

The students eagerly absorbed all this rich food and, I feel sure, will digest it thoroughly during many a long year of work. For, aside from adding to their store of technical knowledge, they were taught to

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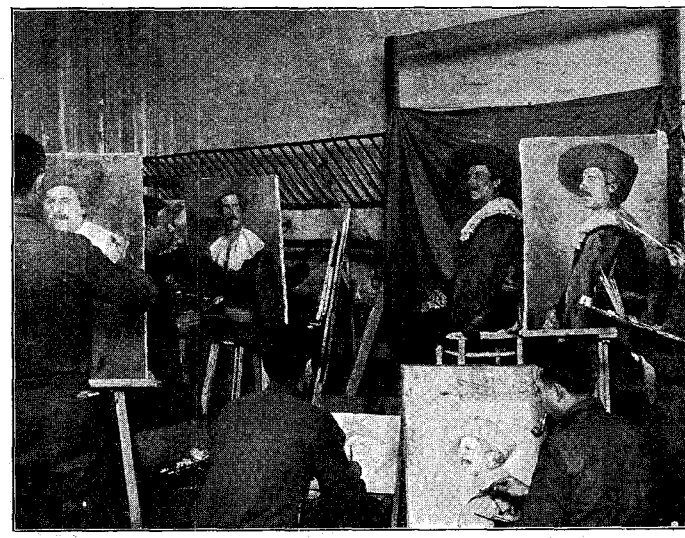
think—to use their minds as well as their hands, to form their own ideas of what they wanted to do by listening to many men's opinions, not blindly to follow the views of any one school or teacher. They learned, too, to differentiate between a cheap commercial success in art and the high ideals and patient progress of the French student.

The distinguished Frenchmen who came in contact with these three hundred young men were particularly struck with the eager receptivity of their minds, their quickness to absorb new ideas, their untiring capacity for work. When a group requested the formation of a landscape class and were informed that there seemed no time left for such work, fifty of them volunteered to report every morning at 6.45, ready to go to work. And with such a spirit, combined with the stimulus of all they were seeing and hearing, their work showed really remarkable improvement. One of my pupils, I am sure, voiced the feelings of many of his fellows when he told me that his three months at Bellevue had amply compensated for the two years that he had lost from his work while serving in the army.

I wish that I could give credit, in the limits of this short article, to all those who, by their zeal and enthusiasm, contributed to the success of the Bellevue school. I feel, however, that a special word of appreciation is due to the noted Frenchmen who, despite their many other activities, spared themselves neither time nor effort in promoting its aims and purposes, and who, by their contact with the pupils, vastly broadened their artistic horizons and sent them back to America with many new ideas in their heads and a technic broadened and restored after months of disuse in the army.

I believe that all those connected with the school, Frenchmen and Americans alike, feel that some such institution should be established in a permanent form near Paris —a place to which American students could go, if only for a short period of time, to refresh their minds with new ideas, and see for themselves what is going on in the art world of France. Such a project, indeed, is now well under way. The French Ministry of the Fine Arts has authorized the use of the great Louis XV wing of the Palace of Fontainebleau, the wing that contains the old royal theatre, admirably suited for concerts, as an American Academy of Music, to be directed by the best-known professors of the Paris Conservatoire. It is hoped also that this project may ultimately be extended so as to include sections of painting, architecture, and sculpture, thus creating a closer relationship between the art workers of France and America.



A portrait class.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 6.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

LOOKING FORWARD

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN the great financial markets as in the ordinary affairs of life, the ending of the old year and the beginning of the new one directs the thought of the whole community to what is behind us and to what is ahead. The average individual never wholly shakes off the feeling that somehow the new year will be a new slate on which a new and different experience will be written. The story of a twelvemonth just ended takes the shape of a closed chapter; hopes, expectations, and resolves are based on the vague idea that it will be easier to make a change, especially if it is to be a change for the better, after, rather than before, the 31st of December.

Entering a New Year

There is a good deal of this habit of thinking in the discussions of national prosperity and of national and international finance. That it is often illusory, the markets are well aware. Long experience testifies that the turn for better or worse in a financial situation rarely happens with the opening of January; that it is much more apt to come in the later springtime or in autumn. For this the very evident reason is that fundamental influences such as the harvests of our own and other countries, with their important consequences in the national wealth, international trade, prices of commodities, foreign exchange markets and the rate for money, do not really show their character in any country, so far as concerns the developments of a given calendar year, until April or May. They cannot indeed be fully measured, through the similar agricultural results in the rest of the world, until August or September. The definite plans for the immediate future, even of our own country's internal trade, will largely have been completed by the end of this present December; but the framing of a new commercial programme for the next year as a whole is almost invariably postponed until, in the springtime, underlying conditions can be more clearly discovered.

Nothing could better illustrate these general truths than the financial history of the very year which is now drawing to its close. In our own country, 1919 will be remembered as a year of rising prices, great industrial activity, and persistent speculation for the rise on the Stock Exchange; but the course of events and the action of the markets in the two or three first months of the year, if one were to consider those months as a separate period, pointed in exactly the opposite direction. It was only in the early springtime that the real character of the year began to display itself. The history of another recent year of great American prosperity—1916—illustrates the same principle. The three first months of that year of abnormally great trade profits and of excited rise on the financial markets reflected little but hesitation and uncertainty in trade and falling prices on the Stock Exchange.

THERE may be, however, more reason than usual in the present situation for expecting financial and economic movements of real significance early in 1920. For one thing, the fact cannot be ignored that the winter season itself, with the harsh and cruel circumstances which it will impose on the European people in their present situation, is bound to test even the political stability of more than one foreign community. It is at least conceivable that, as a consequence of actual distress and famine, events in such countries as Ger-

The Economic Influences of 1920

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many, Austria, Italy, or Russia may move in such a way as to affect deeply both the political and the financial situation. This being so, the world at large and the financial markets in particular will certainly know more of the fundamental influences with which they have to deal when this severe test of human endurance is over than they know to-day. To what extent the visible movements in these various directions will be reflected in advance on the commercial and financial markets we shall have to wait to see.

It is quite undeniable that, at the moment, people are looking forward with a great deal of gloomy apprehension to the results of this European winter season. But that proves nothing; indeed, it is sometimes the part of wisdom to take by contrary such predictions on the street corner or the market-place. Nobody will have forgotten that, at this precise time a year ago, a similarly general feeling prevailed that France and England would recover with great rapidity as a sequel to the victorious termination of the war, but that Germany, prostrate and defeated, would fall an early and easy victim to the Bolshevist conspirators. In the event, neither prediction was fulfilled. The contemplated victim of Bolshevism organized a firm constitutional government and stamped out the Communist insurrection; the Western European nations which, so to speak, were to get on their feet financially and commercially overnight have shown by the experience of the past twelve months how slow and arduous the task will be, and what formidable financial handicaps remain to be surmounted. The reason for the non-fulfilment of the expectations entertained, even by experienced men, was that the expectations themselves were based on the mood and the seeming indications of the moment, without allowance for the larger influences which were bound to operate later.

THIS may turn out to be equally true of the predictions and apprehensions entertained at the present moment regarding the probable developments of 1920. It will therefore be worth while to look again at the situation into which the world has drifted during the past twelve months, and then to inquire what possibilities, whether for good or bad, may be discovered in the political or financial horoscope. Nobody questions that the feeling of our own community, in regard to the economic rehabilitation of Europe, is distinctly less cheerful at the end of 1919 than it was at the beginning. The view taken of that matter, even in our markets, has inevitably been colored by the extraordinary movement of the foreign exchanges against the recent European belligerents—a movement which reached its climax in the closing weeks of the year.

Europe in the Past Twelve Months

There is at least a possibility, however, not only that the inferences drawn from that movement may have been too sweeping in themselves, but that the fixing of the public's attention on this one phenomenon may have made it lose sight of other and equally important developments, from which quite opposite inferences might be drawn. After all, the depreciated exchange rates are in reality a direct reflection of war conditions. The present season's decline would undoubtedly have been witnessed in all its present violence during the war itself, but for the fact that artificial and temporary influences were at that time applied to prevent it. Those influences were withdrawn this year, and what the foreign exchange market has subsequently experienced is a belated response to actual conditions of a year or more ago. But if this is true, then the careful inquirer would naturally look for financial and economic developments with a bearing on the future rather than on the past.

THERE have been such developments, and of a highly interesting sort, even though obscured by the more sensational incidents of the international money market. That England's economic recuperation would depend very largely on her success in building up again her foreign trade on the pre-war basis and in reducing or cancelling the huge war-time balance of trade against her, every one was aware. The circumstances of her own industrial situation during 1919—the labor disputes in England, with the large

Evidences of Recuperation

(Continued on page 42, *following*)

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

(Continued from page 130)

increase in wages, large reduction in working hours, and the consequent large advance in cost of manufacture—have handicapped efforts at such recuperation. So has the fact that, in planning to restore her export trade, the first and necessary step was a great increase in her import of raw materials.

Nevertheless, the British Board of Trade r port for the eleven months ending with Nover ber shows the export of British products to ha increased £350,000,000 over 1918, or no le than 72 per cent. Notwithstanding a very lar increase of imports also, the surplus of total i

(Financial Situation, continued on page 44)

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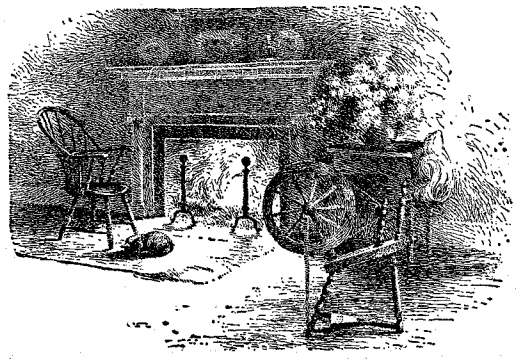

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 42)

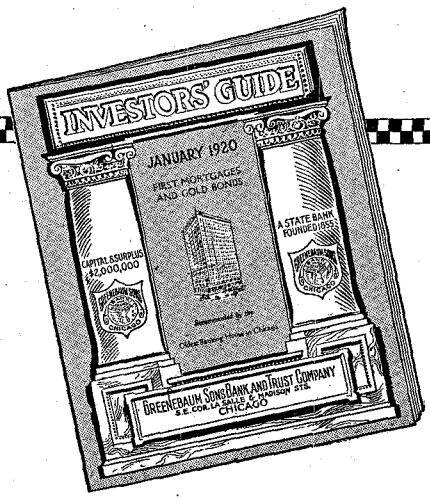
ports over total exports, during the same eleven months, turned out to be less by nearly £100,000,000 than in the preceding year, a decrease of 14 per cent in the balance of trade against Great Britain. That this much should have been achieved under the trying industrial conditions of 1919 is a matter of much significance for the future.

THE case of France is by no means so reassuring on the surface as is that of England. The French Government's recent report on the country's foreign trade in the eight first month of 1919 showed that while exports of merchandis increased only 778,000,000 francs over 1918, imports of merchandise increased 3,853,000,000 francs. The report showed plainly, from the character of the importations, that the situatio was one in which the requirements of the Frenc people themselves were so urgent and so grea that it had scarcely yet become possible to ac complish anything positive in the export trade.

The Situation i France

But those who imagine that France has bee

(Financial Situation, continued on page 46)



To investors who sign and mail the accompanying coupon we will send a copy of the "INVESTORS' GUIDE."

GREENEBAUM SONS BANK and TRUST COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Send a copy of the January "Investors' Guide" to

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State .....

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Now Ready For Distribution

Greenebaum "Investors' Guide"

The January issue of the "Investors' Guide" presents the essential particulars of current Real Estate Mortgage Bonds offered and recommended by Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company. It also explains the added assurance of satisfaction the investor obtains when he deals with this bank, which has a sixty-five year record of proved safety.

Current offerings consist of 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000, maturities 2 to 10 years.

Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

OLDEST BANKING HOUSE IN CHICAGO

La Salle and Madison Streets

Correspondents in Many Cities

CAPITAL and SURPLUS - - - - - $2,000,000

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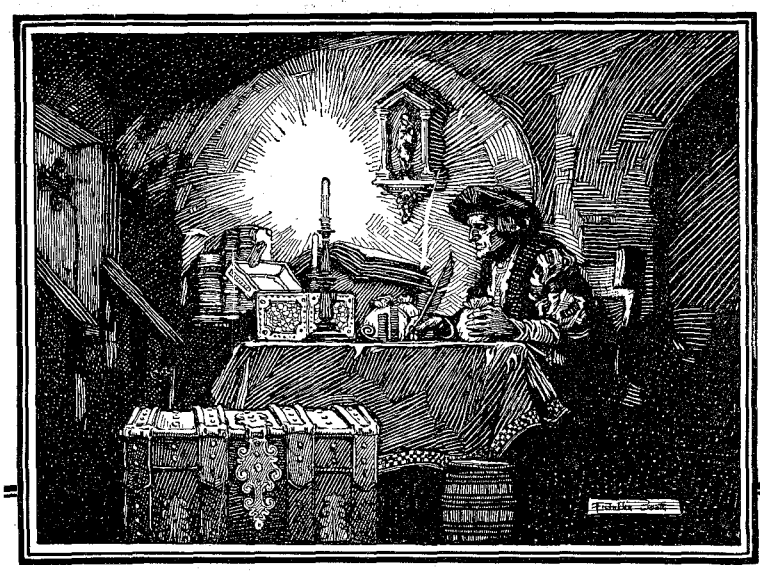

In the Days of the Strong-Box

In the sixteenth century, gold and silver were almost the sole mediums of exchange. Merchants kept their money in strong-boxes. Such unemployed capital earned nothing. It took centuries to develop deposit banking and the many facilities of modern financial institutions.

Modern Deposit Banking

IMPORTANT as is the function of the modern bank in making possible the transfer of money through the use of credit instruments, it is only one phase of the service which it offers to the public. The wealth entrusted to the bank does not remain idle, like gold in coffers, but is constantly employed as a basis of credit in commerce and industry, and is thus in the continuous service of the community.

In keeping with this conception of modern banking, the Guaranty Trust Company of New York accepts deposits and extends credit, and seeks to employ its resources along broad, conservative lines to meet the needs of American business of today and tomorrow. It renders every service which comes within the scope of a complete commercial, foreign, and investment banking institution.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

New York London Liverpool Paris Havre Brussels

Capital and Surplus - - - $50,000,000

Resources more than - - $800,000,000

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 44)

idle in the industrial field during 1919 are misjudging the situation. A recent official bulletin, summing up what has been thus far accomplished in the way of economic reconstruction, gave these interesting particulars: Whereas no less than 1,986 manufactories had been actually destroyed or put out of work in northern France during the period of invasion, notice had been received at the Ministry of Labor by September 1 that 1,027 of them, or more than half, were ready to resume production. Out of 4,400,000 acres of productive land put out of cultivation by the invading armies, and yielding no crops in the period of war, 1,002,000 acres had been sown to winter crops on November 1, and the expectation was that 1,682,000 more acres will be in seed next spring.

Destruction of railway systems had been a very formidable handicap to industrial recovery. In the north, 601 bridges, culverts, and aqueducts had been destroyed in war-time; by last November, 256 had been rebuilt. All this is the clearest possible evidence as to why the industrial recuperation of France, so far as actual production and export trade would reflect it, has been so slow during 1919. But it also gives reason for anticipating a very much more rapid pace of tangible recovery in the ensuing year. This process, of which France is naturally the most striking example, is going on in the other lately belligeren continental countries also. It is certain that with all the obstacles and handicaps which stil remain, we shall witness during the next twelv months some very important changes in the in dustrial and commercial position.

Outlook fo the United States

THERE is left for consideration the Unite States; concerning which the casual reade of recent reports regarding the stock-market, th exchange of checks at the country's banks, an the course of foreign trade, might be inclined t say that never in the country's history has it occupied so impregnable an economic position. Even the collapse of New York exchange on Europe was in a certain sense testimony to ou own financial strength. Considered simply fron the old-fashioned view-point of a movement of th foreign exchanges "in favor of our market," i was something quite without parallel. What i ahead of the United States?

Of the great strength of this country's positio in the economic world and the certainty of it continuance, there is no more doubt to-day tha there is of the strength of its position in th world's politics and the continuance of tha

(Financial Situation, continued on page 48)

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Established 1818

Philadelphia NEW YORK Boston

TRAVELERS LETTERS OF CREDIT

Issued against cash or deposit of securities or under responsible guarantee. These letters may be obtained from banks everywhere.

Illustrated booklet sent upon request

BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Established 1810

Founders Court, Lothbury
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Office for Travelers
123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

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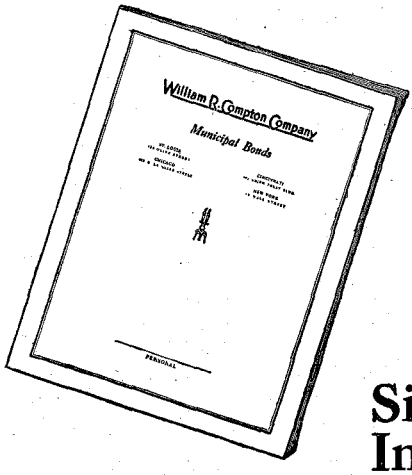

Simplify Your Income Tax Returns

Our Free Record Book will greatly simplify your problem of preparing Income Tax returns.

Containing as it does a summary and digest of the Income Tax Law and the exemption features of the various Liberty Loan issues, this booklet will give you a clear understanding of the provisions of the law as it affects you.

Space is provided for entering your income from various sources month by month as it comes in and also for indicating allowable deductions.

Thus, by familiarizing you with the requirements of the law and enabling you to record your income systematically, our free Record Book materially lessens the work of making out returns.

In producing The Income Tax Record we were merely serving the interests of our clients. However, we will gladly mail you a complimentary copy upon request, whether or not you are a client. Kindly address dept. B 1.

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Cincinnati
New Orleans

William R. Compton Company

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS

"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 46)

The picture at the beginning of 1920 resembles in many respects that of a single powerful creditor who is making terms to a whole community legitimately indebted to him—a community which must occupy a good deal of the future in paying off its debt. Yet it is never wholly safe to draw conclusions very far ahead in matters of this sort, even when based on such tangible evidence of economic power. In 1901 Europe itself jumped to the conclusion that the United States had become an irresistible competitor in the field of finance and commerce, and that an "American invasion" of commercial Europe was the movement of the future. But in 1906 our market was knocking at the door of every banking-house in Europe to borrow money, and in 1907 it was sending an agonized appeal to London and Paris to save us from the consequences of our own financial excesses.

It does not follow that history can or will repeat itself on the present occasion. At the pinnacle of our foreign financial prestige of nineteen years ago, we were raising a structure of home speculation on an utterly extravagant scale, and basing it (as we presently discovered with amazement) not alone on our own new resources and new prosperity, but on abnormally large borrowings from foreign markets. Whatever else in the way of surprise or disillusionment may be in store for us as a result of the present extraordinary situation, the discovery that we have borrowed too heavily from Europe is the one impossibility.

THERE are, nevertheless, four separate problems of the highest importance to the maintenance of our economic welfare, the settlement of which, or the developments in regard to which, will have a good deal to do with our immediate financial future. Of these, the first is the question of our use of our own credit facilities and of the machinery of our Federal Reserve. The second is the question of our future agricultural production and agricultural prosperity, when the wholly abnormal conditions now besetting the entire civilized world are altered by virtue of necessity. The third is the question of the conditions under which our railroads are to be returned to private operation. The last, but certainly not the least as a visible possibility of changed conditions, has to do with our foreign trade. I have purposely not included the labor question in the list, because that is not a problem peculiar to the United States, and also because its influence on the economic situation has been exerted in 1919 quite as

Economic Problems of Our Own

(Financial Situation, continued on page 52)

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

We specialize in Government bonds and other investment securities. This firm was founded in 1865 and we have always endeavored to recommend to our clients conservative investments. As members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges we are prepared to execute orders for the purchase or sale of securities on a cash basis in large or small amounts.

A circular describing several issues of desirable investment securities will be sent on request.

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

115 Devonshire St.
Boston

17 Wall Street
New York

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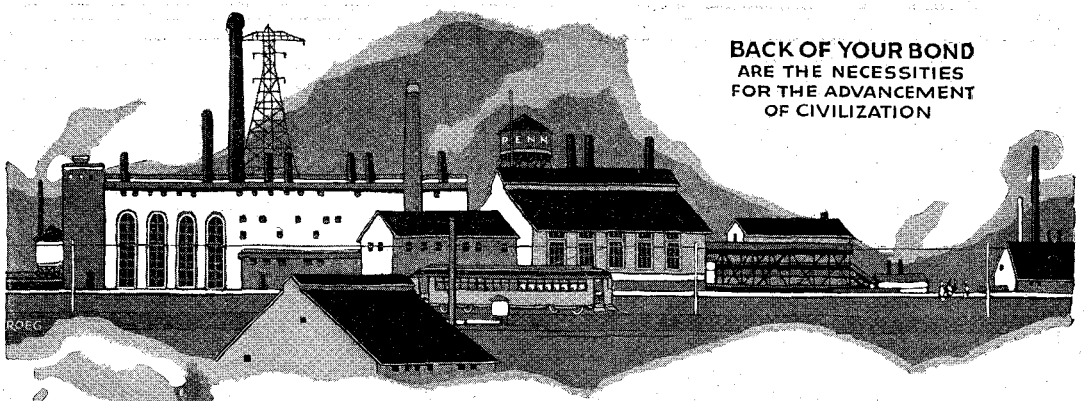


BACK OF YOUR BOND
ARE THE NECESSITIES
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT
OF CIVILIZATION

COMMUNITY POWER

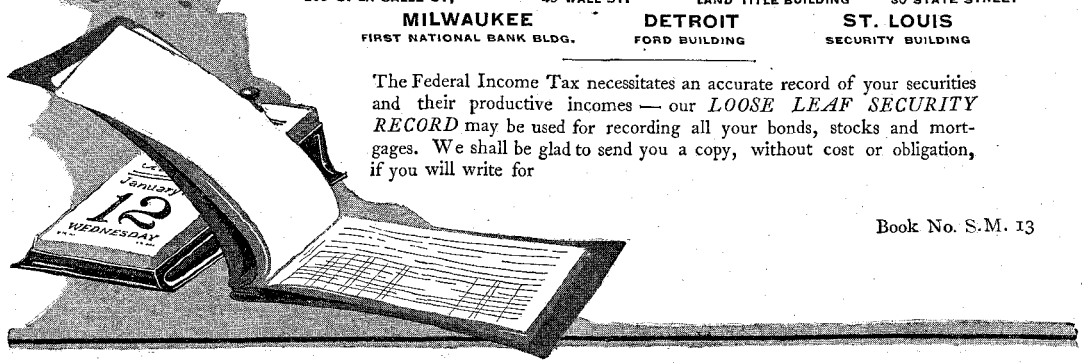
FROM the days when the farmers brought their grain to the village grist mill, communities have relied largely on one central unit for their power. The water wheels of yesterday have given way to the dynamos of the power plant of today, but the system of merchandising power has remained, in effect, the same.

The modern central station, made possible through the sale of bonds, is the source of energy which drives the wheels of modern industry. It is the heart of today's industry—turning our factory wheels, lighting our homes, running our street cars and performing hundreds of other but no less important functions. Electricity has become the modern miracle worker.

The West Penn Power Company, serving some 78 communities in the vicinity of Pittsburg, is typical of the best of modern power properties. Its First Mortgage 6% bonds, which are a typical *Halsey, Stuart & Company* offering, provide the investor with security backed up by a demonstrated earning ability made certain through a continuous and diversified demand.

If you are interested in the investment of funds, our circular S.M. 12, with detailed information regarding these and other bonds and their advantages from the standpoint of security will be sent upon request.

THE OLD MILL



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The Federal Income Tax necessitates an accurate record of your securities and their productive incomes — our *LOOSE LEAF SECURITY RECORD* may be used for recording all your bonds, stocks and mortgages. We shall be glad to send you a copy, without cost or obligation, if you will write for

Book No. S.M. 13

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Seven Points
on
Preferred Stocks

Why They are in Demand

Preferred Stocks have become more popular than bonds during the past year because of various features among which are the following:

1—Exempt from the present normal Federal Income Tax.

2—In many cases they have a first claim on net earnings of the issuing company.

3—Future issues of securities are safeguarded in the interest of the preferred stockholders.

4—Market value not materially influenced by fluctuations in earnings.

5—Provided with a sinking fund which retires a substantial portion of the stock each year.

6—Protected by restrictions as to maintenance of net and current assets.

7—Return on the investment in excess of that on sound corporation bonds.

We offer desirable Preferred Stocks which we have purchased after making a thorough investigation of each issuing company, its management, past history, market for product, future prospects, etc.

Send for list MS-50

Merrill, Lynch & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange

120 Broadway - - - New York

Chicago Grand Rapids Detroit Los Angeles

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Investments

CAREFUL study of conditions existing in security markets places us in a position to be of service to those considering the investment of surplus funds.

The expert counsel of the executives of our Bond, Note, Stock and Statistical departments is gladly placed at the disposal of investors.

Circulars descriptive of our current offerings will be furnished on request.

Commission Orders Executed

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON
PORTLAND
PROVIDENCE

Investment Securities
Founded in 1888

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 48)

definitely and quite as unmistakably as it is likely to be exerted in the coming year.

So far as our past financial history is witness, the American market has never failed to "overcapitalize" a period of real prosperity through the eventually reckless use of credit; and that is why the history of our great financial "booms" has heretofore alternated very regularly with the history of what we call our financial panics. After our 1832 we had our 1837; after 1854 came 1857; after 1869 followed 1873; after 1890 and 1901 we plunged into 1893 and 1907. It is needless to say that I have no intention of predicting the early occurrence of any such financial convulsion as those which we rank among our greater panics. That something of the sort will oversweep the entire financial world before the end of the coming decade may, no doubt, be accepted as an economic probability. The Chancellor of the British Exchequer, reflecting, no doubt, the views of the London banking community, predicted early in the war that the business revival which would probably mark the return of peace could hardly, in any case, last more than five years at the outside. After that interval it would be replaced by severe and violent reaction.

EVEN predictions of this qualified character must be regarded with due circumspection, and there is now, moreover, this important difference in our own affairs from the situation which has existed in older periods—that the particular phenomena of those earlier periods of financial crisis and industrial reaction in this country came as a consequence, very largely, of a faulty banking or currency system. This was particularly true as regards what our markets called the "panic week." Now it was in absolute recognition of this fact that the present Federal Reserve System was devised in the long discussions in the five years after 1907, and was enacted in 1913. The public mind was receptive to that plan because of the belief that, whereas our previous currency systems provoked currency inflation, the new system would not do so, and that whereas our previous banking systems neither averted panic nor provided means for relieving it, the new system would do both. There is no reason to suppose that the Federal Reserve System as it stands cannot or will not fulfil these purposes of its creators. The fact of an enormous increase in the Federal Reserve note issues, as a result of trade activities in war, does not mean inflation and depreciation in the old-time sense. The

Question of Financial Reaction

(Financial Situation, continued on page 56)

Invest in Good Bonds

When security of principal and regularity and permanence of interest are the first considerations there are no other investments that compare with good bonds.

The big Pittsburgh industries are basic, and during the past fifty years we have been a factor in their growth. Because of our intimate knowledge of the activities of this district we are able to secure and offer a selection of bonds which we recommend for sound, conservative investment.

Write for our list of current bond offerings.

Bond Department
Mellon National Bank
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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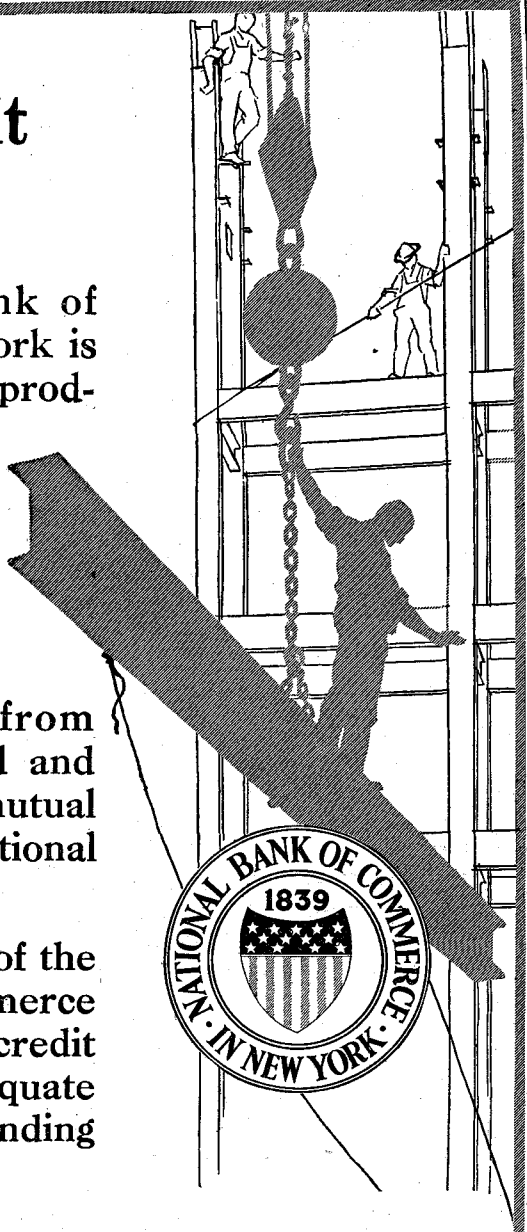
Where Credit Is Made

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is a manufacturer whose product is credit.

Knowledge is the raw material of which credit is made—knowledge of men and markets, commerce and finance, drawn from original sources, tested and woven into a fabric of mutual confidence which is national credit.

The vast resources of the National Bank of Commerce in New York insure a credit production which is adequate to the needs of expanding business.



National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty Million Dollars

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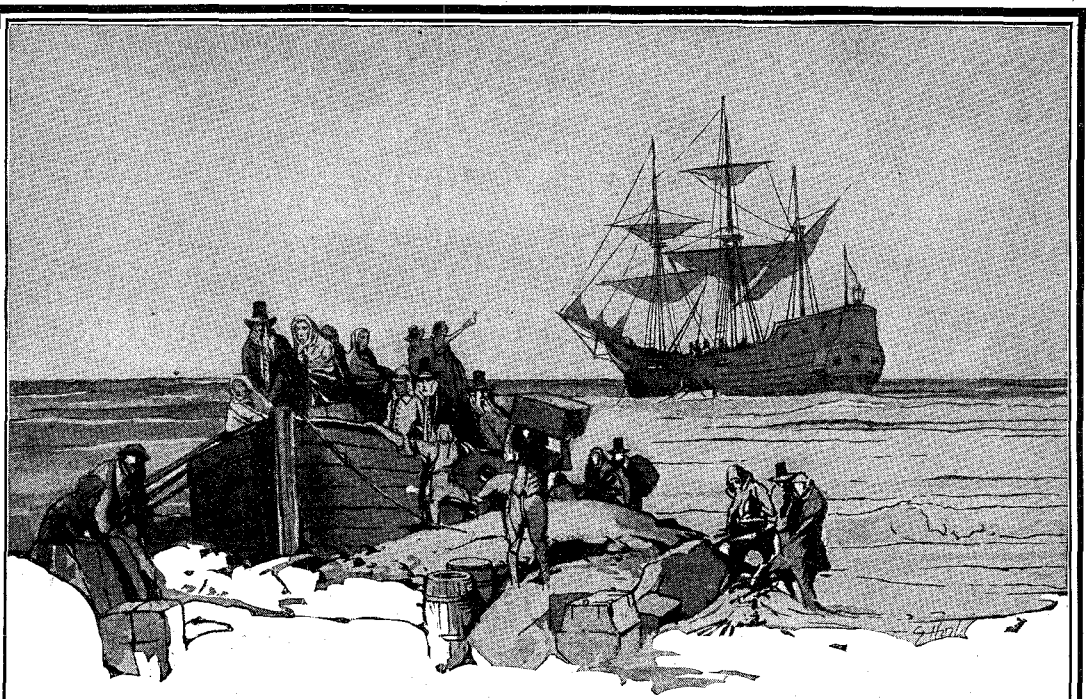

The Landing *of the* Pilgrims

¶ Almoſt three centuries have paſſed ſince the Pilgrim Fathers came to theſe ſhores. ¶ To that band of fearleſs independents, America owes much of her preſent greatness. ¶ New England, where they lived and thrived, early aſſumed an important part in the nation's progreſs. ¶ With its wide variety of important induſtries, it has contributed much toward the commercial development of America. ¶ In this work, The National Shawmut Bank of Boſton has been privileged to aſſiſt for 84 years.

¶ This bank is, therefore, proud to help commemorate the approaching tercentenary anniverſary of the Pilgrims' Landing.

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK of Boston

Resources over $225,000,000

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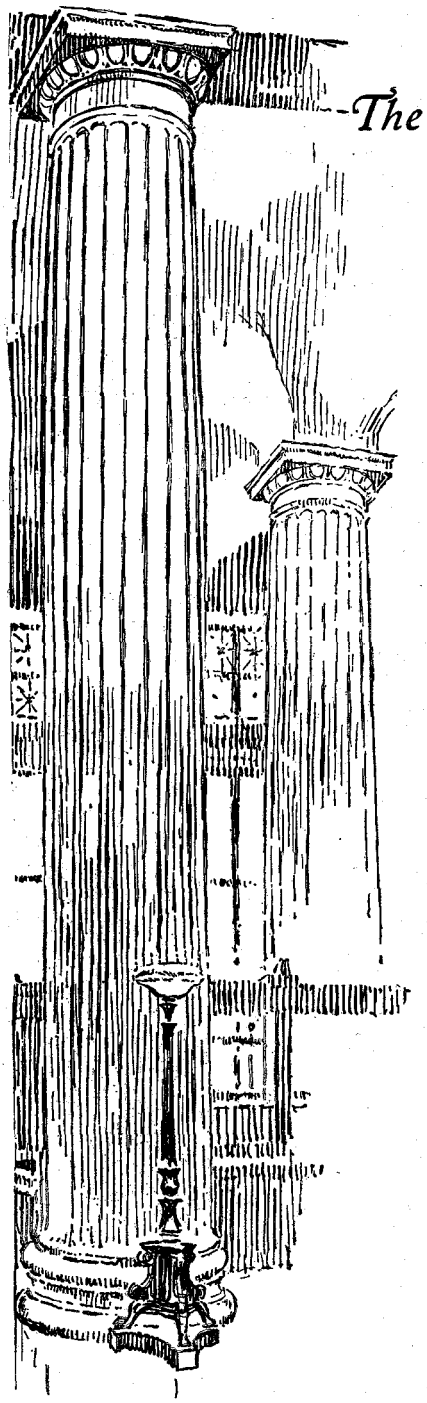

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

THE utmost in bank and trust facilities for American manufacturers, merchants, banks and individuals.

Continental and Commercial
NATIONAL BANK

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TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

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SECURITIES COMPANY

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SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Resources over Five Hundred Millions

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Good Bonds

backed by a

Good Name

Send for our new list of selected 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bonds.

Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.

90 South Griswold Street Detroit

(280)

(Financial Situation, continued from page 52)

Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual report of a month ago, said very positively and correctly that under our present system "currency can be issued only in response to a demand therefor as circulating medium," that "such currency is automatically retired when it is no longer required as circulating medium," and that "currency expansion, therefore, is an effect and not a cause of advancing prices."

In the main, the immense increase in Federal note circulation was an incident of war conditions which no more discredited the machinery under which it occurred than did the increase in our annual export trade from the $2,400,000,000 of 1913 to something over $7,000,000,000 in 1919. But a sound piece of machinery can always be misused, and in so far as the Federal Reserve is utilized, directly or indirectly, to extend the facilities of credit for illegitimate purposes, to that extent we shall risk the repetition of the very economic evils which the System was designed to avert. This is now no mere imaginary danger. The markets passed through two or three weeks last October and November in which the Federal Reserve was actually dragged into the plans and projects of a reckless stock-jobbing speculation on an enormous scale. In July the Federal Reserve authorities, while deprecating the excesses of the speculators, gave no intimation of a purpose to interfere. But in November they had to interfere, because the ratio of the System's reserve to its note and deposit liabilities had been drawn down, through extravagant requisitions on its credit facilities, altogether too close to the legal untaxed minimum of 40 per cent against circulation and 35 per cent against deposits.

It is perfectly true that the Stock Exchange was able to use the facilities of the Federal Reserve because of a war-time privilege granted for rediscount of loans secured by government obligations—a privilege which, extended originally with a view to encouraging subscriptions to the War Loans made with borrowed money, was grossly misused by the banks and their speculative clients, who pledged such war-loan collateral to the limit at the Federal Reserve and used the proceeds to bid up the stock-market. It is also true that, in the immense financial operations necessitated by the war, the power of a central banking institution, whether here or in Europe, to control and restrain excesses in private use of credit through raising its own rediscount rate, was all but nullified. Yet the experience with the market this past autumn gives convincing testimony to the fact that a firmer hand must be applied in 1920 than in 1919 by the directors of this great financial machine,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 58)

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WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF YOUR DOCTOR?

Skill? Sympathetic Interest in Your Case? Faithful care? Ability resulting from years of Successful Experience?

Is it not worth as much to you to find these qualities in Your Investment Banker? Our Record of Forty-Seven Years of skilful, faithful care of our customers' investments is your guarantee that investments bought from us will bring you no regrets.

ASSOCIATED MORTGAGE INVESTORS, INC.

Farm Mortgage Bankers.

KINGMAN NOTT ROBINS, Treasurer

GRANITE BUILDING

CHICAGO
EDMONTON, CAN.

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BILLINGS, MONT.
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How G. L. Miller & Company Create Good Mortgage Bond Investments

SAFETY LIBERAL INCOME SATISFACTION — MILLER MORTGAGE BONDS

Fundamentals Which Make Miller First Mortgage Bonds Sound Investments

1. Income-producing properties
2. First Mortgages
3. Security at least 200%
4. Non-speculative Properties
5. Serial Maturities
6. Sinking Fund to Meet Payments
7. Trustee's Supervision

A new booklet entitled "Creating Good Investments" gives full particulars. Write for copy.

I. Income-Producing Properties Protect Miller Investors

Every Miller First Mortgage Bond is secured by a property producing a rental income of at least two and one-half times the amount required to meet interest and principal payments.

The first mortgage covers the earnings as well as the physical property.

Ample earnings protect every investor against loss, delay or inconvenience.

Interest and principal payable at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York or the Third National Bank of Atlanta.

Miller First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds yielding 7% are available in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000 at maturities of 2 to 10 years. Current offerings sent on request.

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, INC.

11 HURT BUILDING,- ATLANTA, GA.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 56)

unless its usefulness is to be gravely impaired and its facilities so perverted as to cripple its power to help when legitimate help is needed.

The Future of Our Agriculture

UNDER ordinary circumstances, the country's probable agricultural fortunes in a coming year would be judged mainly by the success of the American grain and cotton farmers in putting in a full crop, and by the vicissitudes of weather during spring, summer, and autumn, which would determine whether the harvest was to reach the hopes and expectations of the planters, or was to be cut down by an unfavorable season. Even with conditions of the grain and cotton markets what they were before the war, however, a good deal of the inference drawn from the prospect or outcome of our own harvests was governed by the course of events in foreign producing countries. In many respects this consideration will be even more important than usual in the coming year.

The situation is peculiar. In wheat, for instance, our own country's production has been adapted during several years to an utterly abnormal state of things in Europe. Prior to the war, the largest area ever sown to winter wheat in this country was the 37,000,000 acres of the crop of 1914; itself a great increase over preceding years. The area sown to the same crop of 1919 was 49,000,000 acres. Our largest total wheat crop before the war was the 763,000,000 bushels of 1913; but our farmers harvested a thousand million bushels in 1915, and would have raised 1,250,000,000 during 1919, but for a very unfavorable season. Even as it was, we produced 941,000,000 bushels. There was ample demand for all this increased American product during the war, when Russia's grain-producers were cut off from the outside market, and the harvests of Central and Western Europe were heavily reduced by the drafting of agricultural labor into the armies. Even in the first year of returning peace, with Russia plunged in social and industrial chaos and the laborers of the rest of Europe released only gradually for their former tasks, the world's demand was quite as urgent for our 941,000,000-bushel crop of 1919 as it had been for our war-time harvests.

But this very fact leaves the question open whether, with industrial conditions elsewhere in the world returning to a normal basis, there may not presently be witnessed a very great increase in the grain production of Europe and the rest of the world outside the United States. If so, the further question would arise (more par-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 60)

Is Interest Return an Index of Safety?

Do you judge the safety of a bond by its interest rate?
Are you making a needless sacrifice of income?
Make your money work for you but do not set it at a dangerous task.
If your money is not safely invested in sound securities and at the same time yielding you the best possible returns

— then you are at fault!

Our experience as investment bankers aided by careful expert examinations enables us to offer you freely the investment service which you need.

Ask for Pamphlet SS-315

Thoughtful investors should write for our pamphlet "Is Interest Return an Index of Safety?" discussing the problems indicated above and analyzing a class of bonds yielding a higher rate of return than the average with equal or better security.

A·H·Bickmore & Co
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

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Why Mortgage Your Mind for an Extra Percent?

You invest to relieve yourself of the worry of handling idle funds—and to make those funds produce an income.

* * *

Carefully selected mortgages on Chicago real estate provide safe and productive investments. Our First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds are secured by substantial income producing properties in the growing sections of Chicago. Titles are guaranteed by The Chicago Title & Trust Co., who also acts as Trustee and certifies each bond.

* * *

We will be glad to give you without obligation the benefit of our "right-here-on-the-ground" knowledge of exceptionally desirable Chicago First Mortgage Real Estate Bond Issues. Write for full detailed information on recommended investments.

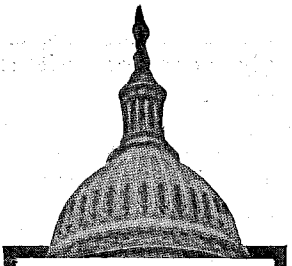
6%
FIRST MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE BONDS

The Stratford Building $385,000.00. A new two and three story building adjacent to one of the most prominent transfer corners in Chicago. Thoroughly modern, fireproof construction. Denominations $100, $500, $1000.

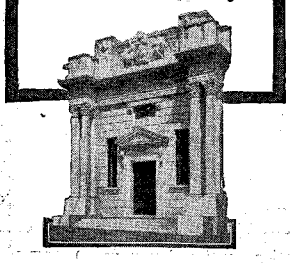
Send for Circular No. 221 - 8032

C. C. MITCHELL & CO.

69 West Washington St. *Established 1894* Chicago, Illinois



For fifty years we have specialized in 6% First Mortgage Notes, and throughout that period no client of ours has suffered loss of a penny; nor been delayed a day in the receipt of interest due. An unusual record surely.



A Safe Investment for Dividend Money

Always at the New Year the question of where to place the funds resulting from dividends comes up for serious thought, and as an answer to which may we ask your consideration of

First Mortgage 6% Notes
on Washington, D. C., Real Estate

Washington real estate has none of the fluctuations of speculative booms. Its valuations enhance steadily and consistently and substantially as the Capital City of the nation grows in world importance—making these Mortgage Notes unrivalled in investment security, for they are always worth their face value, plus accrued interest.

Your interested inquiry is solicited, upon receipt of which we will send detailed information.

Swartzell, Rheem & Hensey Co.
725 Fifteenth Street **Washington, D. C.**

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Municipal Bonds
from the
Central-West

Carefully selected bonds issued by progressive and prosperous communities of Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and neighboring States, are among the safest forms of investment, and in addition return

Higher Than Usual Interest Rates

The interest yield ranges from 4¾% to 5½% with freedom from all Federal Income Taxes—an important factor now-a-days in determining *net* income.

For twenty years we have specialized in this class of security, and have distributed millions of dollars of municipal bonds to thousands of satisfied customers throughout the country. Our knowledge of the territory covered has been acquired through long experience, while our facilities for obtaining information are unsurpassed. Securities offered by us have been purchased primarily for our own investment after a thorough investigation.

We maintain a well equipped correspondence department, which will give careful attention to inquiries. Bonds are delivered to all parts of the United States (at our risk), by registered mail, express or through an approved bank.

Write for list G-11.

Mercantile Trust Company
ST. LOUIS MISSOURI

Member Federal Reserve System
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $10,000,000

(Financial Situation, continued from page 58)

ticularly if the acute European famine of this year should then have passed), what will be the future of our own export trade in wheat—whose highest total value in any "grain year" before the war was $215,000,000, but which reached $692,000,000 in the twelve months ending last June?

The answer cannot be made offhand, for the problem is exceedingly complex. When this very season began in the grain-market, it was expected even by the board of wheat control that the world-price of wheat would fall below our government's guaranteed price of $2.26. No less than a thousand million dollars were appropriated by Congress last spring to cover a possible deficit between the government's payment of the guaranteed price for a possible billion-bushel crop and the government's receipts from selling at a considerably lower market price the wheat thus purchased. But no such sales have had to be made. As a rule, the farmer has got from the grain trade better terms for his wheat than the government had offered. Midwinter prices on the New York market, for delivery on the spot of the different grades of wheat, have ranged from $2.50 to $3.25.

If this is a fair measure of the price bid by the outside world for American wheat, as a result of this season's relatively increased world-supply, there will remain at least a reasonable doubt whether, in the present state of the world's industries and the world's currency, a formidable decline in wheat is likely to occur, even with another large American yield in 1920. But that the farming community did not feel certain on that point, was shown when the Agricultural Department reported, a few weeks ago, that the area actually sown to winter wheat this autumn, 38,770,000 acres, was less by 11,719,000 acres than the planting of a year ago, and actually smaller than any since the war began.

Question of the Railways

THE railway question remains, at the year-end, to find its legislative solution. When the new Congress was called in extra session last May, one of the promises of the party majority was that the numerous urgently important measures of economic and financial reconstruction would be promptly enacted. They have hardly been touched in the six ensuing months; the Senate's prolonged and acrimonious dispute over the Treaty of Peace virtually sidetracked all other legislation.

In the closing weeks of the year the Railway Committees of Senate and House did indeed submit their respective bills for future regulation of the railroads. But the two bills differed radically

(Financial Situation, continued on page 62)

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FORMAN FARM MORTGAGES

6% Security for January Funds

For your January investment select Forman Farm Mortgages or Farm Land Bonds for these reasons:

1. The desirability of the American farmer as a borrower;
2. The indestructibility of the security;
3. The assurance of payment of principal at maturity;
4. An interest rate higher than that which is usually obtainable in other equally safe investments;
5. Extreme safeguards for investment funds provided by Forman methods;
6. Forman service relieving the investor of all detail.

In 35 years no investor has sustained a loss in Forman Farm Mortgages.

These investments described in two booklets:

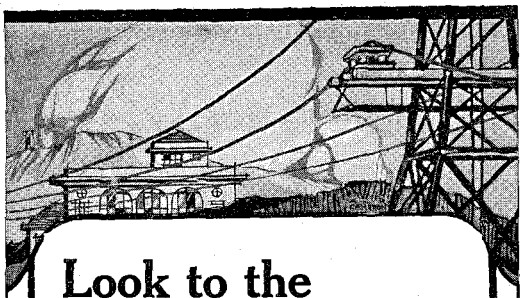
"How Forman Farm Mortgages are Made"

"Forman Farm Mortgages and the Forman Monthly Payment Plan"

Either booklet, and list of current offerings, free on request.

SAFETY · PROFIT · CONVENIENCE
FORMAN FARM MORTGAGES

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Established 1885
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
11 South La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.



Look to the Growing Far West

for sound investments

The Far West, with its inevitable growth of population and industrial activities, today offers exceptional investment opportunities for your money.

Blyth, Witter & Co. is a financial house in close touch with Far Western financial opportunities. We study Pacific slope conditions at first hand, thus we are in an authoritative position to select the investments we offer and recommend. For example:

$3,600,000

San Joaquin Light and Power Corp.

First and Refunding Mortgage 6% Gold Bonds

Price 99 and Accrued Interest

This security is especially attractive because the San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation is empowered by the California Railroad Commission to serve, without competition, 16,000 square miles in Central California—the richest section of the State in agricultural and mineral (petroleum) wealth. These bonds are a first mortgage on a greater part of the corporation's most valuable property—its modern production and distribution plants.

Write our nearest office for circular JS, giving complete information about this security.

BLYTH, WITTER & CO.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL & CORPORATION BONDS

San Francisco
Merchants Exchange

Los Angeles
Trust & Savings Bldg.

New York
61 Broadway

Seattle
Alaska Bldg.

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Net Income

Security holders, especially those who derive any considerable income from investments, should ascertain if their net income would not be increasd by a greater investment in tax-free municipal bonds.

Many of our clients have learned that tax-free municipal bonds yield them a higher net income than high rate taxable securities.

Our municipal offerings yielding 4¼% to 5¼%, totally tax-free, may net you a higher income for 1920 than you are now receiving from your securities. May we send you our current investment list and confer or correspond with you?

When writing ask for our tax table: "Tax Free versus Taxable Bonds"

STACY & BRAUN
INVESTMENT BONDS
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In Good Times and Bad

Taxes are always paid. The taxing power of prosperous states, counties and towns safeguards your investment in the municipal bonds we offer.

PRICE TO YIELD FROM 4½% TO 5½%

Circular and booklet on request

Stern Brothers & Company
INVESTMENT BONDS
1013-15 Baltimore Avenue Kansas City, Mo.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 60)

from one another. Both extended the government guarantee over a definite period of months after return of the properties to private operation. Both contained many provisos unpalatable to the industry. But the Senate Committee's bill, while providing with great care for just and prompt changes in rates to meet a change in wages or expenses, limited strictly the use by a prosperous or well-managed company of the full return on its capital, if such surplus was in excess of that of other companies. The House Committee's bill, while allowing for greater latitude in use of earnings, left jurisdiction over rates, as heretofore, in the hands of the already overburdened Interstate Commerce Commission. Neither measure appeared to meet the real and urgent situation created by the great increase of railway wages during war-time, or the complicated debits and credits left by the government's war-time operation of the companies.

Europe and Our Foreign Trade

WHAT light the coming year will throw on the question of the future of our foreign trade is in many respects the most curiously puzzling question of all. Taking the twelvemonth period ending with June (the government's "fiscal year"), the merchandise exports of the United States have risen from $2,364,000,000 in 1914 to $5,919,000,000 in 1918 and to no less than $7,224,000,000 in 1919. Surplus of exports over imports, which never before the war exceeded the $652,000,000 of 1913, had reached $4,128,000,000 in the fiscal year 1919. In our trade with Europe alone, the surplus of our exports was $596,000,000 in 1913 and $4,251,000,000 in 1919.

When it is considered that Europe no longer possesses the huge amount of American securities, interest remittances on which squared the yearly international balance prior to the war—that, instead of this, the belligerent European states had large remittances of their own to make on account of loans made to them by our government and investors—the situation would appear on its face to be one of unshakable strength. But the trouble is that the situation is in a high degree unnatural. In a normal state of international commerce, sales and purchases should balance, when the result on merchandise account is modified by exchange of securities and gold, or by temporary extension of credit to an indebted market. But the magnitude of the present merchandise debit balance and the absence of the usual economic offsets have created a novel economic problem.

That problem was not relieved by the fall of New York exchange on London from the $4.85⅝

(Financial Situation, continued on page 66)

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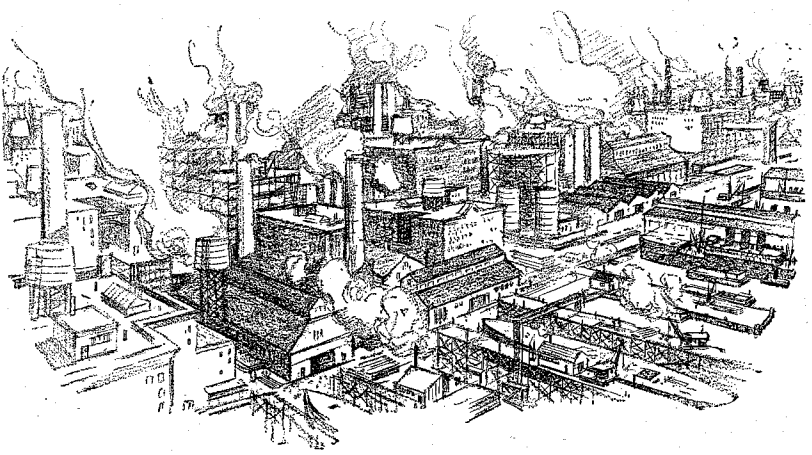

$465. *for every Man Woman and Child in New England*

This represents the annual production of manufactured articles in the New England States—larger than New York with $399, larger than Pennsylvania with $395 and larger than Ohio with $328.

New England Leads Them All

The Preferred issues of prosperous New England enterprises are the natural choice of the careful investor who demands

Safety of Principal — **Good Income** — **Ready Marketability**

We invite your request for information on the Preferred issues of New England. Our Statistical Department is fully equipped to cheerfully furnish you with accurate Data, Quotations, etc., without obligation of any kind.

The Preferred Issues of NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIES

Our booklet Q-291, "Safeguarding Your Investments," will show you how these Preferred issues help meet the high cost of living with safety and increased income. Write for it today.

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Provide the most profitable method of regular saving. They are in small units and tax free.

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The greatest difficulty of industry is the relation of capital and labor. We suggest that safety lies in the small industrials such as those listed above. The owners are in daily touch with employees, understand their needs and anticipate their demands.

Mark and mail this advertisement and we will send descriptive leaflets and the plan.

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Specialists in New England Securities
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Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges

Empire Gas and Fuel Company
8% Preferred Stock

Backed by large equities in Oil Producing, Transporting, Refining and Distributing properties.

Sinking Fund Provision. Cumulative Dividends. High Earning Power. Attractive Income Yield.

Circular D-2 and detailed information mailed upon request

Henry L. Doherty & Company
Bond Department
60 Wall Street New York

(Financial Situation, continued from page 62)

of normal parity, and the $4.75¾ at the close c the great war, to the $3.66 of December, and th even greater depreciation of New York exchang on France, Italy, Germany, and Austria. Th natural means of bringing into equilibrium ou export and import trade with Europe would b either a great increase of Europe's shipments c merchandise to the United States, or a ver substantial increase in our own country's pur chases of European property and securities. I was through the operation of both processes tha England's similar position as an internationa creditor, with relation to the United States afte 1865 and to the world at large after 1815, wa brought to a working basis. It was as a resul of both processes that England acquired an consolidated her immense international wealtl and power in the nineteenth century.

The Past Year's Trad and 1920

THERE has been a substantial increase in ou import trade. In the four months following last June, our import of foreign merchandise wa nearly $500,000,000 greater than in 1918, a increase of almost 50 per cent. But the increas occurred for the most part in imports from Asia, South America, and neutral Europe; not in any remarkable degree from the European belligerents who were so heavily in our debt or trade account. It had no effect in squaring ou accounts with England, France, and Italy Furthermore, while our import trade from thos communities was only slightly increased, the depreciation of 25 to 50 per cent in exchange rates on those countries necessarily added just that much to the cost of the American goods when paid for by European consumers in the English, French, or Italian currencies. As Lloyd George lately said to Parliament, the depreciation in the American rate for sterling amounted to an automatic protective duty of exactly that percentage on the import of American merchandise into England.

We should begin to discover, during the coming year, exactly to what extent the American trade balance on merchandise account will be altered through force of circumstances. Sooner or later it will have to change; a four-thousand-million-dollar "merchandise export surplus" is an economic monstrosity which cannot possibly continue with a return of the world's industrial and commercial system to a normal footing. In what way the change will come—whether through unprecedented increase in Europe's export of goods to us, or through rapid shrinkage of Europe's orders for American products when it can do without them or can buy them else-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 68)

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Montana Municipals

POSSESSED of a greater per capita wealth than practically any other state in the Union and having back of it an enviable record for industrial and agricultural development, the State of Montana today presents a fruitful field for Municipal Bond investors.

Our list at present includes an unusually attractive assortment from this territory. These bonds are attractively priced.

Write for list "J S"

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1878
SURPLUS & CAPITAL $1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS · MINNESOTA

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January Investments

Yielding 6% to 7%

Bonds of $1,000, $500 and $100 denominations, secured by

Pulp & Paper Mills — **Chicago Real Estate**
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Important Manufacturing Plants

All ample in value and earnings to protect the investments.

Make reservations now and secure these attractive rates for your January funds.

Send for new list No. 1059 SC

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
EST. 1865 — INC. 1918
10 S. La Salle St., Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1865

The Seattle of Tomorrow

Abundant natural resources, magnificent harbor and efficient shipping facilities are each day bringing Seattle closer to its ultimate place in the sun.

Merchants, manufacturers and investors, anywhere, who are interested in the development of Seattle will find in The Seattle National Bank a seasoned and helpful ally.

THE
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Profits

Profits are made by accumulating goods when they are cheap and holding them for future rise. The Dollar to-day is about the cheapest article to be found.

Save now and profit later on when prices drop and the dollar is again worth 100 cents.

Discrimination, however, should be observed in the placing of the fund you save. You would do well to consult our booklets before investing as they may be the means of protecting you against possible loss. Either sent upon request.

"What Securities Mean"
"Incomes" (monthly publication)

Breed, Elliott & Harrison
High Grade Investment Securities
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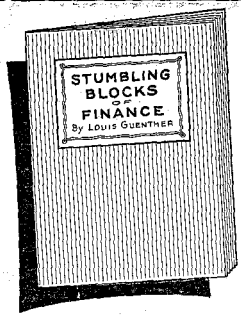

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Read this booklet. It plainly discusses the common evils of finance, viz: Fraud, Manipulation, Worthless Tips and Inflation. **When investors post themselves on these financial pitfalls they are in a stronger and safer position to invest their money conservatively and profitably.**

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May we send you a copy accompanied by current offerings of 6% Missouri and Arkansas farm mortgages negotiated by **Denton-Coleman Loan & Title Company of Butler, Mo.,** whom we represent.

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TWO OR THREE PERCENT MORE

Simply by investing in the same securities as those held by banks, one may increase his income from savings two or three percent. This may be safely accomplished by investing in our

First Mortgages on Improved Farms Yielding 6½% and 7%

Denominations $200 to $10,000; maturities 5 years; security at least 2½ times amount of first mortgage.

Investors have placed millions of dollars in these mortgages without loss. Write for particulars.

THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO.
FIRST BRIDGEPORT NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
NORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO.
MACON, GEORGIA

(Financial Situation, continued from page 66)

where, or through bridging over the next fev years by extending long credits to the Europea buyers of our merchandise—this is not the leas interesting and not the least obscure of th economic problems which may be solved in 192c

PROTECT YOUR INVESTEI FUNDS

At one time or another practically every pr vate investor requires unbiased informatio either regarding securities which he holds (those which he contemplates for investmen To meet this need the Financial Section of SCRI NER'S MAGAZINE maintains an Investor's Servi Bureau, the function of which is to analyze s curities and supply current news, up-to-da statistics, and relative information on inves ments and kindred subjects.

Recently a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZI wrote our Investor's Service Bureau a lett from which we quote the following:

"Last summer you advised me against buyi some stocks I mentioned. I took your advi against my own judgment and have been sav a 100-per-cent loss. I am very much obliged.
"W. M. H."

Following is another letter from an invest who uses our investment counsel service:

"Have just received your letter giving opinion of the bonds we hold, and I assure y of our great appreciation of the time and troul you have taken in giving us information abc each of them.
"It is a great privilege to be allowed to use t Investor's Service Bureau. D. C."

Of course, the value of investment counsel s vice depends on the thorough personal attenti given to each investor. In order that the serv may be sufficiently thorough and personal to be practical use, a nominal fee is charged. Statisti facts, and information about one stock or bc is furnished for $3.00. An additional charge $2.00 is made for each additional security ported on at the same time.

The correspondence handled in the Investc Service Bureau is in charge of a conservat investment specialist. Our object is not so m to advise a subscriber as it is to furnish pertin facts from which the investor may decide himself the wisest course to follow.

Inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, sho be addressed to

INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
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